PHOTOPLAY

May
25
CENTS

S

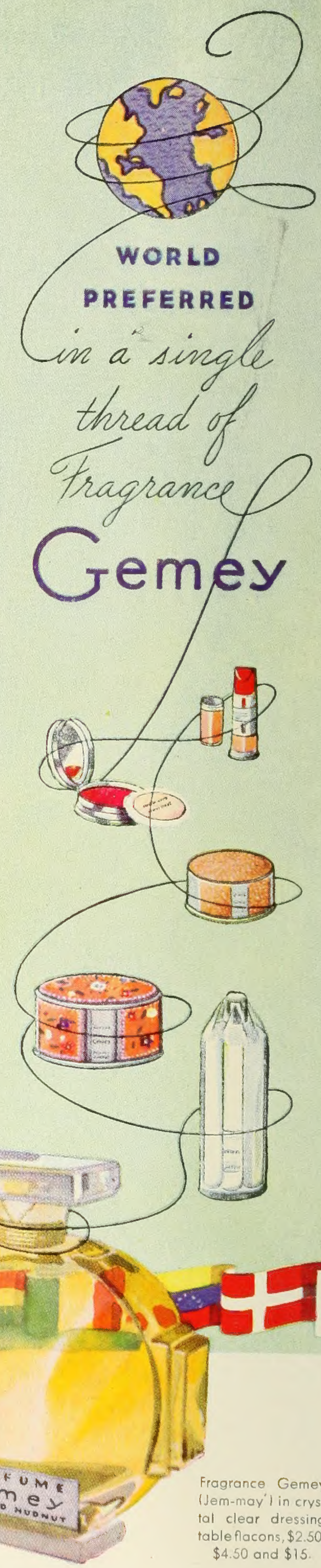
IT LOVE
AT LAST
FOR
Miriam
Hopkins?

The
Marriage
Code

MYRNA LOY

Jean Harlow and
Robert Taylor

"INCANTEVOLE!" Enchanting! It's the word for it in Venice —where music and moonlight and the fragrance Gemey blend in a magic spell!



The Glamour Ensemble in fragrance Gemey: Lipstick 75¢ · Tablet Rouge 75¢
Face Powder $1 · Dusting Powder $1 · Cucumber Lotion $1

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal clear dressing table flacons, $2.50, $4.50 and $15.

Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What *is* the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in America you may *know!* For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this *single thread of fragrance* . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as *you!*

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London . . . . . Toronto . . . . . Buenos Aires . . . . Mexico City
Berlin . . . . Vienna . . . . Capetown . . . . Sydney . . . Shanghai
Rio de Janeiro . . . . Havana . . . . Bucharest . . . . . Budapest

JOSEPHINE: *Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn't any men friends.*

CAROLYN: *It's the same old trouble*. . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.*

*For halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't suspected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?

BE POPULAR; GET RID OF BAD BREATH

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

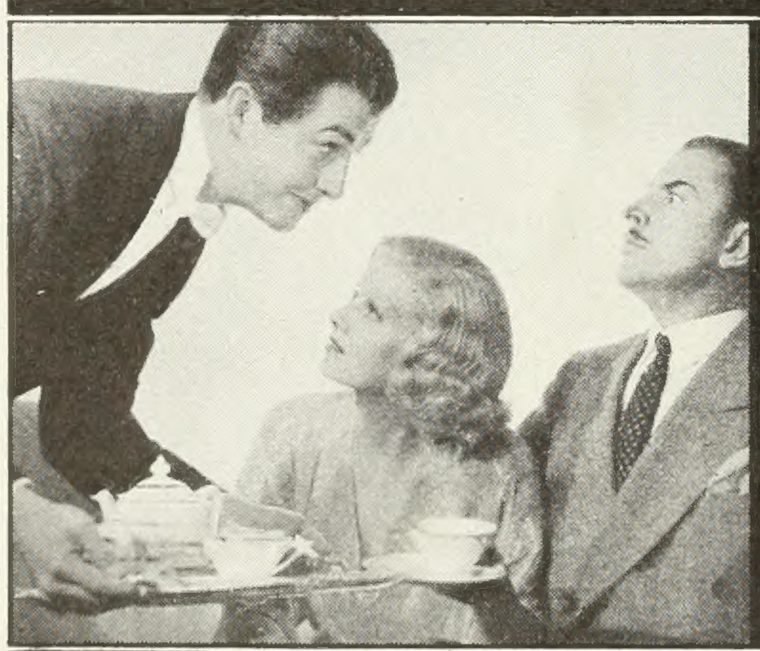
LISTERINE
the quick deodorant

Preview of their first picture together!

How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...



Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN ROBERT

HARLOW · TAYLOR

in

"Personal Property"

with **Reginald Owen**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man" "San Francisco" and others

VOL. LI. No. 5 MAY, 1937

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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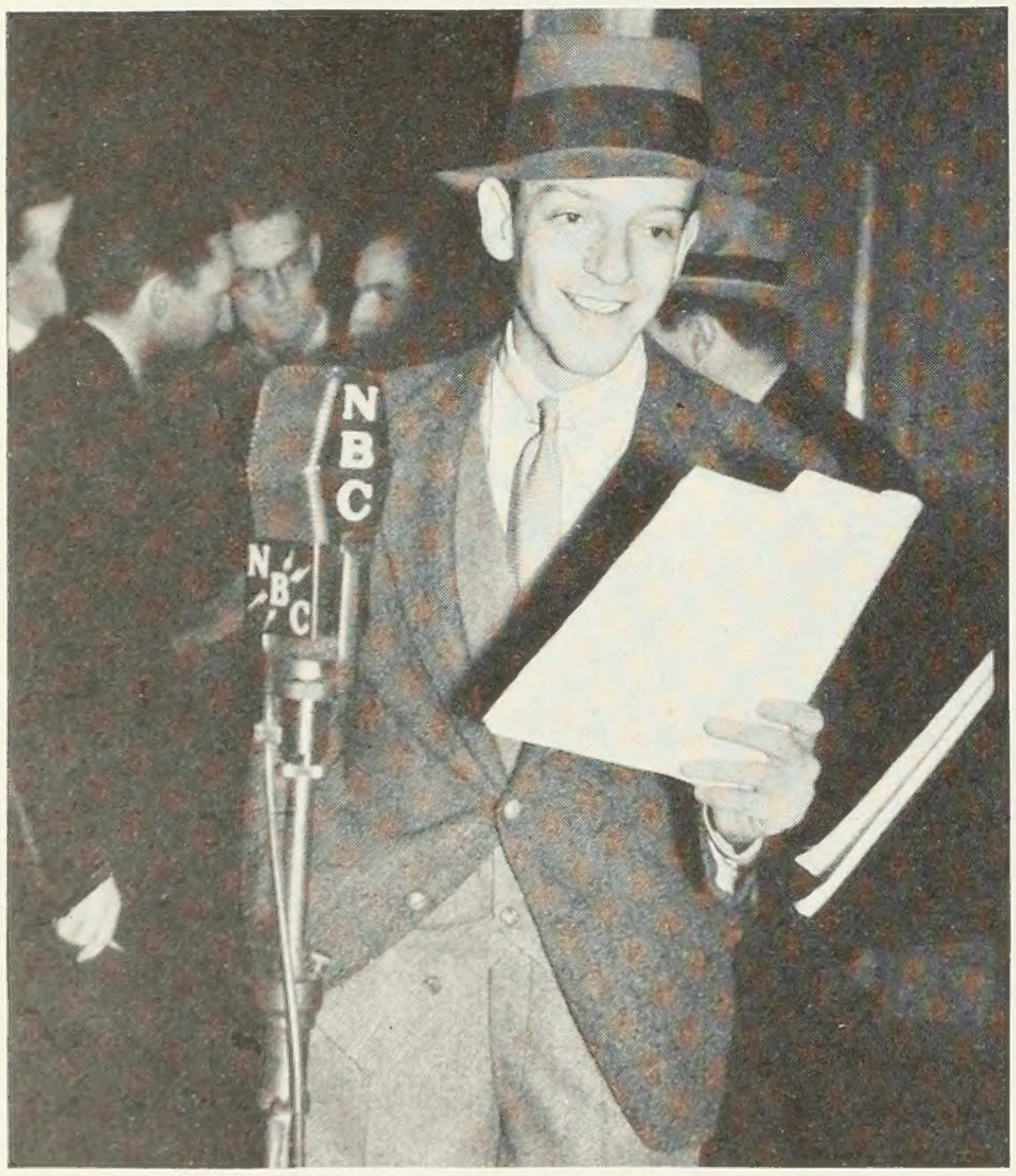
FAN EXPERIENCES WITH THE STARS

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before May 10th, 1937, we will pay you $10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Due to the large number of letters received, it will not be possible for us to return unused material. Send contributions to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Fred Astaire Sang My Song



By MEL WETTERGREEN

OMAHA, NEBR.

LIKE thousands of other fans I've always thought that Fred Astaire was the screen and radio's most versatile star and the world's best dancer—one of the few fellows who can be graceful without seeming effeminate—and I've always admired that grand sense of humor and effervescent personality of his. But what's more, I also had a hunch that he was a "regular" guy—the type of fellow who has been at the top of the ladder for a long time but hasn't forgotten that there are others on the first rung—the kind of fellow that you'd really like to know for himself even if he weren't famous.

And an experience I had last fall proved that my hunch was absolutely right! Along about last August I had an idea for an election song (I should, perhaps, mention that I am an amateur song writer), which I decided to call "I'm Just a Candidate for You." I composed what my friends thought was a pretty good tune and wrote some appropriate lyrics. The song was quite successful locally so I submitted it to a music publisher and a week later the manuscript was returned, unopened. Then followed further submissions but the same returns—unopened envelopes and rejection slips.

I was beginning to become a pretty discouraged young man when I decided to try a new angle—big-time radio stars. Several letters to stars brought the same results as those from the publishers and my hopes sank lower than ever.

Then on the Wednesday night before election my wife and I were discussing how much we admired Fred Astaire and she suggested, "Why don't you send your song to Fred Astaire and ask him to use it on his election night broadcast?" That sounded like a splendid idea to me but just a little late in arriving. I knew that these big chain programs are planned weeks in advance. However, she insisted that I try it, so Thursday morning off went the song to Hollywood by air mail special delivery and with it very little hope that Fred Astaire would even get time to look it over before the following Tuesday.

Saturday morning I was awakened by the knock of a Western Union boy at the door. I took the envelope and, with hands shaking from excitement (although I was far from sure the wire was from Hollywood, any telegram is an event in our household), tore it open and read the following message:
HAVE ADDED YOUR CANDIDATE SONG TO MY PROGRAM THIS COMING TUESDAY STOP SORRY IT DID NOT REACH ME IN TIME FOR MORE EXTENSIVE PRESENTATION AS WE ARE PRESSED FOR TIME BUT ANYWAY IT WILL BE THERE STOP PLEASE WIRE ME YOUR PERMISSION TO BROADCAST SONG WHICH IS REQUIRED BY NBC
FRED ASTAIRE

Of course I immediately wired my thanks and permission to use the song. Then on Monday I received another wire which further shows how thoughtful and "regular" a big star can be, but which had me worrying whether if I would actually hear the song even though I knew it would be broadcast.

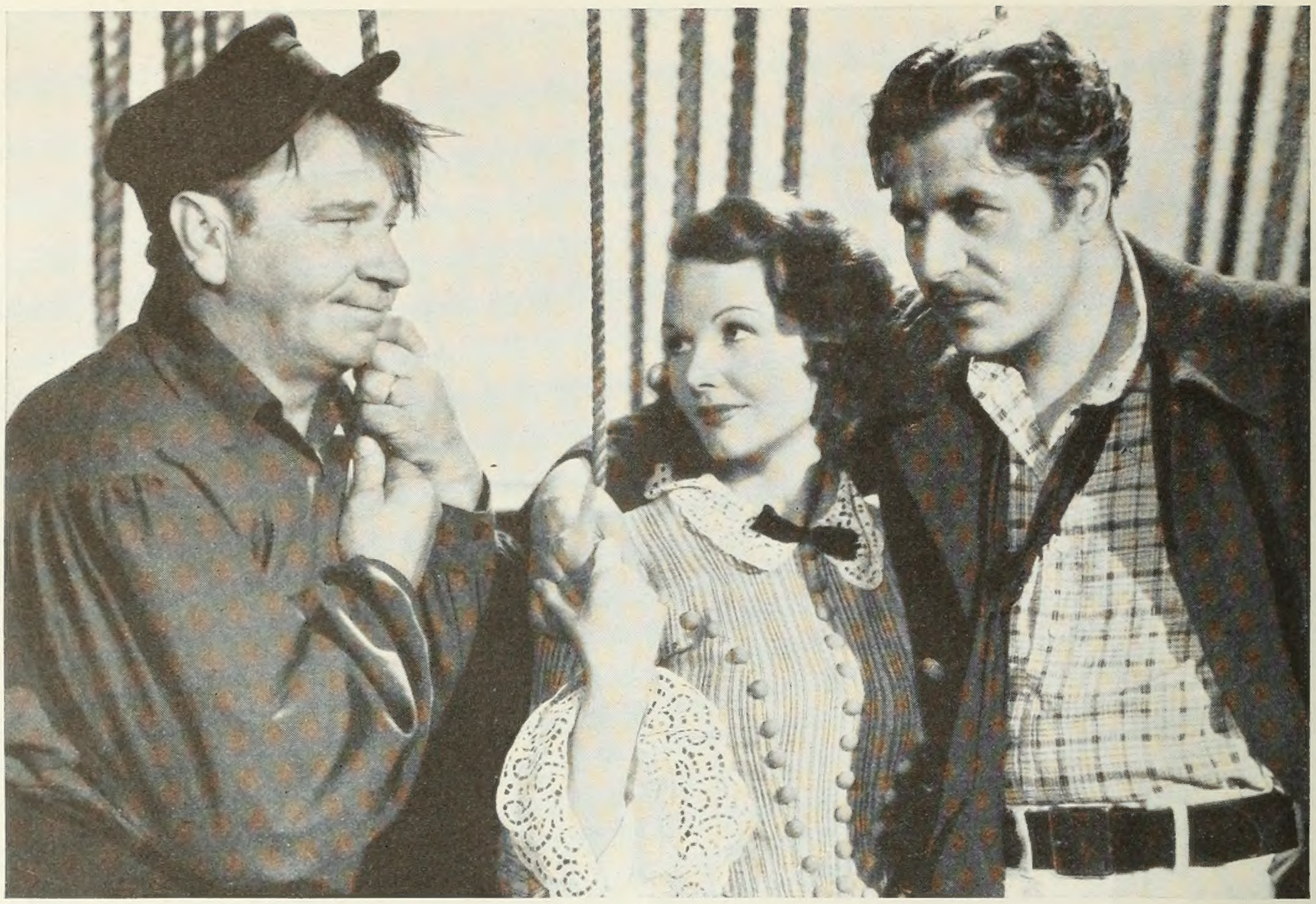
And here is how the second wire read:
DEAR MR. WETTERGREEN THE NBC RESERVES THE RIGHT TO QUOTE CUT IN UNQUOTE ON THE PROGRAM AT ANY TIME THEY CHOOSE ON ELECTION NIGHT FOR THE PURPOSE OF READING ELECTION RETURNS FROM NEW YORK SO HERE'S HOPING THEY WILL NOT PICK YOUR SONG AS ONE OF THE TIMES TO INTERRUPT BEST OF LUCK SINCERELY ASTAIRE

On Tuesday night there were undoubtedly some "jittery" politicians, but I'll wager they weren't any more excited than I. Every time the National Broadcasting Company "cut in" I was afraid it was on my song.

Then I heard Fred Astaire make this announcement: "The next number, 'I'm Just a Candidate for You,' was written by Mel Wettergreen of Omaha, and I am doing the number for three reasons: First, because it is timely; second, because I am a former Omaha boy myself, and last because it's really a clever song. Best of luck, Mr. Wettergreen."

Since the broadcast I have had several letters from publishers requesting me to send them a copy of the song, and at present I am negotiating with one of the largest film companies for use of the song in one of their pictures. I owe all this, as well as a feeling of confidence in my ability, to the grandest star in pictures, and I want to say publicly what I have written to Fred Astaire—Thanks to a "regular" guy.

All through the night
ALEXANDER KORDA Presents
MARLENE
ROBERT
DIETRICH·DONAT
IN
KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR
All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together...Facing danger—sharing adventure—together...Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great to face alone...
Looking into each other's heart—to find each other...All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together...Tomorrow held their destiny...Tonight held their love
Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists



Wallace Beery's unctuous skulduggery, Elizabeth Allan's beauty, and Warner Baxter's wistful heroism shine in "Slave Ship" 20th-Century's dramatic yarn on the black ivory trade. Watch for it!

A DOCTOR'S DIARY—Paramount.—Introducing John Trent, a former air pilot, this is a muddled business about medical ethics. Trent plays a young doctor who befriends a crippled genius. He is handsome but inept. Just don't bother. *(April.)*

★ **AFTER THE THIN MAN**—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the pup return in a masterly comedy mystery guaranteed to give you laughter and shivers galore. Powell in his original rôle solves with immense finesse the disappearance of his cousin-in-law. Myrna is lovely and poised as usual. The cast is splendid. A "must see." *(Feb.)*

★ **BANJO ON MY KNEE**—20th Century-Fox.—Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea alternately love and hate each other throughout this Mississippi shanty boat musical. Meanwhile Anthony Martin, Walter Brennen and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. Mischievous and amusing *(Feb.)*

★ **BELOVED ENEMY**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Exquisite Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne play a touching love story against the seething dramatic background of the Irish Rebellion in 1921. Both stars are brilliant. Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, David Niven and Jerome Cowan are intelligent support. Highly recommended *(Feb.)*

★ **BLACK LEGION**—Warners.—A superb and highly dramatic picturization of the menace behind the headlines story of the secret society which terrorized the Middle West last year. Humphrey Bogart, outstanding in the lead, is ably supported by Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dick Foran and others. Don't miss this. *(Mar.)*

BORDERLAND—Paramount.—Another Hop-A-Long-Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a thief to catch a thief named The Fox. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes skip along with Bill. Scenic locations are beautiful *(April.)*

BREEZING HOME—Universal.—A stock horse-racing story with a few new twists provided by William Gargan as the honest trainer who suspects Wendy Barrie and Alan Baxter of double-crossing the horse. Binnie Barnes is Wendy's rival. Mild *(April.)*

BULL DOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES—Paramount.—Light melodrama with Ray Milland moving debonairly against a background of fog, murders, kidnapings and counterfeiters to rescue Heather Angel. Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive provide the comedy. *(April.)*

CLARENCE—Paramount.—Clarence's re-entry as a fixer-upper in a wrangling family is made a sprightly business by Roscoe Karns. Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Spring Byington and Eugene Pallette keep the home fires burning, finally put them out. Frivolous. *(April.)*

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount.—A bit of hysteria set to music, this has an imposing list of names, little else. Newcomer Ben Blue steals the fun from Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and Mary Boland. Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney are a clever dance team. *(Feb.)*

COME CLOSER, FOLKS—Columbia.—James Dunn as a racketeer salesman talks his way out of jail into a job in a department store where Marion Marsh is manager. Romance and honest ambition clash when his pals turn up. You'll laugh. *(Feb.)*

CONFLICT—Universal.—Jack London's story about a prize fighting lumberjack who turns from shady associations when love comes along in the person of Jean Rogers. Lots of action but little else. John Wayne is the pugilist. Send the youngsters *(Feb.)*

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BRIEF REVIEWS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

The prince played hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

Errol swings a mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pauper?—he could never tell which!

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago —the same Coronation next month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

"It's all right for a girl to lose her head", said King Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more!

Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you'll long love and long remember!

Warner Bros. present

MARK TWAIN'S

Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MacLANE

and THE

MAUCH TWINS

BILLY & BOBBY

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Warner Bros.

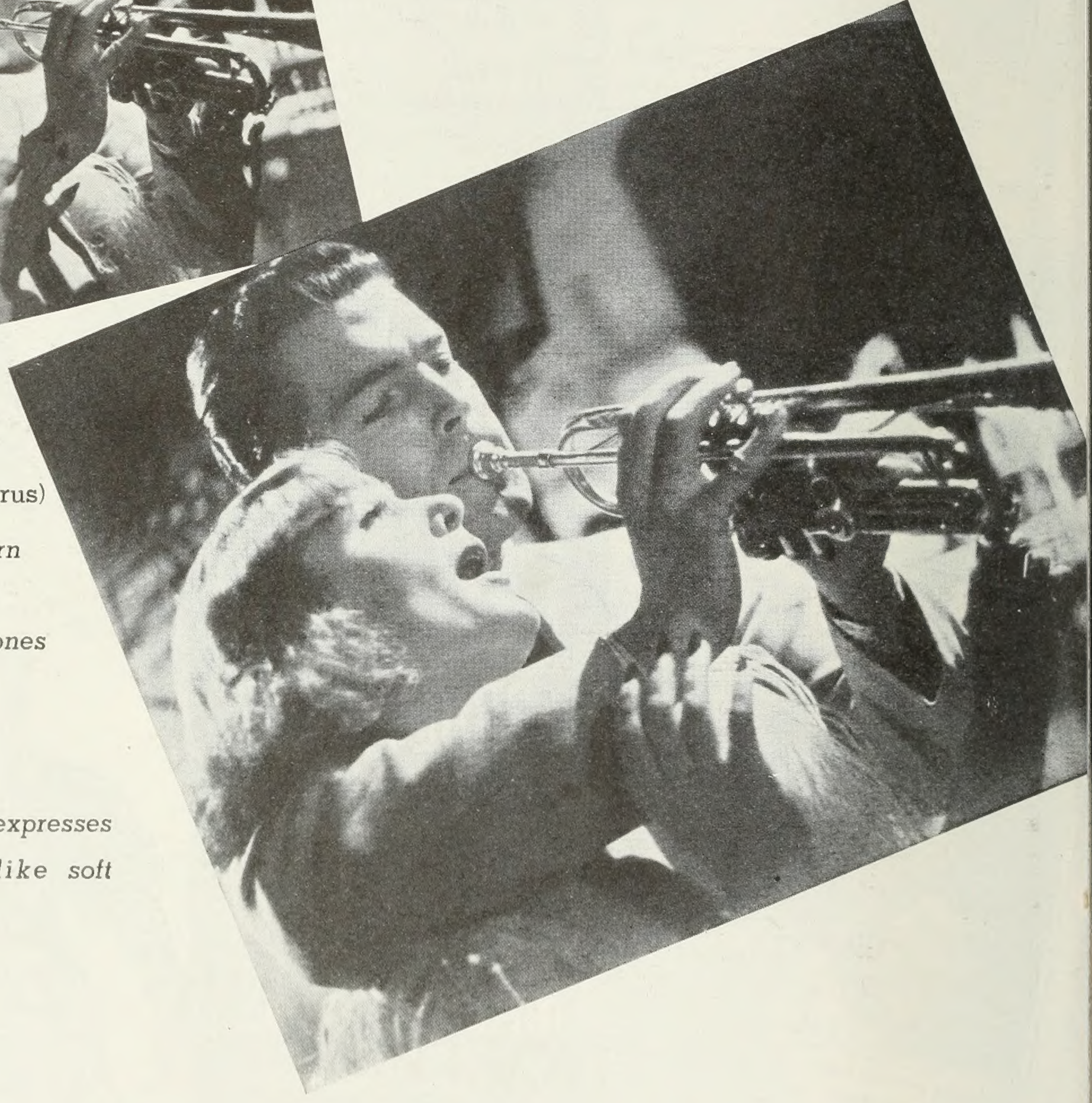
Produced on a Massive Scale 1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation . . . 7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios

BOBBY-THE PRINCE

BILLY-THE PAUPER

BOOS and Bouquets

The most dramatic scene of the month! Carole Lombard in Fred MacMurray's arms singing "A Call to Arms" in "Swing High, Swing Low." It's terrific! On Page 10 you'll see the funniest scene



A CALL TO ARMS (chorus)

When you blow that horn
You thrill me
To the marrow of my bones
You chill me
There it goes!
I hear a call to arms
Oh, the bliss each note expresses
Reaching out to me like soft caresses
There it goes!
I hear a call to arms

FIRST PRIZE $15.00

THE WINNER!

I HAVE never considered myself as being a dyed-in-the-wool movie enthusiast. I could always take 'em or leave 'em. Then, a few weeks ago, the flood struck our city, and for nearly three weeks all kinds of entertainment were forgotten. Life became elemental.

We lived a lifetime in those few days.

After this period of Hell and high water, we managed to get away for a day or two of relaxation from relief work. As we drove through the little city of Madison, Indiana—where, by the way, that delightful personality, Irene Dunne, once attended high school—we caught sight of a moving picture theater. With delight we stopped and went in. And did we enjoy it!

The picture was—well, never mind the name. I see in a review that the critic's comment was "the film is a mildly entertaining bit of hokum, with an unreal story, etc." But to us it was manna from Heaven. We saw it twice.

Sometimes life can have too much reality. We know.

I agree with Myrna Loy in "To Mary—With Love" when she said, "They say the movies should be more like life, but I say life should be more like the movies." Smart people.

MERWIN HOLTZMAN,
Louisville, Ky.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

The pal that sat beside him in the plane that spattered death was in love with the woman he called his own.

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"
with LOUIS HAYWARD
Colin Clive · Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr. · Sterling Holloway
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

RKO RADIO
PICTURE

Produced by
ALBERT LEWIS

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

A TRIUMPH!

I have seen a great picture! "The Good Earth" is a triumph for Hollywood; I believe its first. I know China, the inner hidden China, and I saw it again in this film. It shows the very soul of China. The picture has a leisurely pace, lingering upon details that are fascinating. And it couldn't be better cast. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are not Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, they are *Wang* and *O'lan*. Their make-up is so marvelous that they look as Chinese as the rest of the true Chinese in the cast. Luise Rainer is tragically real. She portrays the stoic slave, and seldom speaks, but under her unemotional exterior is a resolute soul, and her drab face is truly beautiful.

And Muni portrays a *Wang* that is unforgettable and deeply vital. Some liberties have been taken with the script of Pearl Buck's novel, but no liberties have been taken with its spirit. The addition of the locust plague was sheer genius. My sincere thanks to the producers of "The Good Earth."

H. F. THORNBLAKE,
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

BY THE WAY—DID YOU NOTICE?

Loretta Young's superb by-play of disgust in "Ladies in Love" upon the cockroach villain's sensuous rush to embrace Loretta in a dance before they reached the dance floor.

Judith Barrett's dramatic naturalness of nauseation upon landing the damaged passenger plane in a fog in "Flying Hostess."

Marian Marsh's and Margot Grahame's perfect casting as sisters in "Counterfeit," even to the dimples.

OUR FUNNY SHOT OF THE MONTH

You will die of joy when you see this crazy scene in "Love Is News." Loretta Young is a spoiled heiress who has deviled the life out of reporter Tyrone Power. She pretends to be hurt, expecting him to fall for her gag as usual. Tyrone picks her up tenderly—walks over to a puddle—and behold Loretta—dumped!

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. CONTRIBUTIONS WILL NOT BE RETURNED. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Tilly Losch's dance in "Garden of Allah" releases an unsuppressible cry of "Don't doooooooo that—" that is, if you can catch your breath.

Ricardo Cortez' one-alone quiet assurance. Oh, just take any picture, it'll be there.

Walter Huston's prize-winning reading of "Did I forget to tell you that I adore you?" in "Dodsworth." Five hundred volts couldn't have gone over bigger.

Kay Francis' quiet chilling, "Like you? I hate you," to Frieda Inescort in "Give Me Your Heart" brought those queer womanish "ohs" from family audiences.

Incidentally Frieda's acting has never been so potent.

ORA FANCHER,
Schenectady, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

A BOUQUET FOR BOGART

A bouquet for Humphrey Bogart, several of them in fact, for his performance in "Black Legion." Bogart plays the part of an underdog, a man swayed by the mob into beating his neighbors, betraying his wife and killing his best friend. Such a character is despicable, but Bogart treats it with such fine sensitiveness, and puts so much human warmth and appeal into it that he fills us with sympathy for a man faced with forces stronger than himself. Such a rôle is harder to play than the usual heroic one, and Humphrey Bogart deserves real praise for a beautifully sustained performance.

JANE KENNEDY,
Orange, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

SHOULD BOB MARRY?

I have just read PHOTOPLAY'S article on Bob Taylor and the marriage question and here's one *femme eule* who absolutely agrees with Adela Rogers St. Johns. I am all for Public Idol No. 1, marrying where and when and whom he pleases. Why movie goers expect a favorite to remain footloose and fancy free is beyond my feeble comprehension. I think the consensus of opinion is that personal happiness is more to be desired than public favoritism. Didn't the King abdicate for love's sweet sake? I feel, as does the writer of the article, that nothing inspires more admiration than a devoted, loving husband; nothing adds more glamour to a personality than the fact that he loves and is loved; and nothing is more detrimental to a career than promiscuous love affairs —rumored or otherwise. All of my favorites are happily married—and I'm always pleased to read of one of my cinemalites taking a wife—Fred MacMurray for instance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Want to be the Top of the Town?

"Use LUX!" answer DORIS and GERTRUDE

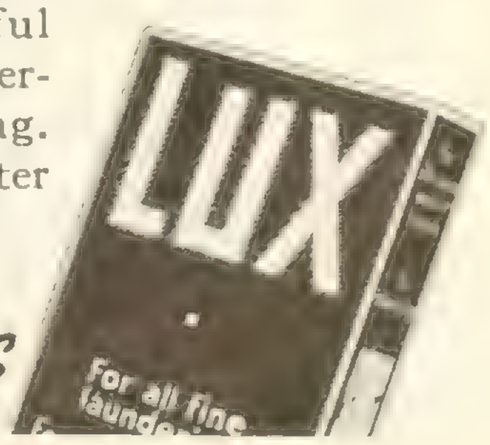
GERTRUDE NIESEN, of the lovely voice, starring in "Top of the Town," says: "I've always been a Lux fan! Everybody knows Lux gives your nice things that 'out-of-the-bandbox, come-hither' look. You know nowadays even a little bargain frock can look ever so dainty and colorful. That means Lux, of course."

DORIS NOLAN, Universal's beautiful new blonde discovery, starred in "Top of the Town," says: "One time I had only one good frock to my name—and now I have a whole wardrobe of nice things! In either situation, I'm a Lux fan. Lux keeps clothes on tiptoe with freshness and sparkle and glamour. Frocks come out of Lux with that million-dollar look—make a girl the top of the town."

SMART GIRLS use Lux because it keeps a girl looking her best . . . saves money, too!

Hollywood studios also specify Lux. As Universal's stylist, Vera West, says: "I take care of all washable costumes used in Universal pictures with Lux. It cleanses like magic, and it's safe for the most delicate fabrics, safe in water alone. I wouldn't be without Lux if it cost $1 a box."

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates dangerous cake-soap rubbing. Everything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Specified in the big Hollywood Studios

LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...*in the tenderest romance of our time!*

SIMONE SIMON

. . . emerging as the screen's greatest star . . . in the role she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART

in

'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with

JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF · Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong

20th Century Fox

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

This was heaven *to make one man her life...her love . . . her world!*

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

Jeanette's performance in "Maytime" was a masterpiece. Love did it . . .

YOU wouldn't think that Willie Powell's walking out on a production called "The Emperor's Candlesticks" would have an influence on Clark Gable's playing the rôle of *Rhett Butler* in "Gone With the Wind" now, would you? But that's Hollywood for you. It did have—for Willie has a mind of his own, and one of the very best in the acting profession it is too, and he realized that another not-so-hot to follow "Mrs. Cheyney" would endanger all that terrific advance his career has made since his lucky accident of being cast in the original "Thin Man."

Hence he went on his own sit-down strike in the desert (a type of strike that appeals mightily to our Mr. Powell, he being no boy athlete). Desperate Metro discovered at Selznick just the story they wanted for him and for Jean Harlow. The story, tentatively titled "The World's Our Oyster," was all ready to shoot. Selznick was terrifically obliging. Did M-G-M want the story? Why of course they could buy it. It was just a cup of movie sugar over the neighborly back fence of picturedom. They were of course getting their rival company out of a hole. What, they said, about Clark Gable being loaned to them for *Rhett Butler*. Not that they were asking for anything in return, you understand, but still . . .

And thus unless something goes more than ordinarily screwy, Clark—*Rhett* will be.

MEANWHILE the chatter about Hollywood's most interesting production to be goes on apace and most of it is untrue. The free lance publicity agents have discovered a fine way to get their clients' names in the papers. They say so-and-so has been tested for "Gone With the Wind." Actually only one person for the entire cast has yet faced the testing cameras. Not a soul has yet been decided upon except Gable. The boys in the Selznick publicity bureau sit back relaxed and let the eager out-

Vitality, accuracy and gusto mark Bette Davis' screen comeback in "Marked Woman"

siders get "Gone With the Wind" into print. When the time comes, about the middle of May, for authentic announcements they'll step in and not before.

PROSPERITY is returning: Miss Sonja Henie, aged twenty-two, making $125,000 a picture, picked up $10,000 a night, as small change, on that personal appearance skating tour of hers.

Try that on your income tax return.

THREE girl stars, two this month and one last, came through with performances that were all, in their individual way, masterpieces. Last month was Carole Lombard's alluring, heart-breaking work in "Swing High, Swing Low." Only four years ago Carole seemed just another stillborn beauty. Last year saw her magnificent performance in "My Man Godfrey." In "Swing High, Swing Low" she combines all her talents in one exciting tremendously touching presentation. She is not only beautiful, intelligent, witty but she is also sincere in her emotional tragic moments.

Bette Davis came back, and with what vitality, this month in "Marked Woman." In many ways it is an unpleasant picture, chiefly unpleasant because it is so true of a tawdry side of Metropolitan Night Life. But the Davis wades into it with such accuracy and gusto that she contributes a white fire of intensity that the screen revels in.

Utterly at variance is Jeanette MacDonald's work in "Maytime." Here indeed is an enchanting personality. And let the hard-boiled pooh-pooh at me all they like, but I believe it is love that has done it. Beauty, Jeanette has always had. Only color films will do full justice to the strange red of her hair and her eyes like emeralds, and a voice also Jeanette has always possessed; but up until now, due probably to that swift fame climb of hers, there has been about her the sharp brilliance of steel. In "Maytime" she is all yielding loveliness, all womanly tenderness and in the really great score of "Maytime" her voice reflects beauty as subtle as the changing shadows of a midsummer day.

THERE was a curious lethargy about the Academy awards and dinner this year. There was no such controversy as raged two years ago at the time of the "It Happened One Night" award. Everyone seemed satisfied enough with the best performance awards to Luise Rainer for her work in "The Great Ziegfeld" and to Paul Muni for his "The Story of Louis Pasteur." No one demurred much over the best picture prize to "The Great Ziegfeld." Disney for the fifth year, and quite rightly, walked away with the short subjects award. Capra scored again as the best director. Awards for the best supporting rôles were given for the first time this year. They went, in this case, to Walter Brennan for his performance in "Come and Get It" and to Gale Sondergaard for her work in "Anthony Adverse." Nothing was wrong. The trouble seemed to be that it was all too pat. The great crowd gathered to watch the giving of awards was quiet to the point of listlessness. Apparently the moment you get formal dinners you get dullness, no matter whether the event is staged in Hollywood or Vacant Gap, Nevada.

"YOU SAID A *Mouthful*, 'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"

says *Martha Raye*

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . *and how!*"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with **BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE**
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"San Francisco"

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA

IT is with pride that we announce that "San Francisco" has won the PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL for the Best Picture of 1936, our seventeenth annual award for distinguished merit.

Acting on behalf of thousands of readers who voted for "San Francisco," we will present this medal to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who produced this romantic, dramatic and biographical picture of love triumphant over suffering. No choice could have been happier. Only one film in scores attains the color and excitement which pervaded this gusty tale of the Golden Gate from New Year's Eve to April 18, 1906, when a major catastrophe descended, the never-to-be-forgotten earthquake.

The earthquake scenes were unquestionably the high point of the picture, and the technical perfection achieved here will open up an entirely new field in sound effects. The collapsing buildings, the terror of the populace, the burning of Nob Hill, the people's return to their devastated homes—it was a shattering spectacle—one of the great screen illusions of all time.

The acting honors naturally go to Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable, as they had the central spots in the picture, the former as the orphaned choir singer, *Mary Blake*, intrigued in spite of her religious rearing by the robust and glamorous attractions of *Blackie Norton*, gambler and roustabout. The Gable prestige was brilliantly enhanced by his portrayal of a man whose cynical outlook could not hide his essential simplicity and gentle heart. Spencer Tracy's two-fisted *Father Mullin*, the Mission priest, focused attention on his undoubted ability and won him the starring honors he deserves.

Superb players seldom get far without superb direction, and enormous credit must go to W. S. Van Dyke for his splendid feeling and perfect timing.

Discussion cannot be closed without paying tribute to the supporting players, Jack Holt, Jessie Ralph, Ted Healy, Margaret Irving, Al Shean and others. The basic material for the picture was an original story by Robert Hopkins; Anita Loos wrote the screen play. The musical score was beautifully arranged by Herbert Stothart.

Votes from all over the country poured in for such great pictures as "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (which won the critics award), "Anthony Adverse," "Rose Marie," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Ah, Wilderness," "A Tale of Two Cities," 'Romeo and Juliet" and others of equal merit. But "San Francisco" was the overwhelming choice of our readers, and we are tremendously pleased that this impressive and entertaining picture joins the growing list of PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL WINNERS as The Best Picture of 1936

Orchids

Jeanette MacDonald's work has now placed her on the list of the ten best box-office players for the first time. Completing "Maytime," she will make "The Firefly." Personal data . . . she has the loveliest genuine red hair in Hollywood, can't let salted nuts alone, will be married to Gene Raymond, June 17th

Bachelor

John Howard, handsome Paramounter, was grabbed from a Western Reserve University play by a talent scout. His latest picture is "Lost Horizon" in which he is excellent. Personal data . . . he is very quiet and studious, dates a variety of girls, none steadily, lives with his parents, likes to draw and paint

Comeback

Gloria Swanson has always made headlines. Her newest venture is no exception. She has just signed with M-G-M after being absent from the screen since 1934. She returns to the fold in "Mazie Kenyon." Personal data . . . she wears size one and a half shoe, adores tennis, is an excellent cook

Smoothie

Shirley Temple might be called a problem—the problem being to find stories reconciling her amazingly mature talent with her eight years. In "Wee Willie Winkie" Zanuck hopes to satisfy those who prefer her in less sophisticated rôles. Personal data . . . she is insured for $2,000,000, loves soda pop

There's no social whirl for Grace these days. Resting in the country, she and her husband, Valentin Parera look over plans for their new house

Voiceless!

By HAROLD LANDERS

—That is the fear which is haunting Grace Moore!

IS Grace Moore living under the chill shadow of a great fear? Is she grimly, but courageously, facing the possible loss or impairment of that golden voice which music critics have hailed as the greatest dramatic soprano of her generation?

Hollywood, sensing one of the most poignant of real life dramas, watches and wonders, as she cancels concert engagement after concert engagement. And Grace Moore, meanwhile, denies herself the social whirl which she has always loved and spends her days alone, resting! She makes no statement. No statement, that is, beyond those brief notices of cancellation which must be written in her heart's blood. But now and then her more intimate friends have talked, and from their hints and facts that are known, the story unfolds

The first chapter was written in New York, fifteen years ago Grace Moore, then a girl in her 'teens, wildly impatient for a career on the operatic stage, had defied her father's objections and ran away from school in search of success. Cut off from all

financial aid, she took what teachers she could afford—teachers who should never have been entrusted with the development of so great a voice, for it is very often that a voice is incorrectly placed in the beginning. They did her almost irreparable harm. They permitted her, encouraged her, rather, to augment that harm by over-practice.

So much she herself has told.

She paid the first installment on the penalty for that poor instruction by six months of appalling terror and despair. Reporting for an audition which she confidently believed would bring her a starring role in musical comedy, she tried to sing—and couldn't produce a sound. Her vocal chords had been paralyzed by the constant strain. She was stricken dumb.

The greatest specialists refused to guarantee a cure; they could only outline a course of treatment which *might* restore her voice.

For four months Grace Moore, lived, with one companion, on a little island in the St. Lawrence River, without speaking, without even whispering. She carried a pad of paper and a pencil and wrote every message that was necessary. She lived in conflicting hope and despair, courage and fear. Though she finally recovered her voice, she has never outlived the horror of that experience. That also, she has told.

She went on from success to greater success—musical comedy, opera, concerts, radio, and, eventually, the screen. With each new success she worked harder and drew more deeply on her naturally great store of energy. Her friends, many of them great singers in their own right, worried about her and begged her to abandon some of her activities, to let down, to rest. She laughed at their fears. When interviewers marvelled at her ability to drive herself so far beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, she reminded them of her long struggle for success.

Three years ago the pace began to tell. Her second picture for Columbia had encountered difficulties and its production dragged on and on. She was mentally and physically exhausted by the long weeks of grueling toil before the cameras and the microphone. A weekly radio program had further drained her strength. And only two days after completing that picture, she sailed for Europe and the most exhausting concert tour of her experience. It was a procession of triumphs, but so great had her popularity become that it was also a series of near riots. Fans mobbed her in London, in Paris, in Venice. Then on her return to Hollywood she plunged immediately into another picture and another radio contract!

The strain had been too great. She fell victim to a long successions of colds—colds which settled, terrifyingly, in her vocal chords. The doctors ordered her to conserve her voice, not to talk unnecessarily. They advised her not to seek new concert engagements. Finally they advised a tonsillectomy. The operation was to be followed by a long vacation, a complete rest.

If Grace Moore had been terrified, she was given new hope by the seeming success of that tonsillectomy. She returned to the whirlwind of her amazing success with a voice more glorious than ever. Radio, pictures, concerts! She even assumed the work of writing an autobiography. Again, without pausing to rebuild her strength, she sailed for Europe and a new concert tour that carried her in triumph from country to country She sang in London, in Oslo, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Budapest, in Vienna. She was royally entertained. Every moment of her time was in demand. Rest was impossible.

The recordings for her current picture, "When You're in Love," were made immediately after her return to Hollywood last fall. She was in perfect voice. Never had she sung so well.

YET, a few weeks later, she was refusing to talk with anyone for longer than a few minutes at a time She contracted a cold that hung on and on. A hoarseness became apparent in her voice. It was obvious that she was worried, desperately worried.

During the production of "When You're in Love" which lasted long past its scheduled date of completion, she tried belatedly to conserve her strength. She denied all requests for interviews. She tried to avoid every conversation which was not absolutely necessary. She consulted the greatest specialists available.

She had signed contracts for a number of opera and concert appearances, and as those dates drew near, her worry increased. On one day her voice would regain its great brilliance; on the next her confidence would be shattered.

Hollywood had heard that she was suffering from a "slight cold," a "touch of the flu." When the illness continued Hollywood began to wonder. She prevailed upon the Metropolitan Opera Company to set over her scheduled appearance in Charpentier's "Louise" until the latter part of the season. Reluctantly, she obeyed her doctor's orders and canceled her three concert engagements in the Middle West. Then she went, incognito, to the desert in search of complete rest. No one knew her where- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

The diva has been forced to cancel the one contract which seemed the epitome of her glorious career—to sing at the Coronation ceremonies of King George VI in England in May

YOUNG MR. FAIRBANKS *Returns*

Doug Jr. swings into Hollywood from London town and British film triumphs

Ah—an impasse! The autograph fans close in. Left, the next step in a busy man's life: a famous John Henry goes down on a no less famous Beverly Wilshire register

And sixty minutes later, successful young actor-producer makes a deadline—dinner with Dietrich. Which might verify a persistent rumor from across the high seas that Milady and scion Fairbanks were seen together here, there, and everywhere

IS IT LOVE AT LAST

FOR MIRIAM HOPKINS?

Here is the story behind the rumors. Two delightful people have found gayest romance—and realization of their dreams

By HOWARD SHARPE

Anatole Litvak, distinguished Russian director, intellectual and gentleman offers the fiery little actress something she has always been searching for

THERE is a new happiness about beautiful little Miriam Hopkins these days; she wears it with a kind of unaccustomed hesitancy, like a woman who has searched for something for a long time and can't quite believe that she has found it at last.

She seems genuinely—and splendidly — in love again.

The man is Anatole Litvak, distinguished Russian director, intellectual and gentleman; and merely glancing at him you can observe his open adoration of her.

They met on board the Normandie this winter, when Miriam was returning from her eight months' tour of Europe and Litvak was on his way to direct "The Woman I Love" for RKO.

Miriam had spent those eight months racing breathlessly across Europe, from Rome to Berlin to Paris to Vienna to London, with a kind of fierce intensity caught from her passion for activity and excitement and constant change.

She had stood in the great court beneath the Dictatorial Palazzo and had heard Mussolini shout his political dynamite; she had craned from a second story window along a Nazi square and listened to Hitler stirring the millions. During this latter speech the girl—a close friend—who had accompanied her during the trip was suddenly bored, and from the depths of her lassitude sighed, "I'm so tired of Berlin. We don't know any men here—let's go to London where we can have a good time."

Miriam, turning suddenly, had said, "You're seeing history in the making! Isn't that enough for you?" Then, in a softer tone, "Forget men for a little while. There is always plenty of time."

Probably both Miriam and Litvak were a little lonely that first night out on the Normandie. He had been born in Russia and had been an important part of the theater there when the Revolution had come. Then he had fled to Paris where, with a number of other refugees, he had contacted such famous pioneers as Bloch, the producer, and had begun making French pictures.

He directed pictures in Berlin and Paris intermittently until Hitler in Berlin made famous his non-Aryan policy. That made him an exile, of course, and he went back to Paris where, in a little while, American producers began seeking him out. He proved to be the best director that Charles Boyer had ever had, and because Walter Wanger had Boyer under contract he wanted Litvak, too.

Thus the Russian came to Hollywood last winter, but Hollywood in the strange way it has sometimes, overlooked him. Wanger didn't quite have a picture ready. Boyer was tied up in "The Garden of Allah." The plans to make "Joan of Arc" at Warner Bros., with Litvak as director and Colbert as star, never materialized. He met few people except his own countrymen. So, disillusioned and lonely, he sailed back abroad again.

Now, you can always be a little suspicious of the heart loneliness of a woman who is always busy. Really happy women don't go junketing about on one quest after another. Perhaps that's pathetic, and perhaps the world is better off for the hungriness of spirit that makes a woman go in for art and music and travel and excitement.

In Miriam Hopkins' case, she's always taken this fine brave road away from any personal unhappiness she may have been feeling. But Miriam is one of those women who look like dolls and who have brains like that of a captain of industry. She is intelligent and therefore super-sensitive and emotional.

Thus the fates had set the word for Hopkins and Litvak to be mutually attractive to one another.

Miriam had heard of Litvak, naturally, since the fame of "Meyerling," one of his best films, had preceded him to Hollywood. So when they were finally introduced in the lounge of the Normandie one night after dinner her admiration was stimulated and her curiosity aroused.

YOU must understand, as a necessary interpolation, that there is an inexplicable something about this Hopkins girl that signifies charm—in its most breathless form—to most men. She has probably been the recipient of more love-at-first-sight protestations than any other actress in Hollywood, and the reasons for this are apparent in the golden facets of her personality.

There are several Miriams embodied in the slim little Hopkins person.

There is, first, the Miriam whom [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

EDELWEISS
TRAIN PULLMAN
LA BAULE
LA PLAGE DU SOLEIL

NEW TEAM
RISING IN THE WEST

Left: Smart, sparkling, righter than right, are the blithe handholders, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. You saw the newly discovered tiptop team in "Love Is News." Because they clicked so brightly in that, you'll see them together again in "Cafe Metropole," located in Paris. Below: Three scenes from the same picture—see that passive gentleman being made up so artistically? That's Gregory Ratoff, writer of the original story. He also has a rôle in the production. Right: Bill Robinson, dancing teacher of pert Miss Temple, sets a gay gait to prove he's tapster supreme

These two women have undoubtedly greatly influenced Marshall's life — Edna Best and Gloria Swanson

Romance and

The dignified young Britisher is surprising his friends these days by a new found gaiety—what is the reason?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

A GREAT many things have happened to that worldly Britisher, Herbert Marshall, since he came to Hollywood five years ago.

He's known the greatest success in his career, he's always in demand.

He's known unhappiness with the crashing of his marriage to Edna Best, and in their subsequent long separation.

He's known the rare companionship of a few chosen friends—Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and one or two others.

He has gone through the fight to keep his private life private against the insistent demands of photographers, reporters and writers who have spent the past three years marrying him to Gloria Swanson.

But, unless I seriously miss my guess, Mr. Marshall is having *fun* in Hollywood for the first time in his illustrious career!

Like the popular *Mr. Deeds*, the equally popular Mr. Marshall is apparently "going to town," finding laughter, gaiety and amusement behind the Hollywood scenes.

It was a very surprised Hollywood that woke one morning to the variously sorted hints that the long Marshall-Swanson romance was apparently on the rocks. But this was nothing to the eyebrow lifting that began when Bart returned from a three months' vacation trip to London and started hitting the columns in this wise:

Among those on hand for the gala opening of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs was Herbert Marshall who came early and stayed late.

Herbert Marshall was grinning from ear to ear because he was one of the few with a ticket on "Fight On" when that baby rolled home to pay off $160 at Santa Anita yesterday.

The Swanson-Marshall romance must really be dead. Who was the pretty girl with Bart last night at the Trocadero?

Then—*Bart Marshall and pretty Lee Russell are certainly the leading romantics. They have reserved the same table for every night in the week at the La Maze.*

Not only was this last fact surprisingly true, but diners at the popular cafe could hardly eat their own dinner so engrossed were they in the gaiety of the two who occupied the same table so romantically every night.

In the first place, there were always "extra" flowers on the table for the occasion—ordered (the whisper went) specially by Bart himself. Orchids, gardenias and tea roses seemed to alternate in preference. But far more intriguing than this was the "theme song" immediately struck up by the orchestra upon the arrival of the pretty Miss Russell and Mr. Marshall.

With a bow and a smile, the orchestra leader would strike up what later turned out to be Bart's favorite popular song, "Easy To Love." The orchestra played it not only for the interesting entrance, but several times more during the evening.

Frankly, it knocked Hollywood cold—such "goings on" from the heretofore ultra dignified Mr. Marshall one of the leading

pillars of the conservative circle! Hollywood being Hollywood, it stood to reason that a great deal would be made of it all in the "inside" columns. The leading guessers saw it as an important new romance, something to get excited about, and to watch very carefully for an elopement, in spite of the fact that everyone knew the Marshall-Best marriage had never reached the divorce stage.

In a way all this comment and publicity is too bad. It is liable to scare off a gentleman who is reaching out for a little laughter and pleasure and happiness for the first time in his career and finding it all very amusing—that, at least, is my private and personal "inside" idea on the talk.

Let me tell you why.

FIRST, I want to say that I'm not pretending to be an intimate of the aloof Mr. Marshall nor that I even know him well. During his five years in Hollywood, I have interviewed him only once. Unfortunately and unintentionally I printed something in that story on a subject that is a sensitive point with him. We have not met since. But I've never forgotten him No one could forget him. He is charming.

At the time, Mr. Marshall was in a particularly unhappy frame of mind. It was during the early stages of his break up with Edna Best; he was struggling through a difficult assignment on a Dietrich picture directed by Von Sternberg; and he had not yet acclimatized himself to our bold publicity methods.

Taking my cue from his polite but repressed manner, I suggested he was not finding Hollywood a particularly happy place in which to live and work. He said something then that I think was the keynote of his philosophy at the time:

"It is not that I am unhappy," he explained. "*Confused* is a better word. But then I am reconciled to being confused about things. So little turns out as I expected, or expect . . ."

Reconciled seemed the perfect word for his frame of mind and his manner. The shadow of reconciliation seemed to stand back of his complete history. It was his armor against a fate that had taken him from a business career in London to a successful stage career and then almost wrecked everything with an injury that might have seen the end of his professional life, except for his own courage.

On the courageous shoals of being reconciled, he had built his life anew, gone on to even greater heights in the theater, and eventually to love and marriage with Edna Best, his pretty stage co-star.

The Marshalls were very happy when they came to Hollywood. They might have gone on being happy if Miss Best's career had kept pace with her popular husband's. These career tragedies of marriage are not to be judged by outsiders. The particular problems and difficulties can only be judged by those who have lived through the climaxes of one partner going on to greater and greater heights while the other can't keep up. The Stanwyck-Faye divorce was a telling example of this. So was the tragic Aleta Freel-Ross Alexander union. And Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Eventually, for the Marshalls, it ended in a prolonged separation, with the actress wife returning to London.

I THINK if it were possible to get Bart Marshall to discuss such a personal subject—which it isn't—he would have to admit that women have played an unusually important part both in influencing his fate and his personality.

When I first met him, he was completely the perfect husband. During our first and last interview, he was not a whit surprised to receive two calls from his wife with requests to stop and pick up various household needs on the way home! The majority of actors would have attempted to laugh off this little touch of domesticity. Bart, to the contrary, patiently made lists and promised not to forget. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

HERBERT MARSHALL

The friendship of Gloria and Bart was a fine thing for both of them but there was one circumstance to which he couldn't become reconciled

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

THE situation to date on the Loretta Young-Eddie Sutherland-Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie-Rochelle Hudson mix-up: Loretta told her friends that Sutherland had managed the necessary dispensation from the head of his church and that all was set for their marriage. But, she went on to say, she had had such tough luck in the past that she was almost afraid to take the final step.

"Things are so nice now I don't want to spoil them," was the way Loretta put it.

In the meantime, when Sonja Henie went East on tour Tyrone Power began dating Loretta. That is, when he wasn't busy with Rochelle Hudson.

This got both Loretta and Tyrone into a romantic jam with their respective heart interests. Sonja called Tyrone from New York and they had a bout of mutual explanations. Then Eddie, according to reports, got annoyed and dropped all further discussions of a wedding date.

Following on this comes news Sonja hurried back to Hollywood!

THERE'S an amusing story about newly-married Hank Fonda. It seems that Hank was reading from an Oz book to his little stepdaughter. Jimmy Stewart sat draped lankily over a near-by chair.

Suddenly the child's head began to nod. She closed her eyes.

Hank looked up, saw that she was asleep, and softly closed the book.

Jimmy stirred impatiently. "What're you stopping for?" he queried blandly

PAT O'BRIEN and the Missus came out of a night club to find that their car was stalled.

So they took a taxi. At the door of their house the driver presented them with a check for $1.05.

The O'Briens had $1.06 between them.

"You'll have to forego the tip," Pat said, "but here's another—and much better—one. 'Fairy Hill' will win the Derby tomorrow."

The cabby drove off, muttering.

Next afternoon, while Pat was counting his own enormous winnings, the same driver called.

"I took the tip you gave me after all," he said. "Thanks, buddy."

WHEN William Powell suddenly turned white and sank into a chair on the set a few days ago, anxious directors and officials bustled fearfully about. They found he'd been working with a high temperature and sent him home forthwith.

On the way a policeman stopped him and began writing out a speed ticket.

"Look," said Bill, "I'm ill and I'm just trying to get home before I pass out."

It was an old story but this cop had a heart. He switched on his siren and escorted the Powell car through traffic at a breakneck pace. Then, at the door, he suggested a remedy for Bill's ailment!

WHETHER it's just a bad year for Nelson Eddy or not, it's pretty certain he's not having a very good time on his concert tour these days.

First there was that unpleasant incident that happened on a dance floor. A woman made a public demand for his attentions and subsequently slapped his face—

Soon afterwards, his nose and throat began to trouble him. Naturally an

Discovered on the floor at Eddie Cantor's house indulging in her pet dish, ice cream, is the discovery of the year, Deanna Durbin. Cantor discovered her remarkable voice on his radio program, you remember

Townsend Netcher is taking Janice Jarrett out these days. He was married to Connie Talmadge, but they are separated. And Ginger is the datingest gal in town. She's with Cary Grant here. Is it serious?

Joan Bennett and her brother-in-law Morton Downey. The Irish singer and his wife paid Joan a flying visit before sailing for England where he will broadcast. He and Barbara Bennett were married in 1929 and they now have four children

Gloria Swanson, looking incredibly young, and as amusingly dressed as ever in her Dutch hat, took a few hours from her tests and fittings at M-G-M to tear out to Santa Anita where she got a big reception from the fans

ailment of that sort is death to a singer. He rushed to Kansas City doctors to discover that the trouble was more serious than he thought.

Within two days he had to have three minor operations — the first two a complicated surgery on throat and nose, the third a removal of additional follocular matter from the back of his throat. What his feelings must have been you can only imagine. Careers are not pleasant things when they're at stake.

AFTER Ann Dvorak gave up her proposed trip to South America in order to take a test for Sam Goldwyn's prospective "Dead End," the rumor starts that Sylvia Sidney will probably get the rôle. Pretty tough for Ann. She's not too disconsolate, though. She caught the boat (with Leslie Fenton on it, yes) by a rush plane trip. . . . And Buddy Rogers refused to do that London picture he'd contracted for because fiancée Mary Pickford was so ill, and he wanted to stay in the same country with her. . . . Bill Boyd and Hazel Forbes have the heat turned all the way on. . . . If Daryll Zanuck takes over the making of "Tonight At Eight-Thirty" as planned, and gets both Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, the production probably will be a better Coward picture than "The Scoundrel." . . . Of all people on earth, cinema-brat but lovable little Jane Withers has gone in for painting—with no less than Willard Nash to teach her. Jane's mama thinks she should be allowed to indulge her urges. . . . This business of Glamour-Gal Dietrich's being so clothes conscious is getting to be a little bit more than a gag. Now it seems she bought trunks of clothes when she was in Europe, left them there (many unworn), and is having her personal wardrobe completely re-designed by Travis Banton. . . . During Clark Gable's *Parnell* death scene the sound man, after telling everyone what he'd do to him if he made a sound, ruined the take himself by coughing. . . . The burglar who raided Elizabeth Allan's apartment was so snooty he ignored valuable jewelry and swiped only the most precious heirlooms and antiques. . . . Ida Lupino has a new diamond bracelet.

'TIS rumored the Virginia Bruce-David Niven dating has left Wendy Barrie very disturbed

Wendy, it seems, was much smitten with the debonair David and saw quite a bit of him after he stopped escorting Merle Oberon places

in," he said. The assistant director gave one look.

"Stand-in, eh? And only a foot shorter than you Well, that makes things just ducky."

For a moment Burns was stumped. But not for long.

Next day Bob's new stand-in reported for work wearing eight-inch detachable soles strapped to his shoes.

So he kept the job

IT happened on a big airliner, and Marguerite Churchill and her husband George O'Brien aren't over it yet. On a recent plane trip the two worked hard to manipulate the levers that work the tricky berths.

They had succeeded in getting their bed down and were crawling in for the night when the slightly confused air hostess appeared. "Oh, Mrs. O'Brien," she said, "I hope you know about berth control."

And hubby George howled all the way across the country.

AFTER a reconciliation, Ted Healy and his college bride have parted for

An unusual shot of Fred Astaire and his beauteous wife, the former Phyllis Livingston Potter of New York. She is very seldom photographed

Helen Vinson, Groucho Marx and Helen's husband, Fred Perry, at the Troc. Champion Fred was kept busy autographing tennis balls. Right, Arline Judge and Dan Topping at the Clover Club. Love! Read their story on Page 50

GOOD deeds:

They were just two extra girls in a dancing chorus for "Waikiki Wedding," who were selected by Paramount studios to pose for poster ads

Proofs of the painted portraits were brought on the set for Bing Crosby to okay. The girls themselves were enraptured Their eyes followed the portraits hungrily as they were handed about.

It was Crosby who noted this and sensed that the girls wanted copies of the pictures but couldn't afford them

Calling the studio photographer aside he said, "Make two each for the girls and charge them to me. And mum about it."

Deed two:

He was a parking attendant at NBC studios in Hollywood. When Bob Burns drove in the attendant gave his car special care, keeping it carefully shined and polished. One day Burns missed the lad and upon inquiring discovered the boy had lost his job.

Burns looked him up. "You were nice to me" he said. "I've got a job for you."

Onto the set next day Bob took the amazed lad. "Boys, meet my new stand

good. "Yea," Ted explains, "it's all over. You see I got tired of waking up in the morning and listening to college yells."

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Gene Raymond were cantering along the bridle path the other morning, talking of sweet nothings. Suddenly they turned around a corner and there were two youngsters—a girl and a boy—thumbing rides.

Seems the kids were late for school, and there weren't any automobiles going by so early in the morning

So Gene took the girl and Jeanette the boy, and together the doubly-laden horses were raced toward the schoolhouse.

They got there just as the last pupil was going in the door.

THOSE of you who wouldn't believe that Garbo is well at last, just because her performance as the sick woman in "Camille" was so convincing, can accept this as evidence. She's well enough, anyway, to start demanding things out at Metro—something she hasn't done in years.

Costume pictures, she told them the other day, were boring her to death. She was tired of carrying around tons and yards of heavy brocade and silver braid.

So, after "Madame Walewska" is finished, she will make a modern picture.

It wasn't just a tired "I tank I go home" that put it over. She's not going home any more. She's bought a house in Hollywood, or is buying it, her friends say.

She pounded desks until they shook; and Joe Mankiewicz will produce. It's to be a comedy, in the classic sense.

AFTER all these years, and after all the reports about its being the cause of her marriage crash, Sylvia Sydney's romance with Producer B. P. Schulberg seems definitely over.

First rumors of the break came when Sylvia returned to Hollywood, denied statements that she would marry Schulberg, and then began to run around town with a terrific selection of boys.

Now we're told she fell in love with someone almost as soon as she fell out with B. P., and that the new fellow is a famous New York attorney.

Don't accept all this as too definite, though. It's happened before if you'll remember. Sylvia even married someone else only to have a reconciliation follow in short order.

AT the end of "Seventh Heaven," Jimmy Stewart, lanky and lean, discovered he had dropped five pounds during the weeks of production. Those five pounds Jimmy needed badly. Distressed, he went to a doctor. "I can put the pounds back on but you must agree to do as I say," the doctor said. "Can you do it in a week?" Jimmy asked.

"If I don't you won't owe me or the hospital one cent," the doctor promised.

"Hospital?" Jimmy gasped, but the doctor was adamant. Finally he persuaded the actor that a few days' rest was absolutely essential to the treatment. So Jimmy went to the hospital for sleep, rest and milk.

He consumed enough milk to float a canoe. Lazy at all times, he now slept for days on end In fact, he did everything the doctor asked him to do. At the specified time Stewart then checked in for weighing.

He hadn't gained an ounce.

FOR several days Alan Dinehart has had a worried, strained look around the eyes.

"What's the matter with you Alan?" Warner Baxter asked him. "You look as though you'd lost your best friend."

"And that's just what I'm afraid might happen," Alan groaned. "You see, my son is about to be married, and if he dares make Mozelle, my wife, a grandmother, she's liable to walk out on me and take our new baby with her. I tell you Baxter, I've got trouble."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Honey-colored Madge Evans and Tom Gallery at Santa Anita. This romance goes on and on. Above, right, Michael Brooke, alias the Earl of Warwick, likes Hollywood. He certainly likes Patrica Wilder, too, and takes her every place. They are at the Cafe Lamaze here

Victor Orsatti, who used to go with June Lang, and Simone Simon who used to go with—oh, name your own group—are together now and things look hunky-dory

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF A *Gentleman Rebel*

By WALTER RAMSEY

Beginning the authorized biography of Franchot Tone who started investigating life's experiences, with the thoroughness of a Pinkerton detective, at the early age of two

THIS, then, is the life story of Franchot Tone—as he has lived it. That appendage," . . . as he has lived it" is important; for it is extremely doubtful in my mind if any other human being, given the same set of events and circumstances from birth, would have come the same way.

Perhaps it is this very biographical inconsistency which is responsible for his being the least understood person in Hollywood

If the bewildered biographer were to lend an ear to every floating rumor concerning Franchot, he would find himself weaving helplessly among multiple personalities—any one of which might be the "real" Franchot. Because I know that a brief review of a few of the more popular theories about him will merely cause him to smile in good-natured tolerance, let us begin by examining some of them

Is he a *stuffed shirt?* . . . Hollywood's frantic way of describing a non-conformer with leanings too markedly toward the mental and artistic appreciations of life and living . . .

Is he a *gentleman?* . . . and thus too alien to our back-slapping good fellowship to ever achieve a modicum of personal popularity in what we devoutly call "The Profession" . .

Is he an *independent spirit*, captaining his own soul and living his own life? Or is he an *inexcusable egoist*, too thoroughly wrapped up in his own importance to bother with even the commonest civilities?

Now I presume the tactful thing to do would be to rush in immediately with a list of protests in Franchot's defense and to assure the followers of his screen work that, despite everything, he is a Prince of Goodfellows, wantonly misunderstood by nine out of ten contracted souls in Hollywood. But I hesitate. Frankly, I like him—and believe me, that won't matter to him one way or the other—yet I can't dodge the issue My liking for him is frequently in spite of himself.

On more than one occasion I have found him to be utterly thoughtless, tactless and independent to the point of arrogance. But just as many times, I've been surprised by his charm, his hospitality and his casual graciousness. And the longer I know him, the more regularly am I surprised—so regularly, in

fact, that I find myself all too willing to totally ignore my previous appraisal of him.

When he married Joan Crawford, I was one of the many who wagered the marriage wouldn't last six months. Joan, impulsive and emotionally sensitive to the nth degree, was, apparently, everything that Franchot was not. Joan's was an emotional world; Franchot's was mental. They didn't seem to have a thing in common except their careers. Yet, just when I had reached the conviction that this particular fire-and-water combination would never mix, up bobs an entirely different facet of the Tone personality, placing a new set of values on both the husband and the man.

Only two of my opinions of Franchot have stood the test of time. One: He is not a sentimentalist. The other: He *is* a rebel. He has lived his life, thus far, as an unbeliever and a non-conformer; and this has been particularly true of his Hollywood life, as you shall learn

"The one thing I can't understand and never will get used to is the way the private affairs of actors and actresses become the property of the world at large," he told me that recent afternoon when we met to outline the first lap of his life story "Hollywood reporters seem not one whit interested in my work or my opinions. Their sole interest is in my emotional life Yet, were I to admit to having had many love affairs—which I certainly would not discuss for publication—they would be shocked out of their skins. If they'll just let me alone and allow me to work in peace, that is all I want of the Hollywood pot o' gold."

Coming from anyone else, this philosophy would certainly have been judged an affectation. Coming from Franchot, it remains a mere statement of fact. His credo seems to be: Plenty of the work he loves, and elbow room to do his own thinking. His mission is not to reform Hollywood —though he will protest it, whenever he is unable to avoid its consequences.

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Even at a tender age, Franchot had a way of doing unexpected things. On the opposite page, camping in Canada in 1918; in the Adirondacks at the age of seven; in Arizona with his brother Jerry. That's Franchot so elegantly drooped across the lazy burro

The Marriage Code of MYRNA LOY

By LEE HARRINGTON

A superb picture of a brilliant woman's private rules for keeping a perfect love

SHE has the most flattering title America, in all its jovial well-meant admiration, could give her; and she's handing it back.

"The Perfect Wife," America has called Myrna Loy for two years now. Men—stars and pickpockets, brokers and glass-cutters, barbers and bank presidents—have had a common gorgeous daydream: "Gimme a girl like Myrna," they've said, "and gimme a marriage license. . . ."

Well, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. is tired of it. She told me so, while we sat the other afternoon in her suite at the Beverly Wilshire. And when she had finished I knew, too, the inside story of why she is the happiest woman in Hollywood today and why her marriage is one of the most successful and—in no small measure—why she represents Ideal to so many people.

There are two definite reasons why Myrna is sick of being known exclusively as the woman who put glamour into matrimony. One is that she was typed once before and it all but blasted her career; the other concerns a reaction within herself that has been created since her own marriage to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

And therein lies the story.

I THINK the abiding brief that all men hold for the glamorous Myrna is inspired by more than just her physical charm. When you talk with her you understand suddenly that beneath this beauty, beneath this superb poise, is a glowing intelligence which dances a little tune in response to everything you say.

Heaven knows the movie industry has had many an opportunity to discover the brilliancy of her analytical, logical mind; she has handled her career with a calm assurance and a quiet determination which boded ill to any who might try to keep her in the secondary ranks.

Myrna, after all, was born to a heritage of lankness and freckles and troublesome teeth. That she is today one of the most fascinatingly attractive women in America is no fault of the stingy with-beauty fates. She has built for herself the loveliness she possesses.

She has built for herself, also, the amazing career which this year places her among the hottest bets in the world box office. It began a long time ago, when Hollywood knew her as a limber, over-sexy Lilith whose almond eyes and seductive undulations were the despair of censoring long-hairs. Somehow she managed to induct into her Oriental Charmer rôles a hint of decadent passion which wasn't distinctly wicked enough to justify the scissors, but which nevertheless had male audiences everywhere clutching the arms of their seats.

After all, Myrna felt, if she had to be a villainess she might as well be a good one. So that even if the rôles assigned her were unpalatable she nevertheless held onto a good salary and was sure of her contract.

When, finally, she persuaded the studio to give her a small bit in "Penthouse," as a comedienne, officials and casting directors thought she was nuts. She was, like a fox. She took the miniature slice of script that was hers, carried it home, broke down the character involved, analyzed every possibility present, and went to work.

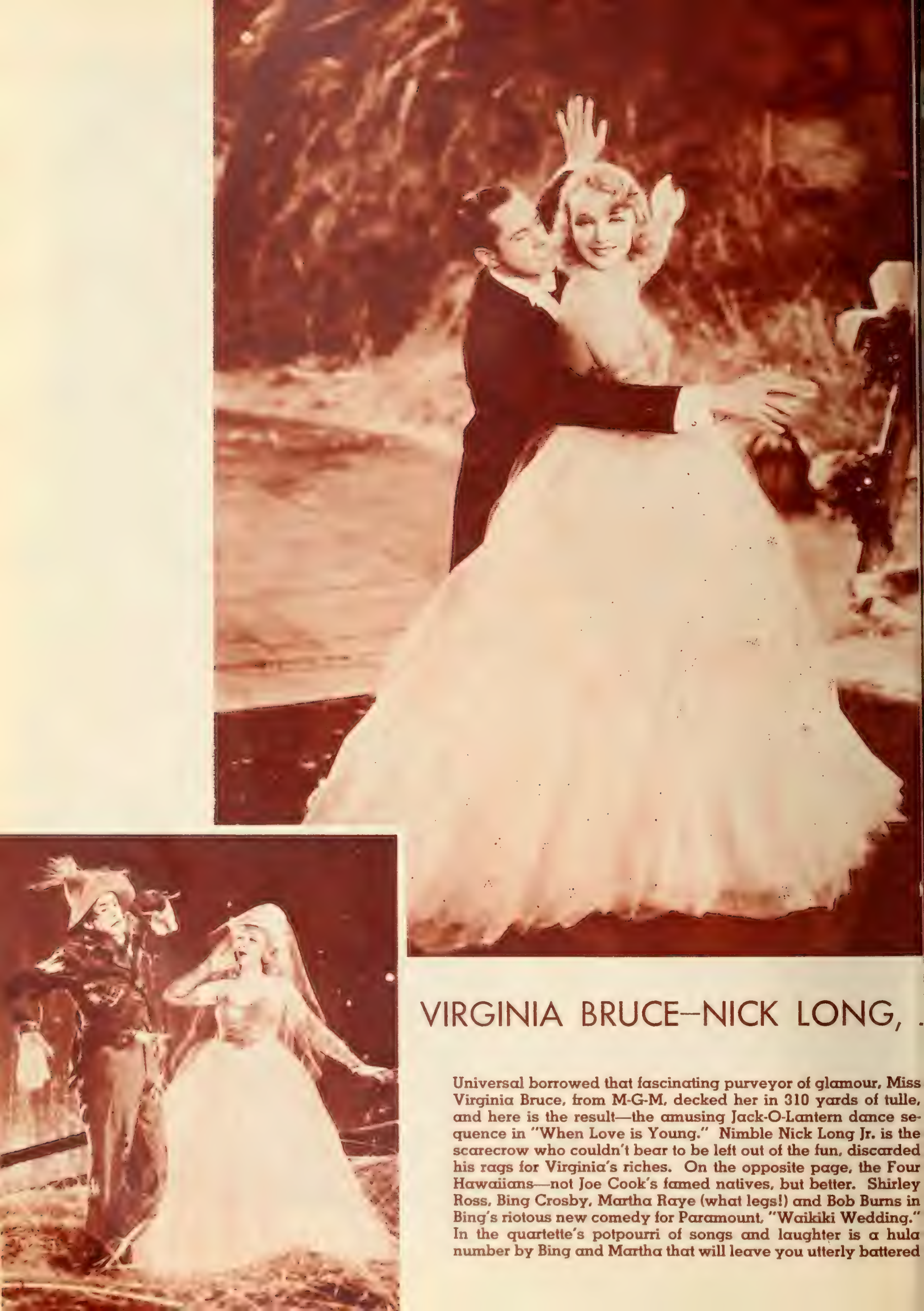
The critics said, "Where have they been hiding this delightful person?"

She had, of course, to overcome the handicap of a set, inexorable personality that had been created in countless scenes in countless pictures. People, misled by her stagy last name, thought she was an Eurasian or at least tinged with Chinese blood.

"And then," Myrna explained to me, "came 'The Thin Man.' It just happened, is all; it was just luck. But for the first time in the history of moving pictures a screen wife had romantic appeal. Always before, it had been the business of young man meets girl, loses and gets her again, clinch and fade-out. *Nora* of 'The Thin Man' was different. She had a set of qualities that made being married to her as much of an adventure, as much fun, as tracking down and chasing after a single girl. The picture made me—and it inspired the press. From that time on I was typed as the perfect wife."

I made despairing motions. "And you didn't *like* it?"—incredulously.

"Oh, yes, I liked it," she said. "It was marvelous, at first—but remember, if I hadn't squee-geed myself out of those darned Oriental rôles I'd have been through in another six months. And I'm afraid of this happening to me again. Because you see there are only a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



VIRGINIA BRUCE—NICK LONG, .

Universal borrowed that fascinating purveyor of glamour, Miss Virginia Bruce, from M-G-M, decked her in 310 yards of tulle, and here is the result—the amusing Jack-O-Lantern dance sequence in "When Love is Young." Nimble Nick Long Jr. is the scarecrow who couldn't bear to be left out of the fun, discarded his rags for Virginia's riches. On the opposite page, the Four Hawaiians—not Joe Cook's famed natives, but better. Shirley Ross, Bing Crosby, Martha Raye (what legs!) and Bob Burns in Bing's riotous new comedy for Paramount, "Waikiki Wedding." In the quartette's potpourri of songs and laughter is a hula number by Bing and Martha that will leave you utterly battered

HIRLEY ROSS • BING CROSBY • MARTHA RAYE • BOB BURNS

If you are sunk in spring ennui and prefer pictures to print anyway, stop here for a big eyeful of beauty. There's blonde Jean Chatburn who was chosen last year by artist McClelland Barclay as The Perfect Beauty. She was one of the glorious glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld." And Furness means more than a steamship line. It means streamlines in the form of Betty Furness who tips the beam at 103 lbs. She's currently appearing in "Mama Steps Out"

And here's a new slant on Cecilia Parker who first appeared on the M-G-M lot as a daring young rider in Westerns. Dragged promptly from her boots and saddles, she made headlines as the shy adolescent in "Ah, Wilderness." Her latest is "Two Shall Meet" for Grand National. You can't tie Maureen O'Sullivan's figure to diet—her favorite food is chocolate cake with whipped cream. She is adding her Irish wit to the Marx Brothers' in "A Day at the Races"

DICK *Powell*

After all the speculation as to what effect Dick's marriage to Joan Blondell would have on his career, "On the Avenue," his latest picture, is such a hit, he can practically write his own ticket when it comes to signing a new contract. He looks better than ever (you will note he has removed his mustache) and seems happily content just to be with Joan and let the world go by. Did you know he was a bridge fiend, something of a minor champ?

There is a new seriousness about Gable these days. Perhaps it's because he has never been so interested in a rôle as he is in "Parnell"—the difficult part of the Irish statesman takes real acting, and Gable's death scene is said to rival Garbo's "Camille" for superb performance. He is still beaving Carole Lombard and they seem to have the best time together. When he finishes the film, he will go on another hunting trip. (P.S. He hates bridge)

CLARK *Gable*

The latest picture of the Jolsons with their little adopted son who is now two years old. It is amusing to recall that Al's pet words have always been "Mammy" and "Baby." He has given up acting to produce, and his first picture for Warners under the new setup is "Broadway Mutineers" starring—Ruby

ON THE AIR IN HOLLYWOOD

The Lux Theater reeked of British accents the night "Captain Blood" was aired. Of course you recognize Donald Crisp, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone and Henry Stephenson

By JIM NEWTON

WHO was that guy who led all the rest? It wasn't Abou *Benny* Adhem, by any chance? Never mind, Benny will do this month.

"What's Jack Benny got?" we started asking people who ought to know when we found out about Jack's new Jello contract for three years at $12,500 every Sunday night. Back came the answers—

"The same thing President Roosevelt's got—a natural radio personality . . . sure-fire, spontaneous humor . . . a hair-trigger mind . . . no bad habits . . . complete lack of temperament . . . universal appeal . . . Mary Livingstone." Add them all together and they spell the highest paid entertainer on the air.

We happened to be hanging around rehearsal for Jack's dramatic debut in "Brewster's Millions" on the Lux Radio Theater when his agent came rushing backstage with the telegram.

"Jack!" he yelled, "it's all signed—twelve grand a week!" Jack stepped on a cigar he had just lit, bit the end off another and tilted it toward the ceiling pensively.

"I guess life ain't so bad after all," he said. Funny thing about it was this: He was rehearsing lines about a lucky stiff who inherited a million when exactly $1,460,000 of the real stuff, which is what three years of that salary comes to, plopped in his lap. What a man!

Jack can keep as cool as an Eskimo's icebox in the face of most anything, but it's different with Mary. Going dramatic in a big way on the Lux show gave her the worst case of mike fright we've seen in weeks. She used up three borrowed hankies mopping her palms and had to be practically pushed on the stage at the start of the show. Mary hasn't been too well anyway, lately. Don't be surprised if she skips a few programs soon to tie down her nerves.

SPEAKING of nerve, it took a little for Grace Allen to give Tony Martin that kiss she's been threatening all these months, right after their Fifth Anniversary show—especially with George sticking around.

It was a real smacker, right on the Martin love lips, too. George and Gracie threw a party backstage after the show So many flowers around the place that George cracked, "You're sure this is our anniversary—not our funeral ! ! !"

Gracie, cute as Christmas as usual in a saucy little flowered hat (not the little blue one), said she still tells herself before every show,

George Burns and Gracie Allen celebrated their Fifth Radio Anniversary and Tony Martin finally got what was coming to him from Gracie

"Gracie, you'd better be good tonight!" Maybe that's why they're top comedy team of the air. George confided to us that the toughest time in all the five years was the night he went on the Chase and Sanborn hour and picked up glasses belonging to a "George Brown." He couldn't see a thing and had to *ad lib* the whole program!

Tony Martin, by the way, our private little static sparrow cheeps, has a future in another direction—Hollywood Hotel. We're not supposed to know this, but Fred MacMurray didn't work out for that particular m.c. spot. The show, being half dramatics, needs a lot of voice for the other half and while Fred's warblings are pleasing, after all that's not his strongest point. Tony will get the spot. It doesn't mean that Fred's air career is dished. He has a lot of stuff for radio, but he can't carry the vocal load on the Hotel.

What is upping the blood pressure around radio row about the coming change is this: Will Tony and Frances Langford—who can sing for our money—strike up their old romance again? Tony, you know, is supposed to be mad about Alice Faye, but there's some room for doubt. Frances and Gil Kuhn, a former U. S. C. football captain, have been doing all right, but that Martin guy—dangerous! Like to put in a pat on the back for Frances here. If you heard the Hollywood Hotel show with the Irving Berlin Cavalcade you might have noticed a fairly husky Langford that night. Well, she had the flu, fever and everything, but Frances trouped.

Somehow—we can't forget that guy—Hollywood Hotel still means Dick Powell to us. Here's another bit of inside stuff that might give a hint to Dick's radio future: Warner Brothers are very quietly expanding their radio holdings, picking up stations here and there. So—the wise ones have it figured—they're after a network. And whom will they build their chain programs around? Dickie?

It's a good guess.

Al Jolson, Columbia's new Master of Ceremonies, puts over some razzle dazzle jazz with Joe Penner, bandmaster Victor Young and Sid Silvers

Orchestra leader Joseph Pasternach bosses pre-broadcast huddles for Nelson Eddy's program with Eddy, Nadine Connor and Producer Thomas Freebairn Smith

ONE of the smoothest Lux Theater shows this month was "Graustark," with Gene Raymond and Anna Sten. But it almost didn't go on. We had a slight touch of heart failure ourself after watching Gene and that very, very lovely Russian go through rehearsal paces as perfectly as you could ask for—and then in the middle of the show—whew! Gene acts all over the radio. His hands fly out at all angles. Well, they flew out and socked the script stand once and Gene's script pages jumped into the air. Five hundred people waited for them to spill to the floor and stop the show but luckily they lit back where they started. When Gene's fiancée, Jeanette MacDonald, went on the Lux show, Gene came through with *beaucoup* posies, but just to show you it's the man who pays, nothing came for him at his broadcast.

The Lux Theater, week in and week out, strikes us as being the acme of radio dramatic preparation and smooth effect. When a star goes on Lux, it means six days of steady rehearsals. The shortest Lux show yet staged was the Gary Cooper-Jean Arthur "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" broadcast last month. Gary had the flu. However, we sat and wondered whether even hard-boiled, efficient production supervisor Frank Woodruff would ever get "Captain Blood" ready for the red light.

In the first place, with Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Henry Stephenson, Donald Crisp and Herbert Marshall, the place reeked with clipped British accents, and that meant stopping for tea just when things were getting hot. Olivia de Havilland, fresh and sweet as morning's cream, was the darling of the show. All of these gruff old stalwarts couldn't help going a little soft about her.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Everyone was told to come in old clothes prepared for falls. Below, Loretta Young and Claire Trevor

The Franchot Tones and Cesar Romero were together as usual. Most of the guests had never been on skates

The host and hostess. Ginger and Vanderbilt Jr. have been dating frequently while the young millionaire has been here showing his nags at Santa Anita. What is what?

SCOOP ON SKATES!

Ginger Rogers and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt gave a party at the Los Angeles Rollerdome

Right, Simone Simon with Larry Adler. She did little skating but looked very pretty

The Fonda marriage hasn't disturbed the Fonda-Stewart friendship. Jimmie is amused at Mrs. Fonda's solicitude

Joan Bennett came prepared for the worst

THERE'S an odd thing about Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove. It has a personality as pronounced as a human being's. The stars love it, get mad at it, make up and fight on with it.

One scrap with the Grove that still lingers in the corners of the *papier-mâché* palm room is the Bing Crosby one. Bing's battle royal really had its beginning the day Dixie Lee dashed out of the Grove vowing she was through with Bing, yes, through with him forever.

She would go to Agua Caliente and forget him, so Dixie's thoughts ran. She would put him out of her life. He had promised to quit drinking and behave, and now look—! He would lose his fifty-dollar-a-week job as a crooner at the Grove, that's what. They were tired of sending out scouts to find his hangouts and get him back to the Grove in time for his evening performance.

Yes, she was through. Always before he had drifted over to her table and sung "I Surrender, Dear," and she had melted. But what chance did a girl have for happiness with such a careless, happy-go-lucky guy as that?

And so Dixie went that evening to Tijuana and registered at the famous Agua Caliente resort. In the lobby, the radio was picking up the Grove broadcast. She listened. It was Bing Crosby, singing: "I Surrender, Dear."

Dixie endured it for a moment.

Then she turned around, got back in her car, and returned to the Grove—and Bing.

"All right, I'll marry you," she said.

It was then that ambition soared in Bing's breast. He would demand more money, and by jingo, he'd quit if he didn't get it!

When they turned him down there was a reverberating scrap—a battle that still echoes after all these years.

The All Star Story OF THE

More intimate, brilliant and crazy jinks that flourished in this favorite

Lil fought a duel . . . but it wasn't with weapons . . .

Clara and Elinor Glyn moved sex up the social ladder . . .

It was pistols at thirty paces for Norman Kerry . .

Bing walked out, vowing never to return, and so help him, he never has.

Bing went on to greater glories. So did another lad who started at the Grove, named Donald Novis.

NOVIS sang his way from the Cocoanut Grove into the big time, and the big money. He had his chance to repay old debts when the Grove found itself in straitened circumstances, heaped with financial troubles and minus any attraction to draw the crowds.

Donald Novis, then getting $1750 a week, dropped everything and came to the rescue—for $200 a week. Business revived with a bang. Offered a bonus for his timely help, Novis shook his head.

"Glad to do it for an old pal," he said.

Abe Lyman was leading a little band out on Sunset when the call came to try out at the Grove. The Ambassador Hotel being what it is, a summons there is like an engagement at the Palace Theater for a vaudeville artist. It's simply the heights.

Abe was so nervous the opening night of his engagement that he fumbled badly. His tuxedo was soaked with perspiration.

"Give him another chance," said Dad Frank, the manager.

He got his chance—and you know the rest of the story.

Gus Arnheim, Phil Harris, Jimmy Greer, all sprouted under the warm glow of the Grove's spotlight. It was among those paper palms that Veloz and Yolanda first teed off to prove that they had something "on the ball." It was from the Grove that they danced away to fame—and one of the highest salary checks of any dancing team in the country.

Yet it has always been the audience that offers the best entertainment at the Grove. The guests are the real stars. With a sparkle born more or [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

By JACK SMALLEY

Cocoanut Grove

anecdotes of the loves, hates and hi-haunt of the screen darlings.

Hedda resigned in favor of Lil . . . or did she?

Bing sang "I Surrender, Dear" and Dixie melted . .

Barrymore took a "Siesta" . . . went to the altar

Left, Arline with Dan Topping. On the opposite page, with Wesley Ruggles, the husband she is amicably divorcing, and their son, Junior

Happiness Comes Again TO ARLINE JUDGE

By ALLEN TAYLOR

THIS is the brand new love story of a Hollywood girl who found that all her best laid plans had smashed; who came through a period of unhappiness that might have spelled heartbreak if she had let it; who lost one love and then found another.

Her name is Arline Judge and from the headlines of your papers, from the lead paragraphs of gossip columns, you have for the last month followed the conflicting stories of the thing that has happened to her.

"Arline," one story would say, "is divorcing Wesley Ruggles, but she's doing it in California where it takes a year—because she hopes for a reconciliation."

"Arline," another typewriter would tap, "will divorce Ruggles in Mexico and marry Dan Topping, New York socialite, the next day."

"Arline," screeched one columnist, "denies everything. She's perfectly happy with her husband."

I called her up in desperation.

"How now?" I said plaintively when I'd reached her. "What add up?"

"Come on over," she told me, "and I'll give you a drink and my cold and the whole story." And here it is:

Six weeks from this writing she will have divorced Wesley Ruggles in Reno. She'll marry Mr. Topping (socialite, sportsman, and swell guy) soon after. And a week later they'll be on their way to Honolulu.

She has passed through the most tragic period a woman can know and has come out of it with banners flying; she has watched her marriage, on which the program of her life was

How the courageous little star has found the road back to serenity—a warm, human story of old hopes lost and youth regained

laid, fail despite every effort she made to save it; she has seen the home she built of hope and love sold to a disinterested buyer. And sensibly she has gathered up the pieces and found the road back to happiness.

That's courage.

But you must understand this, at the first. There can't be any melodrama in the writing of this story. There can't be any tremolo stops, there can't be any sob stuff. Arline isn't like that.

She has ended one life, she is beginning another; and she has done the first, and is doing the second, with the straightforward, unsentimental honesty which constitutes her basic personality.

"I love Wes Ruggles with all my heart," she told me over the little cocktail table. "I always will. I say to you that he is absolutely the swellest man I have ever known or ever hope to know. But . . ."

She regarded her nails fixedly. "They were right in the beginning—those people who said it couldn't last because he's twenty-three years older than I am. I don't know exactly when it happened; it wasn't one of those definite things. But suddenly I only loved him—I wasn't *in love* with him anymore —y'know?"

I nodded. "There never was any sort of difference," she went on. "We never had a fight, or even the smallest scene. We lived together in that great big house and we had our baby and we were happy, for a long time. But you see," she crushed out her cigarette, "it was—we were never completely at ease. I wasn't, at least. I respected his judgment; he was always right about everything. I held off saying casual little things because I knew he wouldn't like them. I couldn't be *myself*, really.

"And I can with Topping. He's my sort. He's young. He's sensible and intelligent, but he likes mad parties and dancing and all the things I love." She shrugged helplessly. "How can I tell you about him? I'll only exaggerate. After all, I'm in love with the man."

I reached for my glass. "The beginning," I said, "is a good place to start. I'll just listen."

ARLINE came out to Hollywood from New York six years ago to marry Ruggles; and she was just eighteen, a youngster full of the gay spirits and the need for laughter. But she had a good, practical brain and a secure knowledge of her love for Wes; with these props she proposed to build her happiness and his.

It worked, at first. For several years, that is. They built a home—"We put our lives and souls into that place," she remembered—and she had her little boy and at intervals she invited most of Hollywood over for one of those parties people still talk about. Her picture contracts got better and better, people everywhere loved her, her fan mail tripled weekly.

Then, quite suddenly, last year, Wes took a suite at the Beverly Wilshire and Arline stayed at the house, with Wesley, Junior. The parties continued. Rumors of a separation were squelched because Arline and Ruggles were seen dining together at smart supper clubs, dancing on famous floors.

"But I just couldn't keep it up," she told me. "It was too—it was going Hollywood, holding onto things that were lost. Besides I was having dates and Wes was running around, too. And people talked. I didn't want anything in connection with Ruggles and me to be cheap."

He came up to the house, one afternoon, to see the baby. It was last Thanksgiving day and Arline wanted dreadfully to see him alone. "Let me give you a drink," she said when he had kissed the boy good-by.

"I wanta come down, too," little Wes wailed. Arline signalled frantically. "You've got to have your dinner early today, darling," she told the child, and preceded Ruggles to the bar.

They talked for a time of inconsequential things; of her new picture, and of his latest contract, and of the dinner engagement he had that night. When at last he had to go she said, on an impulse, "Wes—kiss me good-by."

He kissed her. "Look," he said, "I've never told you to do a single thing that was wrong. You've got to hand me that. And I tell you now, hold on to your happiness. If you get tired of working, stop; if you fall in love again, marry the guy and make the most of your life." He paused. "I'll always love you, you know that. But I know we can't be married again to each other or live together again. It wouldn't work. Just know I'll always be around if you want me."

"That's swell," she told him.

Arline held a match for my cigarette. "But it was pretty tough," she said. "I saw him a few times at the Troc and they'd be playing a nostalgic tune like 'Say It With Music' or something, and I'd have to get [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

The Screen Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox

CONCEIVED in the new kind of slap-happy humor and produced with bland disregard for cinema convention, this rattles across the screen to the pace of your laughter. It's young and gay and impossible and altogether so funny it will affect your mood for days.

Tyrone Power is a first-rate reporter who, in the intervals when he is not off-salary, manages to scoop every other paper in town. He sets out to interview Loretta Young, heiress, but she tricks him by proclaiming to the rival press that they are engaged. He is thus given a taste of unpleasant publicity and from his furious attempts at reprisal evolves a chase which leads from bar to bathroom to jail to—Love, at last.

Outstanding is the energetic performance of Don Ameche as a hard-bitten city editor. Loretta is more than usually gorgeous and Tyrone is smoothly excellent. See it often

☆ MARKED WOMAN—Warners

THIS is a brutal indictment of modern gangsters and their exploitation of women, based on the recent publicity given a white slave exposé in New York. Whether or not you find the humorless story entertaining, you must thrill to the exciting portrayal of Bette Davis and the uncompromising situations which give the picture its shocking quality.

Cast as the ringleader of a group of clip joint hostesses, Bette's only sentimental feeling is toward an unsophisticated young sister, Jane Bryan, who comes to visit her. Eduardo Ciannelli, the big boss, murders one of Bette's friends and in fear of her life she perjures herself on the stand. Then the sister is mauled and thrown in the river; and Bette throws caution aside, brings the gang to justice. Humphrey Bogart, as the D. A., is excellent and Ciannelli gives a chilling performance. This is a film document you will not want to miss.

☆ LOST HORIZON—Columbia

CREATED in epic style after two years of work and at the cost of millions, James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" comes to the screen as a magnificent spectacle. It is tense entertainment built through plausible action to successive climaxes, and interpolated by a love story utterly romantic in its idyllic setting. There will be some who, having read the book with feeling, will remark that somehow in its translation to celluloid the weird mood of the original philosophical treatise has been lost in grandeur and Edward Everett Horton's humor. Even without this, the picture is still great.

Ronald Colman is at the top of his distinguished career as the British statesman, who with a party of friends, is kidnapped and taken to Shangri-La, an Utopian lamasery lost in the Tibetian wilds. There they discover a group of ancients, given long life by the valley's peculiar quality, living tranquilly in a temple stuffed with the world's treasures. Colman is enchanted, catches a vision of a greater future, falls in love with Jane Wyatt, and at last is persuaded by the High Lama to stay. John Howard, his brother, sees no vision, and plots with Margo, a rebellious woman, to escape. There is a terrifying trek across impossible mountains, leading to a finale fraught with exultation.

Colman is magnificent, each individual performance, especially that of Sam Jaffe's, is good. It is spellbinding.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

LOST HORIZON
CALL IT A DAY
LOVE IS NEWS
MARKED WOMAN
MAYTIME
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY
THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL
PICK A STAR
NANCY STEELE IS MISSING
A FAMILY AFFAIR
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon"
John Howard in "Lost Horizon"
Tyrone Power in "Love Is News"
Don Ameche in "Love Is News"
Nelson Eddy in "Maytime"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Maytime"
Bette Davis in "Marked Woman"
Anton Walbrook in "The Soldier and the Lady"
Ian Hunter in "Call It a Day"
Olivia de Havilland in "Call It a Day"
Bonita Granville in "Call It a Day"
Victor McLaglen in "Nancy Steele Is Missing"
Jean Arthur in "History Is Made at Night"
Charles Boyer in "History Is Made at Night"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)

☆ MAYTIME—M-G-M

WITH a scent of peach blossoms for mood and a superbly romantic score for background, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy return again in this traditionally beautiful story of love, found and lost. It is gay and charming and heart-stirring. It is a nostalgic thing set to music.

You may remember the tale, in which Jeanette is a young prima donna engaged to marry her teacher and manager, John Barrymore. She slips away one night, meets Nelson in a cafe. He is a student, with charm of manner and voice. He adores her at sight and pursues her from opera to dressing room to May Day festival, at which they spend one glorious, carefree afternoon. Then she sends him away so that she may live up to her marriage vows.

Years later they are cast opposite each other in New York. Their great love flares again, and they decide to run away together. Then comes melodrama and a surprise ending.

Aside from Sigmund Romberg's "Sweetheart" Jeanette and Nelson sing a symposium of songs, including "Santa Lucia," a portion of "Les Huguenot," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and "Czaritza," opera from the Tschaikowsky Fifth Symphony. Both are in excellent voice. Nelson is ardent as a lover and Jeanette has a new and deeper beauty, both personal and vocal. Barrymore glowers effectively; explosive Herman Bing is amusing. "Maytime" is glorious entertainment.

☆ CALL IT A DAY—Warners

THIS is a collection of gem-like rôles, played with matchless technique by a perfect cast. It records, with almost tender understanding, the collective problems of an English family struck silly by a first spring day, and the result is positively brilliant. Ian Hunter as the very human middle-aged father who is tempted by an actress, is magnificently funny. Frieda Inescort is the reserved mother whom Ronald Young discovers and loves. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as the daughter, painfully bemused by the artist who is painting her portrait, and Bonita Granville is superbly the adolescent, given to poetic fancies. The son, Peter Willes; a neighbor, Anita Louise; Beryl Mercer, Alice Brady and Una O'Conner are superlative.

Set to sparkling, sharply suggestive dialogue, the entire production is delightful moonstruck whimsy

☆ THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—Warners

THIS sexy, saucy comedy romance, the first under the production of Director Mervyn LeRoy, introduces a handsome male charmer to the American screen. He is Fernand Gravet and most ingratiating he is, too.

The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainers hire Joan Blondell, an American chorus girl, to divert him from his dissipations. She is not only cute but virtuous, which is a new combination in the king's life, and this leads to many happy complications.

Joan Blondell handles her rôle in great style. Edward Everett Horton does his usual fine acting as the King's advisor. Mary Nash, Alan Mowbray, Luis Alberni and Jane Wyman give good support, and after this we certainly will be seeing much more of Monsieur Gravet. The production, direction, songs and music are outstanding, too. Don't miss this.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS

☆

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—M-G-M

SAVED from being a stuffy drawing room comedy by the intensive efforts of its principals, this offers Joan Crawford as the refined lady crook who involves romance with business. Robert Montgomery is the suave nobleman who loves her but not her morals. Bill Powell is the likeable henchman in crime. It's shallow, dated, but very pleasant.

☆

PICK A STAR—Hal Roach—M-G-M

FILMLAND laughs at itself in this hilariously giddy comedy musical. Smart lines, new situations, which are screamingly funny, freshen up the old story of a small town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Rosina Lawrence is swell. Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly and Laurel and Hardy keep the comedy at quick tempo. Mischa Auer is good as the suave movie star.

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount

THE usual detective, reporter, many-suspects murder-mystery yarn, with a campus background. As the brains of the numbers racket, a mathematics professor double-crosses his pals and is murdered. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns provide swell comedy. Astrid Allwyn and Marsha Hunt supply the beauty. Larry Crabbe makes a good gangster.

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY—RKO-Radio

STIRRING and swiftly moving, this story of Russia during the days of the Tartars concerns a loyalist who, once inside the enemy's lines, meets his mother, Fay Bainter. Not realizing her son's mission, she greets him by name revealing his identity to the rebel leader, Akim Tamiroff. Anton Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, gives a magnificent performance.

ESPIONAGE—M-G-M

A SKILLFUL spy story that is downright diverting with its up-to-the-minute love-on-the-run idea. Madge Evans and Edmund Lowe share a stolen passport in order to spy on Paul Lukas, a munitions manufacturer, and obtain stories for their papers. Gay surprises, hilarious interludes and the proper amount of suspense make this a honey.

23½ HOURS LEAVE—Grand National

AN old tale rejuvenated with a face lift of youth, song and slap-bang comedy. James Ellison, a dashing young sergeant in an army camp, bets his buddies he'll one day eat breakfast with the general. After several tuneful interludes and droll mix-ups, Ellison wins his bet and the general's daughter, played by Terry Walker.

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Columbia

THE performances of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce raise the entertainment value of this average picture considerably. The plot concerns artist Douglas' attempt to inspire disillusioned night club entertainer, Miss Bruce, so he can paint a masterpiece. They fall in love and complications rise. Reginald Denny and Pert Kelton furnish the comedy

GIRL OVERBOARD—Universal

SUFFICIENTLY entertaining but far from pretentious is this story of a girl who is accused of murder and escapes custody by pretending to be a woman who has been lost at sea. Gloria Stuart is pleasing as the accused girl. Walter Pidgeon, as the district attorney who protects and defends her, gives a sincere performance, and the rest of the cast is satisfying.

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warners

THE eternal triangle again, with Jean Muir as the trusting ex-secretary wife of Warren Hull, and Beverly Roberts as her friend who becomes Hull's new secretary. Hull succumbs to Beverly's wiles, but the surprising addition of a forest fire helps straighten things out. Clara Blandick is good as Hull's cynical aunt, but everybody else acts all over the place.

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—GB

THAT natural actor, Wallace Ford, gets a better break at last in this story of a cheap little American racketeer who enlists in the British Army under a borrowed name to escape the police. The action is lively, there's plenty of humor, and Wally gets fine support from John Mills and Grace Bradley. Anna Lee is the attractive love interest

CHINA PASSAGE—RKO-Radio

CONSTANCE WORTH, Australian actress, makes her American picture debut in this weak, uninteresting murder drama. Miss Worth isn't so bad; the picture is something else again. Developing from a maze of unbelievable complications, we witness murders and much shipboard mystery involving Miss Worth's attempt to locate jewel thieves. Skip.

DEAD YESTERDAY—20th Century-Fox

THERE is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder mystery yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. A New York hospital serves as the background for most of the action, in which a young interne, Howard Phillips, is murdered trying to save a patient from gangsters. Joan Davis steals all the acting honors. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

TRICKS AND TRIMMINGS OF

If you are worrying a bit over a question of beauty, don't ask your best friend! Listen to an expert who will give you advice—with a Socko!

Her hairbrush isn't idle . . .

Dietrich . . . don't let those eyebrows fool you!

LATELY, I've been telling you how to work on your figures, molding them into lovely proportions, how to clear up your complexions and how to regulate your system and improve your general health by sensible eating. I've been telling you many things so necessary to your beauty, charm and personality. Hundreds of you have written in to me telling me how wonderfully you've improved and I'm tickled to death. To be sure there are certain things that I have not yet discussed which may be your particular bugaboos, but stand by, darlings, I'll get to them.

Now, I want to give you some timely tips about the trimmings and tricks of that elusive quality called allure.

No matter where you live, darlings, from Kalamazoo to Timbuctoo, the main essentials of true allure are, a smoothly running glandular system, general good health, loveliness of physical features and mental stability.

Hollywood has her share of truly alluring women. Smart gals, who know the value of this fascinating quality; who know the fundamental principles of allure and stick to them; who are constantly caring for their figures and faces and who keep themselves fit with a sane design for living

Clothing this type of woman is not the headache of the ward robe department. The designer can let fly with his genius instead of tearing his hair trying to figure out ways to camou flage a bulging figure. Their skins do not have to be swathed in layers of grease paint or strained through a sieve of gauze to keep the hickeys from shining through on the screen like stop signals. And most important these particular gals include in their routine a sound mental attitude about the whole business, not letting their head sizes be influenced by the thickness of their scrap books.

But . . . oh, yes, there's a but! . . . there are others whose allure *has* to be camouflaged by the make-up man's deft brush, by cleverly conceived gowns. The harassed designers have no choice but to use a lot of flowing businesses, veils, panels, etc., for the sole purpose of concealing a spreading rear. Or a lot of droopy frills and feathers to hide a heavy bust.

These bizarre flashes that flit across the screen may knock you for a loop, temporarily. Some of you may be completely taken in and attempt to rig yourselves up in like manner, but if you do, the results will be pretty sad, for you have completely

Allure

By MADAME SYLVIA
PHOTOPLAY'S BEAUTY EDITOR

lost sight of the fact that you haven't a million dollar studio behind you, using all of its equipment to turn you loose on your peace-loving countrymen, as Bertha, the Miracle Girl.

Miracle is right! It's a miracle that some of them get by with it. Tragically enough, they don't for very long. No more do you, babies. This type of so-called allure suffers horribly by comparison with the real thing and it all too soon withers under the glare of a keenly observant public. Let that sink in, will you? Beware of any freakishness in the disguise of allure.

"How then, can I acquire the real stuff, the enviable looks, traits and tricks of the movie queens? Or should I? And how much?" you ask. I'll answer that question like this: If I had a daughter, I should certainly think it admirable of her to strive for the shapely legs of Dietrich. But if I ever caught her copying Dietrich's incredibly, fantastic eyebrows, if they may be referred to as eyebrows, I'd spank her.

In other words, take pattern and inspiration from these lovelies of the screen only in those matters where your admiration is deserved. Above all, only in matters that are practical for every day use.

Joan . . . bouquets for that posture but 'twas not always so . . .

THERE are various types of allure, yes, but the basic requirements must always be the same. If your type is sweet, demure and refreshing, similar to the charm of such girls as Anne Shirley, Jean Parker or Maureen O'Sullivan, don't try to be a slithering siren. If you do, you'll end up by being neither one thing nor the other. On the other hand, if your type resembles the worldly-wise, I've-been-around sophistication of a Connie Bennett, Gloria Swanson or Jean Harlow, don't attempt any itsy-bitsy moments, baby talk or pink bows in the hair. It won't ring true. Don't for goodness sake be misled by the idea that to be alluring you must constantly sizzle.

But whatever your type, remember this, a woman with true allure has good taste, poise, assurance and self-respect. She's quite aware of these precious gifts. Female instinct tells her that she has them. She's proud of them, too, as she should be, but she never lets her attitude become one of arrogance or conceit.

Now that you have a general idea of my standard for allure let's get on to some specific things. Seemingly small things, that are neglected, yet so vital to your appearance.

Healthy, well-groomed and smartly shod feet are as much a part of allure as good-looking legs. You may be strong as an ox and have a nice enough figure, but what's the good if your daily complaint is, "My poor feet nearly kill me." Other than the agony of this predicament, tired, aching feet often bring out a sour disposition, saggy posture, drawn expressions around the mouth and circles under the eyes. So if you wonder why you look so haggard, why your posture is bad and your walk has no flair, maybe you can blame it all on your feet.

Joan Bennett, one of my pet movie babies, has a lovely carriage that adds greatly to her charm. But it was not always so. When I first took Joan in hand, her posture was sadly in need of attention. I gave her exercise and treatment to strengthen her back and make her hold her shoulders up. I taught her to balance her body correctly on her feet. But let me tell you this, if Joan's feet had not been strong, healthy and properly cared for, any unequal distribution of weight would have put an added strain upon them, making the job of acquiring a lovely posture more difficult.

Beyond the obvious necessity of wearing shoes that fit properly, here are a few little things that you must do to keep your feet in step as you march on to beauty. If your feet swell from standing too long, sleep with them raised on a pillow. Bathe your feet often. I mean between your regular daily baths. Soak them with alternating dips of hot and cold water for at least fifteen minutes. Rub them briskly with a rough Turkish towel until they tingle with increased circulation. Dry well between the toes and dust with a little foot powder to absorb any moisture. Massage them frequently with cold cream as you would your hands. Grasp the toes with the whole hand and rotate them gently, first in one direction and then the other. When you are at home, dance around the room in your bare feet. I don't mean any sliding steps, but rise up on the toes and get your body completely off the floor. Remember, stay up on those toes. Skip rope. These things will strengthen the arches, the toes and also the legs.

Here is another good stunt to relax your feet. With shoes off, sit in a straight chair. Hold on to the seat of the chair at the sides. Stretch out the legs, keeping the knees stiff. Now push the toes forward and down. Keep the heels on the floor, but curl the toes under as you stretch for all you're worth trying to touch them to the floor. The idea is to stretch the top of the instep and exercise the toes. Return to the original position, relax a moment and re- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

HOLLYWOOD is famous as Yes-Man's Land. Hollywood is famous for its fear of the Great God Box Office. Hollywood is famous also for its impulsiveness. The average Hollywood romance-worth-newspaper-space has a life span of exactly four months and four days, according to the latest checkup.

But Hollywood is being impulsive no end, this month, in a movie-making way. Unexpected things are happening in the studios.

We discover at 20th Century-Fox, for example, that Shirley Temple is making a picture in which she sings only one song, and that one "Auld Lang Syne," and will dance no more than one dance, if that.

Also, we discover we'll have to climb into less civilized hills than these Beverly ones, if we want to see Star No. 1 at work.

She has gone off to the closest thing to the Khyber Pass that studio scouts have been able to find. And such is the geography of Southern California that the location is only thirty miles away, to the north, in the rugged, rocky hills above Chatsworth.

If you have a passion for knowing all the intimate to-do about pictures—come with our sleuth on his monthly jaunt to the sets

There, around three sides of a shallow vale near the Pass, stand low, gray stone buildings. At least, from where the camera stands, they look like buildings. Actually, they are only walls. They represent a British military garrison on the frontier of India.

"Wee Willie Winkie," if you remember your Kipling, was originally a story about a little boy who wanted to be a soldier. The movies have taken pictorial license with Kipling to fit the tale to Shirley's measurements. And the revision, surprisingly enough, is just as probable as the original.

Listen to her supporting cast: Victor McLaglen as the kilted Highland sergeant, whose death changes her mind about fighting; C. Aubrey Smith as her gruff soldier-grandfather; June Lang as her widowed mother; Michael Whalen as the soldier who eventually becomes her stepfather; Cesar Romero as the rebel native chieftain; Douglas Scott as the youngster she cordially resents. Her director is a surprise. John Ford is famous for his he-man pictures, and has directed few feminine stars. But he and Shirley get along together like so much butter and bread.

Ford says Shirley has made him feel thirty years younger They play together like kids. We hear them, between scenes, having a contest to find out who can bellow most like a cow over the loudspeaker system. We see Shirley, between scenes, armed with a toy wooden rifle, prodding him across the compound, his hands upraised. He is her captive. He calls her "Zanuck-Zanuck." She calls him "Ford V-8."

We watch Shirley work with Victor McLaglen—for a scene in which the tall, tough sergeant tells "Private Winkie" that he likes the uniform he has found for her, and then hands her a toy wooden rifle, carved to her size.

The shot is a close-up of McLaglen. Shirley is not in front of the camera, but beside it, to give McLaglen the cues for his dialogue. Behind her, with his hands on her shoulders, stands Ford. She keeps bumping backward into Ford's legs. He responds by bumping her forward with his knees. McLaglen muffs a line, watching them. Mrs. Temple then takes a hand.

"Shirley," she calls, quietly and amusedly, "stop your playing. You're holding up the picture."

The effect is instantaneous. In one half minute, the shot is on film, Shirley having informed McLaglen that the gun he has carved for her is "iligant." She gives Ford a final bump, and is away before he can bump back.

BEFORE we catch spring fever in the balmy air of these hills, we race back to civilization—to catch, instead, a scene of "Wake Up and Live," the musical that brings those mock-feudists, Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, together on the screen.

It has been a profitable feud for the boys. Bernie estimates that it has tripled his salary, and Winchell is receiving $75,000 for this screen appearance.

The setting, this particular late morning, is "The Manila Night Club," a huge nightery that the Old Maestro and All the Lads have just opened. It is circular in shape, glittery in effect, with the diners and orchestra on a mezzanine, surrounding a huge bowl below, in which the performers perform. We are to see the finish of a dance number: "I Love You Much Too Much, Muchacha."

Two dozen dancing girls, dressed in long, black silk stockings (not leg paint), split Spanish skirts and troubadour hats, are out on the dance floor, standing. In front of them stand the stand-ins for Bernie, Joan Davis and Leah Ray. The lighting for the scene is difficult because of the glitter.

Bernie is well chaperoned on this picture. His son, Jason (better known as Josh), is a second assistant director. It is a laugh to hear Josh call, "Bernie on the set, please!"

Bernie is more of a martyr to his art than Winchell. Bernie works this morning, after playing at the Cocoanut Grove until 2 A. M. Winchell doesn't report until afternoon. So, with Winchell absent this morning, they are telling jokes about him.

Director Sidney Lanfield tells the best one: Winchell, high-strung and excitable, talks vociferously. He has to, to win arguments with managing editors. On top of that, he is taking this movie rôle seriously.

Every night he rehearses. His bodyguard, a bulky individual named Pete, holds the script while Walter recites. The other night he was reeling off a speech that contained the words: "You phoney! You dirty, double-crossing chiseler!" His ten-year-old daughter heard him. Excitedly, she ran to tell her mother what Hollywood had done to her father. "Oh, Mommy," she wailed, "Daddy's even fighting with Pete now!"

Director James Whale (at extreme left on opposite page) goes down into the trenches before filming the incredible battlefield scenes in "The Road Back," a sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front." Above, Fred Astaire and Ginger do something they have talked about doing in every film — guess what?

AFTER watching Bernie, Leah Ray and Joan Davis do a few simple steps to the dancing girls' complicated ones, we move to the set of "This Is My Affair," the new Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck picture. One of the final scenes is being filmed, although this is only the first day of production and Taylor has not yet reported for work.

In this, Taylor has a tragic rôle for the first time. It is the story, based on fact, of a young naval lieutenant who was court-martialed out of the service on a frame-up, so that he could become a secret operative for President McKinley. Only he and McKinley knew. Then McKinley was assassinated. Soon afterward, the young lieutenant got into dangerous difficulties, was condemned to death.

The set we see is the Presidential study in the White House of thirty-five years ago. In the foreground, beside a huge cherry-wood desk, stand President Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Dewey. We recognize Robert McWade behind the Dewey mustachios. We do not recognize the actor behind the Roosevelt teeth, the Roosevelt spectacles and the incisive Roosevelt gruffness. He is, even to the naked eye, a ringer for "T. R." (Later, Make-up Man Ernie Westmore beams. "That," he says, "is Sidney Blackmer.")

Into a telephone Teddy is saying, "This is President Roosevelt speaking. . . . Are the executions over? . . . Wonderful! . . . One of them? . . . Which one?"

In the background, behind the two men, is a door ajar. On its threshold, hesitant, stands a woman dressed in the style of the period. Barbara. Her eyes are tear-filled, tortured, focused blindly on Roosevelt.

Roosevelt says only this much, when Director William Seiter

calls "Cut." He wants a close-up now of Barbara, reacting. During the wait for the shifting of lights, Barbara dabs away the glycerine in her eyes, walks off the set smiling to herself. A few moments later, we discover why.

As we leave the set, we pass the stars' portable dressing rooms. They are side by side, Stanwyck's larger and more elaborate than Taylor's. Barbara is alone in Bob's quarters, preparing it for his arrival. Preparing it, we might add, with some comedy decorations. That's her gift to Bob for today. They exchange a gift a day.)

WE may miss Taylor, but near-by we encounter his likeliest looking rival—Tyrone Power. He is on an outdoor set for "Cafe Metropole," co-starring again with Loretta Young. 20th Century-Fox is capitalizing on the hilarious hit they made together in "Love Is News." And Tyrone and Loretta are co-operating to the extent of permitting a romance rumor or two.

They meet this time in Paris. Loretta is an American heiress who jumps up and down on beds when she doesn't get her own way. Tyrone is a Princeton playboy who owes a large number of francs to gambler Adolphe Menjou. Menjou practically blackmails him into acquiring a Russian accent and posing as Prince Michael, last of the Romanoffs, so that he can overwhelm and marry an American heiress and pay that gambling debt. Neither one foresees the possibility of his falling in love with the girl.

The set today is a section of a Paris street, showing a wide sidewalk shadowed by budding trees (ah, Paris in the spring!). Tyrone and Loretta are to stroll along past several shops among a throng of pedestrians. The camera is to keep pace with them.

There is one odd thing about this street scene. There is no sound of scuffling feet. Everyone is wearing cloth envelopes over his shoes. Everyone, that is, except Loretta, who is shod in old, soft-soled pink slippers. The camera is focused on no feet in the scene. And the muffling of footsteps assures clear dialogue.

We get permission from an assistant director to stand midway up the set, just behind the camera truck. Stationed here, we are in a position to hear what Loretta and Tyrone are talking about in subdued tones as they stroll past. We hear Loretta say: "That's the way I like to hear you talk—as if you love me. You know you do love me, but won't admit it. Just shy, that's all . . ."

They go beyond hearing. They are almost to the end of the set when Director E. H. Griffith calls "Cut!" to everybody. The assistant director laughs, calls to *us*. "You can go collect an acting check. You're in the picture. Your reflection is in the shop window."

Yes, they make a retake. But while they're making it, we're hastily on our way out of there, southward bound toward Culver City and M-G-M.

THERE we find another handsome American indulging in a foreign accent this month. Robert Montgomery is most decidedly cockney in "Night Must Fall." And most decidedly enjoying himself.

"I suppose most people have forgotten," he says, "but I showed a bit of acting promise in my first picture. That was 'The Big House.' Most of the time since then, I've been stuck with a cocktail shaker in my hands, a stiff collar around my neck, and wisecracks at the tip of my tongue. But this time, if I have a cocktail shaker in my hands at any time, it will be because I've stolen it." He adds, for emphasis, "Blimey!"

For this is a story of a member of the lower classes who determines to make his social betters pay for his inferiority complex. It is not a pleasant tale. It is a potent one.

We stay long enough to verify the fact that Bob, dressed in roughish clothes, talks in a roughish way in a scene with Merle

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Cary Grant found that an "s" can spell ruin after he played this scene in "The Toast of New York" with Donald Meek, Oakie and Edward Arnold. Right, Charles Irwin coaches Bob Montgomery in a cockney accent for his rôle in "Night Must Fall" a very unusual play for light-hearted Bob

Fresh as a Daisy

Shasta daisies riot on a black background in Howard Greer's frock worn by Sylvia Sidney, star of "That's What Girls Are Made Of." The aproned skirt swings into front fullness. Wide white hat banded flatly on the brim with scarlet ribbon

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

Summer Night's Dream

PHOTO BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

In "Cafe Metropole" Loretta Young wears an evening gown of white crêpe. The looped and raised skirt and the lovely folds of the bodice are lusciously becoming. The cape and hood are of heavy white peau d'ange lace. A multicolored pin blazes at the throat and white crêpe sandals are worn

Elizabeth Allan Wears

Softest champagne wool in light weight is used for this suit. Unstiffened lapels and pocket flaps are noteworthy. Elizabeth Allan adds a heavy brown silk blouse with an ascot scarf, an angora felt sports hat, a narrow brown leather belt. Brown gloves, bag and pumps finish the outfit

For informal dinners all through spring and summer nothing could be gayer than this white satin gown, splash-printed in green, yellow and heliotrope. Round the waist goes an emerald satin sash, and an heirloom brooch of emeralds and dull gold weights the V neck

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HURRELL

For that Spring Feeling

Right: Black silk net flares alluringly in Joan Bennett's gown, by Irene. The foundation is of flesh-toned crêpe with black side panels to give sleek lines under that voluminous skirt. Solid black edges the heart-shaped neckline. Below: Joan's honey-colored French flannel suit with its broken plaid of green and brown means spring has come. Yellow-green sweater, brown sailor hat and brown suède gloves all hit high

Left: You will soon see Joan in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Here she is in Irene's heavy white pebble crêpe, dramatized by a fitted band of emerald crêpe and jewelled clips. The fitted jacket is scattered with white pompons. Below: Brilliant gala coloring is in this print frock, simple in line, but having an exciting belt of magenta velvet. The accordion pleated crêpe turban matches the belt. Irene designed it

Shirley Ross basks in the sun in a cretonne coat. Rose and pale yellow flowers are scattered on its green ground. The bodice is smartly fitted and the skirt is flared

First Warm Week End

Below: Natural silk linen is used for these slacks worn by Shirley. Note the same vertical pocket treatment in both the bolero and the slacks. A brown and white striped jersey, fascinating brown leather sandals with cork soles and heels finish the costume

"Waikiki Wedding" Shirley will
ear the three costumes pictured
bove and designed for her by Edith
ead. The sports dress, far left, is
eggshell crêpe with a splash of
lor cut out from the print of which
e jacket is made. Red and yellow,
een and orange sing together.
irley lounges in an outfit of flesh-
lored satin piped in cherry red. It
as wide-trousered slacks, a soft
ck-in shirt and a full-length robe.
tterly charming is this dress of silk
nen. The top is navy and the skirt
ay, and the jacket is piped in gray.
avy and white sandals and an
nusing handkerchief add interest.

Photoplay's found in

Irene Hervey, soon to be seen in "The League of Frightened Men," chose the sturdy lace dress, two views of which are pictured here, in deep, warm henna. Chartreuse grosgrain backs the belt, ties in a bow at the neck and pipes the pocket on the short bolero. Can be bought in navy, black or henna

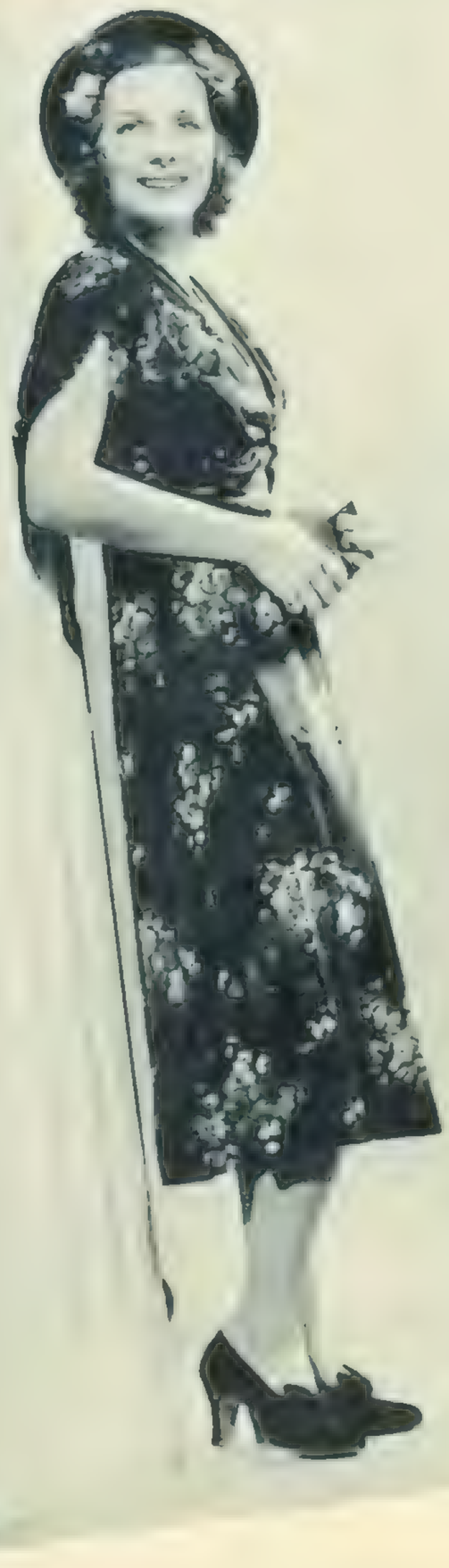
THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 112

Fashions the shops

Below: A lively print in Persian coloring of red, green, blue and yellow on black is worn by Irene Hervey. The one-piece dress has a high fitted waistline and a low V neck. The jacket is edged with black grosgrain, which also makes the collar. Also grounds of navy, brown, wine and white. Right: Ideal is black net for warm days and evenings. This crisp model made over a black crêpe slip, has white piqué edgings, a patent leather belt and a big bunch of white violets for freshness. Lower right: In this frock of Irene's the crêpe slip is printed in the same design as the chiffon frock. White daisies group with red, blue and green flowers in charming bouquets. The belt crosses in front and ties round the waist. The short sleeves are shirred and a big diamond and emerald clip gives sparkle. Grounds of navy, black and brown



Luxury at Home

For "Let's Get Married" Robert Kalloch designed formal pyjamas for Ida Lupino. The blouse of flesh satin, brocaded in rose velvet, is belted in front and hangs loose in the back. Two rose satin buttons close the blouse and match the trousers, the belt and the sleeve facing. Brocade mules are banded in gold kid and have velvet soles that curl. Below: Orry Kelly designed a hostess coat for Anita Louise to wear in "Call It a Day." Peach-colored satin is edged with heavy silk braid in the same shade. The wide shoulders, fitted waistline and slashed hem are interesting. A peach chiffon scarf is worn knotted at the neck

"Star Styles NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE"

FASHION LETTER

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

I HOPE this issue of PHOTOPLAY will be of use to you in planning your spring wardrobe. Let's discuss the fashion photographs.

First, on Page 61, there is Sylvia Sidney in a dashing print, shown to you in its real colors. We used to think small people could not wear big patterns, but you will agree with me that this large design is excellent for Sylvia.

She and I sat together at Howard Greer's showing. It was still cool weather when this showing was held and Sylvia was looking very sweet and little girlish in a brown, soft wool ulster and a scarlet suède Jacobin cap. A most impudent cap and most becoming to Sylvia. As the model passed wearing the print dress pictured, Sylvia sucked in her breath. "OOOOOH!" she said. I went straight to the telephone and had Sylvia and the dress tied up for you in no time.

When we photographed her we tried first a little hat to accompany the dress, made of a coronet of grosgrain ribbon point, tied round the head, open-crowned. Sylvia loved it, but I coaxed her into the wide white hat as I know they are also going to be so good this year, and it set off her piquant face to perfection. Her bag was lined with scarlet kid, I noticed, and this type of hat and bag is a good tip for you to follow.

The apron effect of this gown is becoming as it swings to the front and shows the long slender back line of the skirt. It would be very easy for either you or your dressmaker to copy this gown.

Next we have Loretta Young in a sculptural gown of white. In Paris so many of the new skirts are lifted off the ground in front and this one achieves this line by subtle drapery. It is a practical fashion, particularly good for dancing. The lovely lace wrap is a bit extravagant perhaps, but it could be made in a less expensive, all-over lace, or a soft crêpe, and still be very effective. Lace wears so endlessly that it can be cut and recut into different garments for different seasons, and finally end up as a bed jacket, probably

ELIZABETH ALLAN wore the informal dinner frock photographed here and shown opposite the picture of Loretta the night I dined with her in her bungalow. Liz, as she is known to her friends, wears her hair rather long, with the ends rolled under, not over. The reddish gleams in it set off the schoolgirl skin Liz brought from England with her, and has kept. The jungle brilliancy of the printed satin was most becoming to her, for she is tall and slender, and wears these striking things easily.

The suit she wears is in the tone that is so good this spring. It gets away from the formality of the strictly tailored suit and at the same time is very simple. It could be worn with any shade of blouse, either pastel or darker tones, such as green, dusty blue, maroon or black. In the latter case the accessories, of course, would be changed to black. Black and beige are excellent as a combination.

Joan Bennett wears two types of evening gowns, equally good for all occasions. The white one is the statuesque, close-fitted type, which shows off every line of the figure. Almost any simple sheath gown you may find could be transformed into this gown by adding a band of color to it in the V shape Irene has designed. For the little bolero you will need to go only to the upholstery department to find the silk balls; or you could have the dress copied in piqué for summer wear later on and add the cotton curtain edging ball trimming.

The net dress spells glamour. Its skirt is the widest of the wide; but it is really an economical dress because black is always good and because net of good quality wears almost indefinitely. It is grand for the older woman too, and may be varied with chiffon scarfs of different colors, slung across the collar bone and trailing in the back. Don't forget a handkerchief of the same chiffon if you go in for this variant.

I hear from Paris that prints are riotous in color, and surely none is more so than the one Joan wears on page 65. But you will notice how cleverly the vague stripe pattern has been brought into V's down the front of the skirt. Stripes are most important this season, and if they are slanted like this they are much easier to wear than if they are cut on the straight of the material. I like the idea of the colored velvet belt, so casually twisted into place. At the showing of Irene's clothes, she had a lot of sashes on this plan; some of them very long, with trailing ends, twisted so that one end hung down to the hem of the evening dress at the side front and one at the side of the back. It is much more unusual than the two ends trailing down the back or front, which we have seen so often.

Some of them were in two colors and the color schemes one may work out in this way are endless. It is a grand way to freshen up an old, rather simple gown.

To go back to the Joan Bennett pages, the suit was so fresh in coloring that it was a joy. The model wore it with a felt peaked hat in palest chartreuse, with a daring, flaunting quill stuck up over its crown. You felt you just had to go places, spring places, in that suit. It was as clean as a meadow.

YOU will be thinking about your first sport clothes for summer, possibly dashing to the country for your first spring week end. With this in mind I am showing you Shirley Ross's clothes from "Waikiki Wedding," because I think they are both practical and sensible. The navy and gray dress might be made in all sorts of color combinations. It would be a good plan to have it made in several versions, for it is one of those excellent models which are in such good taste that one can not tire of them.

The new combination, black and brown, would be good for both country and town wear. Say a black top and bright brown skirt. Or two blues would be charming, or a wine red top and gray skirt.

Now you think of one.

The silk dress for afternoons would be simple to carry out. All you would have to do would be to get a plain white or pale colored wash silk dress and then have a little jacket made from a yard or two of some delightful print. Cut out one of the print motifs and appliqué it upon the front of your frock and there you are.

You could do this just as easily [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

HOW THEY GOT THE

THIS proposal business is just a trifle difficult. Ask any man! You blurt it out when you don't mean to and when you do mean to, the words won't come. It's a vicious merry-go-round. And then there's the approach. Very important that—the approach! Should it be done with gravity, elegance and fire as the Latins do or with the dazzling simplicity of the "Let's get tied, what do you say, kid?" variety. Yes—a whole bright world of possibilities lies in the proposal field—and Hollywood has tested them all. In fact, a close study and thorough analysis of Hollywood proposals reveal such a variety of methods as to meet with every circumstance or occasion, bar none. Running through the classifications, from The Shocker on down to The Tongue-tied, we find a complete and priceless compendium on that ageless problem: How to propose.

Let's start you off with Type A, suited to the dominant male who takes the most direct route to winning a wife. To illustrate this example, pretend you're in London for the moment, standing somewhere in the vicinity of Madeleine Carroll's London apartment. The lovely Madeleine is saying good-night to her tall and distinguished escort, Captain Philip Astley.

"Good-night, I've had a grand time," she says.

The gentleman in question touches her hand to his lips.

"Will you marry me?" he asks, looking down at her.

The glamorous star of British pictures does not drop her eyes demurely, as they do in the movies. In fact she doesn't answer, for, if the truth must be known, Captain Astley has proposed so many times during their two months of acquaintance that it has become a rather amusing ritual

Suddenly she is seized by the hair.

"This has ceased to be a laughing matter!" roars the captain. Bang! and her head is thudded against the wall. "This time I demand an answer!" Another hollow thud. "Will you marry me?" Clunk! "Yes or no?"

"Y-e-s-s-s!" gasps Madeleine Carroll, between thumps.

Now there is the perfect example of the Cave Man type of proposal, combining all the best features of the romantic, the unexpected, and sheer shock. While it can only be recommended for certain cases, it is highly effective when applied by the right man at the right time.

For girls who have everything, and so are seeking the ultra romantic, this manner of attack supplies exactly what is needed, a rude awakening. Miss Carroll needed just that sort of proposal to prove that she had met her master—and husband.

Captain Astley, handsome and wealthy, has lived up to all expectations, for he thinks nothing of dashing from Hollywood to London and back.

He's even bought her a castle in Spain and that's romance!

Charles Boyer

Franchot Tone

Henry Fonda

Gene Markey

Joe E. Brown

The married men of Hollywood give you priceless

THERE are two more examples which belong in this category: The Secondary Shocker (B), without physical violence, was used, it's said, by Benny Baker. He had taken Marjorie Chapin Wellman to witness her most ardent diversion, a football game at Gilmore Stadium.

The ball was on the three-yard line, fourth down. Marjorie was fairly tearing her hair.

"Touchdown!" she shrieked

"Will you marry me?" Benny howled in her ear.

GIRL TO SAY "YES"

By GORDON PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Grace Moore

Joan Bennett

Madeleine Carroll

Bette Davis

Joan Crawford

pointers on that ageless problem—How to Propose—

"Yes!" yelled the excited Marjorie. "Touchdown!"

It was a touchdown. Marjorie collected her wits and a startled expression stole over her face.

"Did I say I'd marry you?" she demanded of the Paramount comedian.

"You did. And we'll be married as soon as the football season is over. I'll not spend my honeymoon in a grandstand!" was Benny's bland retort.

Naturally, the proposal used in this case is effective only under extraordinary conditions but even so it has its points.

The third example under the heading of shockers is the Impulsive (Type C) proposal. Usually this way of popping the question is as much a surprise to the man as it is to the girl

For instance—Charles Boyer had been paying considerable attention to blonde little Pat Patterson, but there was no indication that a marriage was impending.

One evening they decided to see a stage play at El Capitan theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

At the ticket window they said: "Sorry, we're sold out."

"Well, now what shall we do?" asked Pat

"Let's get married," said Charles Boyer.

In this state of mild shock they telephoned the airport, chartered a plane, and flew to Yuma Before either had recovered from his surprise, they were married. To judge from their case. obeying that impulse has only happy results.

The dominant male, who takes a beeline to his objective, seldom worries over this business of proposing. The element of surprise is heavily in his favor.

Gail Patrick, whose features often have been said to be the most flawless in Hollywood, had been wearing orchids from Robert Cobb for some time. Bob is manager of the Brown Derby group of restaurants where the fans go to stalk the stars. He saw her enter one day, and from that moment Gail was doomed.

"Oh, heck, I have to work tomorrow, and I'm tired out," said Gail, who had just returned from a tour of the South by plane, in connection with the jubilee celebrations for Adolph Zukor. "I wish I could get out of it."

"That's simple," said Bob. "We'll get married."

They drove out to Beverly Hills where Bob's friend, Billy Seymour, has a jewelry store, and picked out a ring. Then, telling Billy to lock up, they took him along. Gail routed out Jean Edwards for her maid of honor, and off they went to Tijuana.

And Gail didn't appear for work at Paramount the next day.

In this instance, time has not yet proven that impulsive marriages last, but the future seems assured.

There is no doubt about it in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

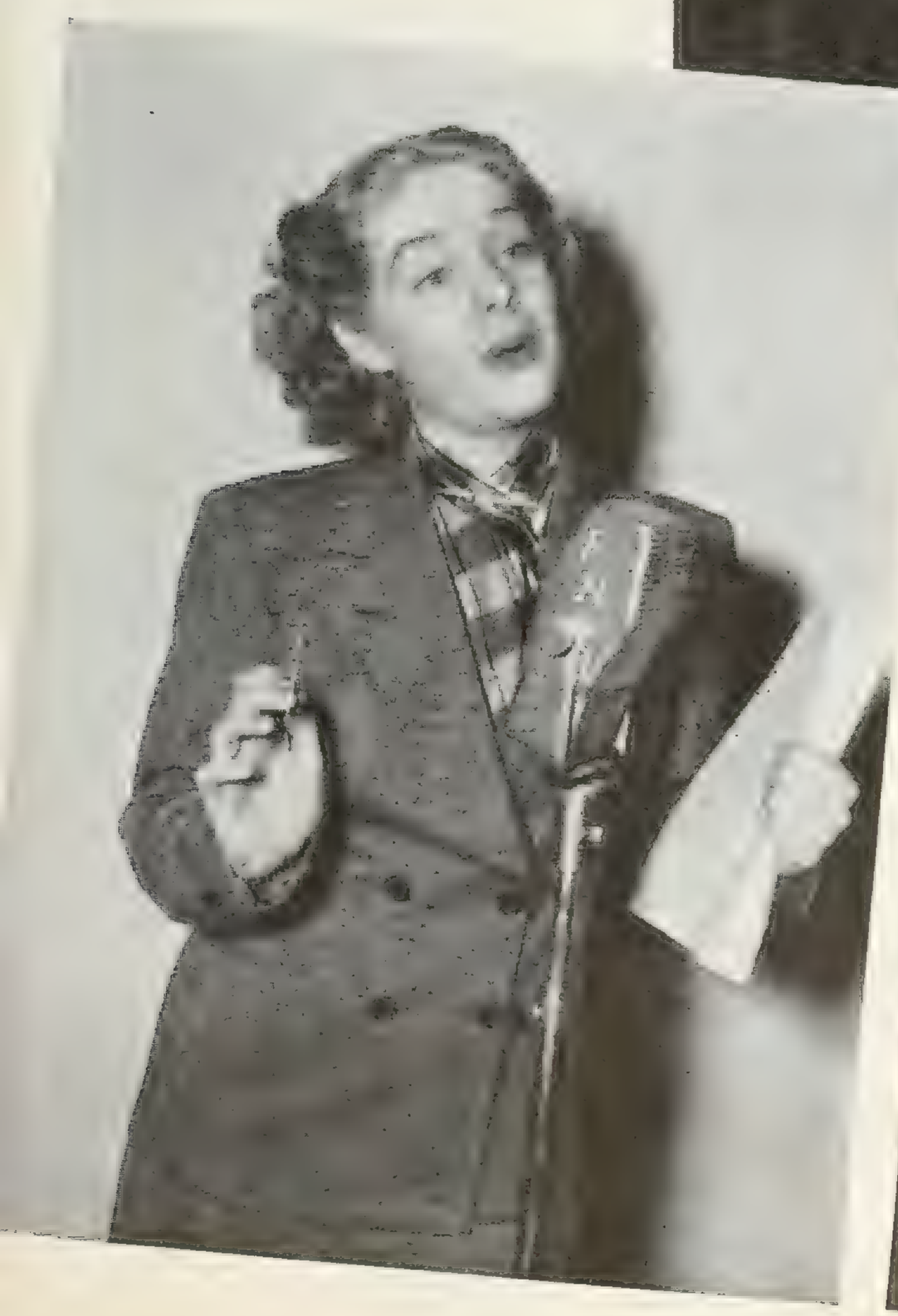
Just because the fast-talking columnist is now a movie star doesn't mean he's lost his nose for news. He catches up on the latest spice before he arrives at 20th Century at seven A. M. for "Wake Up and Live"

What's this? Listeners never hear good of themselves, but they might hear a neat secret about someone else, so Walter keeps his ear to the ground on the set when Ben Bernie whispers to Patsy Kelly

The night club set for the picture is almost as big as Grand Central Station. Ben Bernie leads his own orchestra, Winchell plays himself, and he and Ben carry on with their five-year radio fight which gets louder and funnier. Jack Haley is "the love interest"

WITH *Walter Winchell* IN GAYEST HOLLYWOOD

W. W. says "the prettiest girls in Hollywood contributed big-time accounts of themselves," in "Wake Up and Live," and here's a leggy little sample above in the shape of Genevieve Sawyer. At the right, Alice Faye whose warbling is one of the high spots, gabs between scenes with one of the Ritz frères and Winchell. Below, Bernie makes sure he'll get plenty of close-ups



Don Roberts, Hollywood producer, persuaded Kay Stevens, nurse for his crippled son, Lee, to marry him when he was not expected to live. After his recovery, Kay stayed with him, a wife in name only. She met Nina, Don's ex-wife and Gilbert Ross, for whom Nina had supposedly left Don. Kay and Ross fell in love. They saw each other only in public until one day she went to his house. As they were discussing the arrangements for an annulment of her marriage, the doorbell rang and Don came in, reeling drunkenly. Something glittered in his hand. A gun! Kay's heart lurched madly and she suppressed a scream. The story continues

"YOU'RE drunk, Don," said Bert, with a quiet contempt. "Put that gun away This doesn't call for a second act curtain You're not in love with Kay. I am. You promised her an annulment. Well—she wants it. We—*put that gun down—you fool—!*"

Kay stepped swiftly in front of Bert. "Will you be sensible!" she cried, frightened. "Don! I've told Bert everything—I've done my job. Lee is—"

"Get out of the way," he told her, swaying slightly. "All right, Ross—if you want to hide behind a woman's skirts! You're going to get it anyhow! Any message for your dear public? Damn you! Not satisfied with taking Nina, you have to try again—"

"So, that's what is eating you?" asked Ross "You fool! You utter, blind, drunken fool!' With a sharp thrust, he threw Kay out of the way then he shot forward. There was a half grunt from Don, and a sudden cry as he writhed, savagely. "Drop it!" snapped Ross. Kay stood as one frozen. The unleashed violence stunned her.

"Okay!" gritted Ross, harshly. "If you don't drop it, that gives me an excuse!" He struck Don heavily in the chest. Don staggered away. The gun in his hand exploded, and Bert Ross whipped around as the bullet struck him. He stifled an involuntary cry.

Gilbert Ross, the screen's handsomest villain, played one of his greatest scenes then, away from

hollywood honeymoon

Try to hold apart two people who have found the true meaning of love—it can't be done!

By FOSTER COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

the cameras. Kay stood transfixed with horror. Don stared suddenly stone sober. He eyed the gun in his hand and the man who stood facing him. Ross was clutching his left arm. His eyes were bleak.

"Give me that gun," he snapped, "and get her out of here, Don. We don't want any scandal. Phone for a doctor. Say that you are me. I'll say the gun is mine—that it went off while I was cleaning it—"

"Bert!" sobbed Kay. To her horror. she saw blood dripping from his sleeve.

"Okay, darling! It's only a flesh wound. Do as I say—immediately. You phone, Don." He took the gun and clutched it in his right hand. "Okay. Wake up! Get her out of here before anyone comes—the shot may have been heard. I'm all right, Kay. I'll see you later. Now, get her out of here before anyone sees you. Don't stand there! Get moving!"

They got out, after Don had phoned for a doctor, although Kay at first refused to go, insisting that she first bandage the wound in Bert's arm.

"No good," he told her flatly. "Any doctor will know I didn't bandage it—and I'm supposed to be here alone. It's nothing serious—I've been hurt worse playing polo. Run along!"

Don had to almost drag Kay away. He sat at the wheel, a vivid afterglow of horror crumpling his face Kay sobbed softly. Finally, she looked up.

"I want an annulment," she said, dully. "You might be grateful enough to do that for me. I've done my job for you. I think I hate you, Don. If anything happens to Bert—"

He seemed to stir out of a dream. "I don't blame you," he said, "for hating me, Kay. The annulment can wait. People have seen you two together, and they're talking. I'm not going to appear a witless fool at this stage [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Leaving Kay's side, Don dropped to his knees before Nina. "What happened? Tell me . . . Nina. How is he? What do the doctors say . . . ?"

Photoplay Presents:

THE NEWEST IN HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Fay Wray, playing at Columbia, poses in an off-the-face white straw semi-poke. A tiny blue grosgrain bow is in the center front and scarlet poppies are framed by the squared brim. Comes in other shades

Shallow sailors are important this spring. Fay's is in henna. Its curved brim is flattering and the stiffened navy grosgrain ribbon ends in double ears at each side

Dark blue linen straw bands its crown with navy grosgrain, which has two little ends in the back. A gay red, blue and chartreuse bouquet tops the brim which is swathed in a blue veil. This hat may be worn tipped forward or back as you will. Made in many colors

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

You can purchase these hats in any of the department stores or shops starred (★) on page 112

"You'll love this soap with ACTIVE lather"

says

JEAN PARKER

"I USE rouge and powder," says this bewitching young star. "But because Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*, I never risk Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. Smooth skin's too important to even *think* of using an inferior soap."

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. It guards against *choked pores* by removing hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use this mild, pure soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. "It keeps skin *lovely*," says Jean Parker.

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

ask the ANSWER man

Sonja Henie—the reason why people run, not walk to the nearest theater. She's superstitious too . . .

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to
The Answer Man
PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42nd St.
New York, New York

BLONDE, brown-eyed and cuddly, Sonja Henie is the sports world's golden gift to the screen. The diminutive Norwegian (she is only five feet two inches tall and weighs 110 pounds) is knocking them dead all over the country in her first picture for 20th Century aptly titled "One In a Million."

Sonja's first remembrance is of skates and ice. She was given a pair of skates for Christmas when she was seven. Her father had been the second fastest speed skater in Europe, but Sonja was not interested in speed. She wanted, literally, to dance on ice. She won the junior championship at Oslo, where she was born, when she was nine; the Norwegian championship at eleven; was world champion fancy skater at fourteen; and won the Olympic crown in 1928 which she retained in 1932 and again last year in Germany

During her years of traveling over Europe she studied ballet dancing, too, which perhaps explains her superb symmetry and balance. She was tutored privately and today, besides her native Norwegian, she speaks English without a trace of accent, and French and German fluently. She has had command performances before the Norwegian and English royal families. King Haakon, himself a sportsman, sends her a telegram before every performance.

Sonja will be twenty-four on April 8th. She likes to wear colored ribbons, but is superstitious about white; prefers white clothes, white skates, has a white car Some one gave her a rabbit's foot for luck and she thinks it has a double-barreled charm—it's white too Incidentally she's a fine tennis player, having placed second in the matches of her own country, and likes to ride horseback. When she finishes her current ice exhibition—(her astounding interpretation of Pavlowa's "Swan Dance" shook the rafters in Madison Square Garden in New York) she will make another musical, tentatively titled "Thin Ice." Sonja loves acting, thinks Hollywood is "terrific." Hollywood thinks Sonja is likewise.

MRS. FLOYD SMITH, WEST MILTON, PA.—Of the list of stars you sent me, only ten have adopted screen names, and some of these seem very far from their originals. Don Ameche was christened Dominick Felix; Mary Brian, Louise Dantzler; Myrna Loy, Myrna Williams; Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs; Jean Muir, Jean Fullarton; Jackie Coogan, John Leslie Coogan; Claudette Colbert, Lily Chauchoin; Elissa Landi, Elizabeth Marie Zanardi-Landi; and Betty Grable was known on the screen for a short while as Frances Dean.

MARY QUINN, GLENOLDEN, PA.—Judith Allen was the heroine opposite Bing Crosby in "Too Much Harmony." He's never played with Josephine Hutchinson, and his next picture is "Waikiki Wedding" with Shirley Ross.

A. G., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Marian Marsh was born Oct. 17, 1913, in Trinidad, in the British West Indies. She's only five feet two inches tall, weighs 106 pounds, is a true blonde with green eyes.

MARTHA EBERL, HAYWARD, CALIF.—When Dolores del Rio starred in the silent version of "Ramona" in 1928, Warner Baxter played *Alessandro*, and Roland Drew had the part of *Felipe*. "Resurrection" has been filmed four times in the United States. Paramount made the first version in 1918 with Pauline Frederick and Robert Elliot. Then Edwin Carewe produced it twice, once as a silent film for United Artists with Dolores del Rio and Ro La Roque, and later as a talkie for Universal in 1931 with Lupe Velez and John Boles Then Sam Goldwyn made it once more in 1934, calling it "We Live Again" with Freddie March and Anna Sten.

VIRGINIA GRIECLER, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—Harry Richman isn't playing in the movies under any other name, but his real name is Hirschel Reichman. He hasn't been in pictures since "The Music Goes 'Round" which he did last year for Columbia. At present he seems more anxious to continue his career as a successful master of ceremonies in night clubs. His program at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York has been very popular since his sensational hop to Europe with Dick Merrill. Ray Milland was born on the third of January, 1907, in Drogheda, Ireland and was given the Irish name, John Millane. Tala Birell is constantly appearing in pictures. She was in "White Legion" last year, and her new picture "She's Dangerous" has just been released by Universal. You might see Tallulah Bankhead on the screen soon. She was recently tested for "Gone With the Wind."

ETHEL PAPST, ORLAND, CALIF.—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, on December 27, 1904, and was christened Mary Magdalene Von Losch. She's five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red gold, and her eyes blue. She is married to Rudolf Seiber, the German film director, and they have a daughter, Maria Elizabeth Seiber who is twelve years old and now in school in Switzerland. Marlene finished her rôle in "Knight Without Armor" in London and returned to the United States in February to play in "Angel" for Paramount. Do you remember her in "The Blue Angel," her first appearance before American audiences?

DOLORES JOHNSON, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Thank you for your compliments on the Answer Man page. Here are the heights and weights of the actresses you are interested in: Eleanor Powell is five feet five and a quarter inches tall, weighs 120 pounds; Jeanne Madden is five feet six inches tall, weighs 114 pounds; Patricia Ellis, five feet five and a half inches, and 115 pounds; Frances Farmer, five feet six inches and 118 pounds; Katie Hepburn five feet three and three-quarters inches and 110 pounds; June Travis five feet four inches and 116 pounds; and Marie Wilson five feet five inches and 104 pounds.

KATHLEEN WHITE, FORT SMITH, ARK.—Lovely Marsha Hunt with her dark hair and blue eyes will appear soon in "Murder Goes to College" with Roscoe Karns. She was born in Chicago, Illinois, on Oct. 17, 1917.

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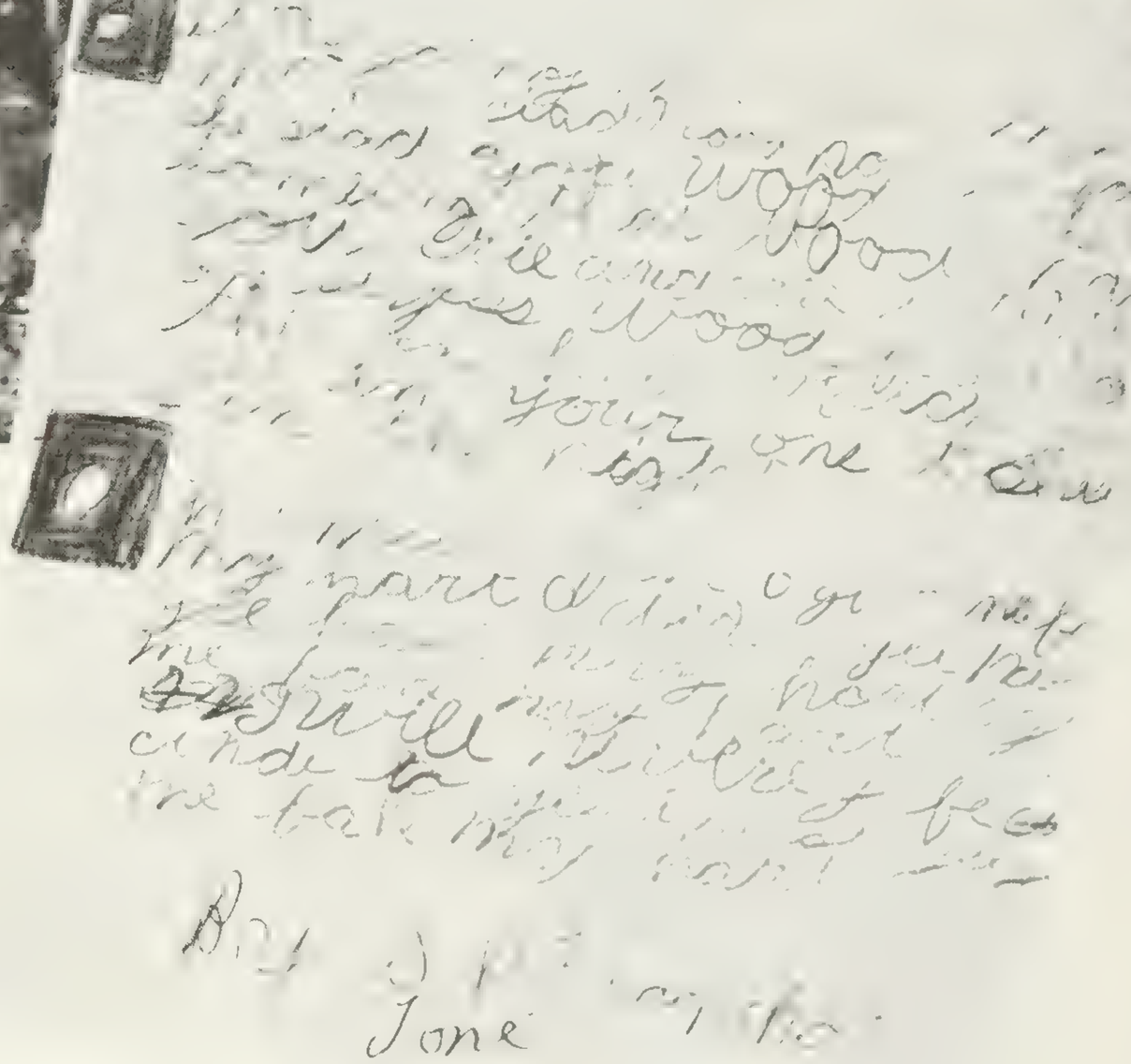
The Intimate Life of a Gentleman Rebel

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 |

Between the ages of five and eleven Franchot turned poet as witness the delightful Tone "tone" poem, "Give Me Back My Heart" reproduced here for the first time



FRANCHOT'S first, official protest was aired February 27, 1905 and was aimed at the antics of the good doctor who seemed bent upon slapping the breath of life into him. The scene was Niagara Falls, New York and the upper front bedroom of the Frank J. Tone home at 426 Buffalo Avenue. It was a comfortable house, but not nearly so pretentious as their future homes at 328 and 131 Buffalo Avenue.

As Franchot explains it: "We started out modestly enough but each time Father was promoted, we moved up the street a notch. We approached the Falls as father approached the presidency of his Carborundum Company of America." And one is moved to the mental picture of the whole Tone family going over the Falls in a barrel to celebrate his being made Chairman of the Board.

When Franchot let out his first wail against conventionality, his four-year-old brother Jerry (Frank Jerome Tone) who had not been told of the forthcoming "blessed event," made the following observation to the Tone cook: "Something's squealing something terrible. Bet my cat's caught his tail under the pantry door again."

This was Mr. Tone's favorite story concerning Franchot's birth. Even now, Franchot admits that the most vivid events of his early youth are not from memory but from his father's jovial and revealing reminiscence However, one of the first questions that crossed his own mind—when he got around to questioning at all—was something that many people have since wanted to ask: How had the family thought of the odd name "Franchot." The boy himself was as interested as the rest of us in learning that among his famous relatives was one General Wolfe Tone, Irish Revolutionist of 1790, and Richard Franchot, his mother's grandfather who was a congressman. The family settled on Mr. Franchot—pronounced Fran-sho—thus the congressman's name lives on

(Translation of the Poem)

I was going to a schol. My Mother siad
I cood not go for she siad
You wood see there something that wood make you crie and crie
Until thie one eyess wood be out of thie one hed
Which you see in your one vishuns in the night.
O human best, O giv me bak my hart:
O didst yee now yee hast my hart?
O giv me bak my hart: I will neverey be cinde to yee
Inlest yee giv me bak my hart.
By S. P. FRANCHOT TONE.

THE Tones, as a family, were happy and very closely knit. The reason is simple enough. The children liked their parents as people almost as much as they loved them as parents

It was an interesting household in which everyone, including the two boys, was expected to develop interests of his own and begin living his own life as soon as possible. Mrs. Tone, if Franchot's memory serves him rightly, has always been actively connected with either a movement for world peace, a drive for better labor conditions or a fresh start for wayward girls.

Franchot's first memory of the spotlight came at the age of three. Jerry, who had rehearsed a poem almost to the point of exhaustion, forgot the words. When his brother's mind went blank during the family Christmas party, Franchot stepped into the breach and recited the lines he had heard Jerry practice orally. It was his first taste of the understudy's glory

Franchot was a slight child, not particularly pretty as a baby nor overly good. He had a gift for getting into unexpected mischief; and he could never understand the resultant spanking because no one ever volunteered a logical reason why he shouldn't have done what he was being punished for doing.

His first tussle with armed authority came at the age of five when he was roundly spanked by his mother for successfully fishing in the gold fish bowl standing in the living room. One fish was flopping around on the floor and another had just been angled when his mother arrived on the scene.

She merely protested such actions, at first, arguing that Franchot should be ashamed and

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MARGOT GRAHAME
in RKO's "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

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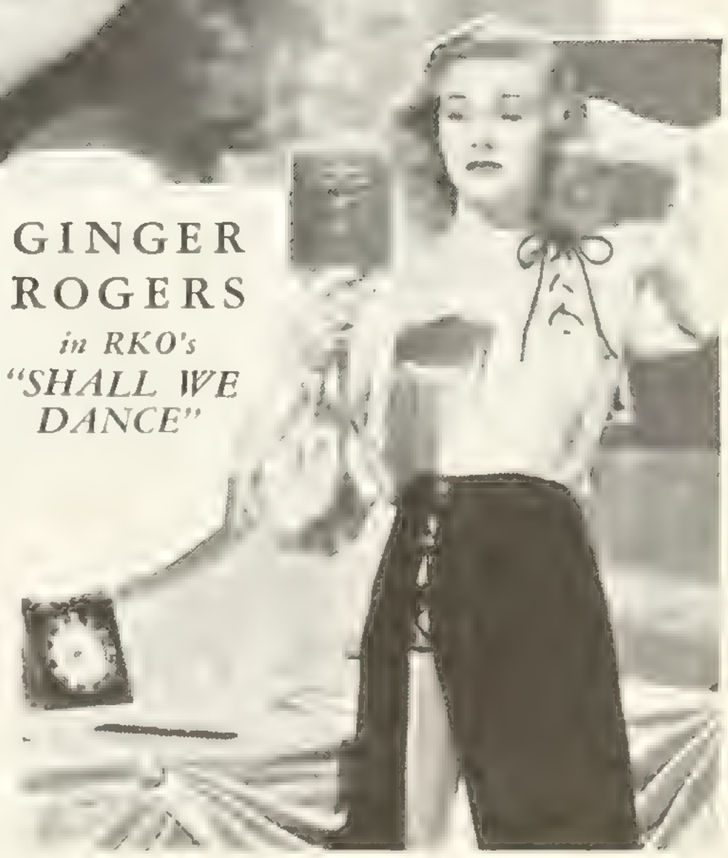

GINGER ROGERS
in RKO's "SHALL WE DANCE"

ANNE SHIRLEY
in RKO's "TOO MANY WIVES"

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

say he was "sorry." He thought it over for a moment and then admitted that he wasn't sorry at all. He had enjoyed the fishing very much. Why must he say he is sorry for doing such an entertaining thing? For one solid hour. Mrs. Tone had Franchot across her knee —stopping periodically to find out if remorse had set in. At the end of that time, she gave up in exhaustion. The only thing Franchot would ever admit being sorry about was the spanking.

BEFORE Master Tone was five, he was practically a world traveler. Mr. Tone was sent to Europe to build new factories. The family went with him and during that year lived in Paris. Cannes and on the Riviera. Franchot didn't have a very good time and retains an unfavorable impression of France because he was hustled off to bed when night life began in the interesting hotels. However, unknown to his parents, Franchot saw his first movie in France. It was a ". . . flickering, green sort of an affair" run in the lobby of the hotel. His point of observation was from a hiding place behind the balcony stairs bannister. But as poor as the view and the film were, Franchot revelled in the cowboys and gun powder and looks upon that picture as the beginning of his interest in an acting career.

"It was while we were in France that Dad contracted an illness that necessitated our immediate return to this country and the dry climate of Tuscon, Arizona," Franchot recalled. "I don't remember much about the place except that Jerry and I had a burro and the poor beast led a horrible existence. We were never off his back for a moment and the neighborhood kids joined in the fun, too. Everytime he stopped or became stubborn, we would all whip him. And I recall this vivid reaction—that while it didn't bother me to ride the burro to death in the daytime, I'd cry about him at night because of the awful way he was treated."

But Arizona failed to cure Mr. Tone and the family was moved for the following year and a half to Saranac Lake, New York, where a permanent cure was finally effected. It was here that Franchot got his first taste of school. He hated it. It was here, too, that he began his literary career. During flagrant hookey expeditions, he'd wander off by himself and compose such masterpieces as the one ending: ". . . give me back my heart" which is reproduced here for its world premiere in complete, original form.

When the Tones returned to Niagara Falls, Franchot was placed in a private school known as "Miss Otis'." Miss Otis was a lady who took "select" scholars—eight or ten of them—to pursue the arts and sciences in her living room. Franchot, by some miracle, liked this taste of school and, despite his total lack of "bully" tactics, he was definitely a leader. He allowed for no superiority, even from his older brother with whom he was ever in a kid feud—brother-fashion—and his leadership hinged purely upon his original ideas.

One of his better ideas concerned the Shredded Wheat Factory at the end of Buffalo Avenue. At frequent intervals, the gang would get hungry. Also, at frequent intervals, guides took large parties of tourist visitors through the Shredded Wheat Company, always endin up at the private dining room where crisp wheat biscuits were served to all—with fres fruit and cream topping off the refreshment Ergo: "Let's combine the two ideas!" sai Franchot. Thus the gang was refueled regu larly—the guides at the Company letting thei get away with their game because most o their parents were stockholders. It's just a well Franchot and the gang never found ou the reason—it would have spoiled everything

HIS first love affair was the sensation of th neighborhood! Her name was Alice an she lived across the street. Alice had com into his life as a partner in a thriving lemon ade stand—which did a whale of a busines with tourist trade as it progressed up Buffal Avenue from the Falls to The Shredded Whea Factory. But soon this partnership budde into as thriving a little romance as you'd eve care to see—and practically everyone in Ni agara Falls saw it. It started casually enough with Franchot and Alice sitting on her fron porch holding hands. But let him speak fo himself:

"One day a group of tourists went by an asked jokingly: 'Hey, kid! is that your sweet heart?' And when I blushingly admitted it they continued: 'Then why don't you kis her?' I was scared, but they goaded us s that I finally gave Alice a slight peck on th cheek. This evoked such a howl from th crowd that we thought we'd done somethin smart. After that, we made it a point to b on the porch when tourists went by and we' put on the most hectic necking scenes you'v

ever watched. It got to be a game with us and we put our whole heart into the deal. Everytime we would pull it, the crowd would stand around cheering and laughing."

Though the romance had a touch of the "professional lover," Franchot enjoyed it. He also enjoyed the movies, banana splits, being the General of his Army, fights with the 4th Street kid's gang, Charlie Chaplin, Pearl White and eating. He did not like authority (from others), books that had to be "learned" or dancing school where he was instructed by sheer force in the rhythm of the waltz and polka.

NOR did he like the single year he put in at Niagara Falls High School. It came as quite a shock after the quiet of Miss Otis' living room. Thus it was that he finally convinced the family that he should attend The Hill School, an exclusive academy where he could prepare for Harvard. He wanted to go to Harvard particularly, because his favorite uncle had gone there. He entered The Hill, at Pottstown, Penn., in the fall of 1919 and lasted until the fall of 1923 when he ran afoul the Rules Committee.

The Hill School was covered with ripe old tradition, form, and ageless, green vines. Even the independent, fourteen-year-old Franchot was impressed with the routine of "dressing" for dinner in starched collar and dark suit. For the first time, he was seriously anxious to be a good student in the classes that began at nine each morning and closed at noon.

After that time, the older students wandered down to the golf course, a few blocks from the school, to smoke their pipes and discuss everything from school athletics to world politics and "wimmen." Franchot joined in the discussions and secretly longed for the day when he could join The Briar Club and smoke a pipe, too.

His first term passed uneventfully. He started in a small job on the newspaper (later to become editor) and was student manager of the football team. The real fun, though, came with the first Christmas holiday. It was great stuff to return home, realizing that you were no longer a home town kid but "a visiting college man" in your first pair of long pants. But to fall in love, on top of all the rest, at the very first party of the season, convinced Franchot that his childhood was behind him forever. He was a man of the world! And he worked hard at it.

He became a familiar sight driving along Buffalo Avenue in the family Buick, a pretty girl at his side. Frankly, he liked his life and the new house they had just moved into at No. 131. It was a pretentious affair with large entrance hall, winding staircase and stained glass windows, crystal chandeliers and suits of armor standing around. Yes, life was grand! He had somewhat the same feeling about it all as would a new Hollywood "discovery" on a first contract. In fact, had Franchot come to Hollywood at fourteen, he would have fitted into the routine perfectly.

He was glad that he looked older than his years, for several reasons. Most important: It made his romantic possibilities so much more exciting. Far from shying from moonlit interludes, Franchot found the great mystery of sex attraction an intriguing one and he looked forward to all its glittery aspects with high hopes. He even had anticipation trouble to the extent of picturing himself making love, planning an elopement and—but he needed a girl.

He found her at the first big Country Club dance of the season. At first, he couldn't believe that this adorable young flapper was the same little girl he had known as "Caroline" at Miss Otis' School. Why, she was gorgeous! Beautiful! And he was madly in love. After a "dare," he spent the remainder of that first evening trying to inveigle her to a place of solitude where he could tell her of his love. He held her so close Caroline could barely breathe. It was midnight before he could manage to get her away from the crowd and into the pantry. There, he took her in his arms (man-of-the-world fashion) and kissed her. After that, Franchot was no longer a man-of-the-world. He was sunk! He was hopelessly, poetically, almost sadly in love with Caroline for four years after.

DESPITE the fact that she was constantly in the back of his mind, Caroline, in actuality, played little more than a "correspondence rôle" in his life. A few days after Franchot returned to The Hill, an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out—and so did Franchot. After eight weeks in the infirmary, he was still far from well. Mr. Tone sent him to Atlantic City to the care of a specialist. After little result, he was transferred to another specialist, this time in Philadelphia. Still no better. Finally, the following September, a doctor in Buffalo removed his tonsils and he returned to Niagara Falls to recuperate.

This slow recuperation was a heartbreaking blow to Franchot who had begun to enjoy life so keenly. Being an invalid cut him off completely from the world that had just become so

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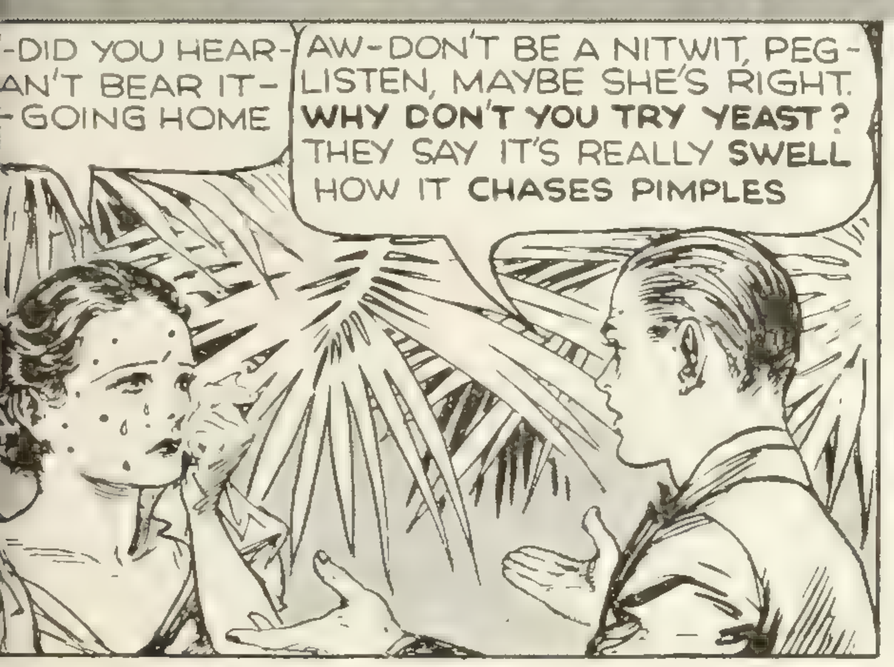

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important to him . . . his "position" . . . The Hill . . . the work he had found so interesting on the school newspaper . . . his gay party companions.

He was permitted to see but few people. "I was alone so much," relates Franchot, "that I really think that period was a big turning point in my life. I started to read good books. I got a chance to rearrange my outlook on life and people and transpose or change many former ideas and ideals. Where before, I had merely accepted—I began to question everything and find new answers. Many of the ideals I formed at that time are still working for me, unchanged."

Thus, in many ways, it was a different boy who went back to The Hill School in the fall of 1921. His grown-up attitude on life and living was felt in various quarters from that time until his Christmas holiday in 1923. He had been allowed to return home two weeks early because of excellent grades.

"I took that extra leave with a great deal of poo-ba around the family," smiles Franchot "I impressed them daily with the fact that I had been let off earlier than most of the boys because of my studious demeanor. Then, the day before Christmas, a letter arrived for me I read it through. I read it again. It was from the Head Master. I remember the words indelibly:

". . . *is hereby notified of his dismissal from the student body of The Hill School for being a subtle influence for disorder throughout the fall term* . . .

"I think I shall never forget that phrase: *subtle influence for disorder*," mused Franchot. "I didn't know that the real reason had been a senior class rebellion after I had left for the holiday and that the professors had traced the spirit of the rebellion to me.

"At that moment, as I read those words, it seemed as though the whole four years of my life at The Hill were passing in review on that small piece of white paper.

"As though it were unwinding on a motion picture screen, I could see:

". . . myself waging campaigns for more Self Government among the students (this was the *reason*) . . . agitation for more senior class liberties . . . my head bowed deeply as I stood outside the church on Sunday awaiting the more devout students with whom I would argue Religion vs. Agnosticism for hours, later . . . the long summer twilights and the rendezvous with the 'Town Girls' who would wander out to the edge of town to meet the upper classmen . . . those nonchalant affairs somehow became terribly important in retrospect . . . quick mental flashes of my contempt for rules and the secret satisfaction I got out of shooting-a-smoke in the basement of the professor's building on the very morning the treasurer of the school was showing the insurance salesman how little fire hazard there was about such a building . . . the happy hours I had spent at the editor's desk of the newspaper and the literary desk of the school magazine . . .

"NO, there was nothing they could pin on me definitely—I'd seen to it that I was never caught infringing any rule. But there was my notice.

"I was fired! There it was on cold, white paper and I had to show it to father. Just before my graduation, too.

"I remember walking into father's study, handing him the paper and walking slowly upstairs to my room.

"All the way, the words followed me in mocking cadence:

"Subtle influence for disorder—what will father say—subtle influence for disorder—what will father say—?"

Amazing and amusing adventures—love and otherwise—come fast and furiously to rebellious Mr. Tone as he conquers Broadway, Hollywood and the heart of the magnetic Joan

The final installment of Franchot Tone's life story will appear in June PHOTOPLAY.

Hollywood Honeymoon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

of the game by having you check out! Why, it's only a few weeks that we've been married! The papers are still glowing about our 'romance.' How would it look if you got an annulment now—" He paused. "I'm not giving you up—to *him!*"

A shining anger filled her. "If anything happens—to Bert," she whispered, unheeding, "I'll tell the whole story. It isn't your fault that you're not a murderer now. I don't care any more. Your career doesn't interest me—"

"Nothing will happen to Bert," he told her, tonelessly. "He was just nicked. Once before, he broke up my home—and I was drunk, I guess—hurt—" He shrugged. "He's still running around with Nina—"

"Drunk explains it, everything," she said, coldly. "And the other is a lie. Both Nina and Bert deny that they were ever anything but good friends."

"Deny!" he repeated, bitterly. "Naturally! They'd deny anything. But they were seen together—"

"So were we!" she flared, hotly. "And what does that prove? Would anyone believe that our ducky little marriage meant nothing? That I married a job? What a fool I was to do it! Poor Bert—" Her voice broke. "If anything—happens to him," she reiterated, passionately, "I'll—I'll—" An inarticulate fury silenced her. Neither spoke again until they reached the house.

THEY were met on the driveway by the housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, whose face was waxen with fright. She began saying things over and over. Lee had fallen in his room. He had stood up and tried to walk, and had succeeded, ventured too far for the first attempt—

"What are you talking about?" rasped Don, while Kay gasped. She was unprepared for the abrupt change in his voice. She followed him as he raced for the house, with the housekeeper trailing behind, stammering something inarticulate.

They both paused at the door of Lee's room It was empty His toys lay about, his wooden cutlass and rubber dirk, the ships; the empty wheel chair gaped; crumpled pillows were pressed with his weight. The housekeeper arrived, out of breath.

"What happened?" barked Don. "Where's Lee?"

She explained, with tearful despair. The governess had left him alone for a moment.

Lee had walked to the stairs. He had heard his mother arrive and wanted to surprise her—how her he could walk. It had been too much for his weak legs. He had fallen down the stairs and arrived at the bottom, unconscious. Mrs. Roberts had taken him to the hospital immediately. They were both there now. They had tried to reach him by phone, but—

Don turned bleak eyes to Kay. She saw him through a blur of torture. She looked at the hurried young confusion of that room, its occupant snatched away by sudden tragedy. His toys littered the floor. Were Don's eyes accusing her for leaving Lee? Was it her duty to safeguard him, constantly? He had been left in capable enough hands; his own mother was to spend the day with him. She was startled by Don's voice—it was so altered.

"Let's go, Kay," he said.

HE drove in a tense silence, his face an agonized mask of suffering. Kay sat in a daze of feeling, torn by twin fears, each of which plucked at her heart strings. Fear stalked, gibbering, through her imagination, for Lee. Panic—an intolerable ache—stabbed at her when she thought of Bert.

At the hospital they were told that the boy was in the operating room. His mother was in the room where he would be brought as soon as he came out. They could go up, if they wanted to.

They went, in silence.

Nina stood at a window, straight and slim, her back to the room, when they stepped around the screen at the door. She whirled to face them. Tears had made smudges on her cheeks. Her bloodshot eyes went to Don and her breast heaved convulsively with a strangled sob. She wasn't a movie star any more. She was a heartbroken young mother, white and trembling and frightened.

"Don!" she gasped. "*Don!*"

He was white as death. He strode to Nina's side. Kay stopped, watching them both, a sudden reticence holding her aloof.

"What happened?" asked Don. "How—is he?"

"I don't know—yet. He was unconscious. The doctors—are examining him. They said they would come and tell me." Her eyes flashed to the door. "Oh, why don't they *come!*"

"Sit down," he told Nina gently. "They'll come."

He sat down with her and his arm went around her shoulder. They both seemed oblivious of Kay standing there. She was trembling. In a clairvoyant moment of white logic she recognized the indissolvable bond that drew the eyes of this young father and mother together.

She saw the shock, the paralyzing numbness that held them helpless; she saw their eyes, terror-haunted by the possibility of a mutual and irreparable loss. Nina sobbed noiselessly, and Don murmured over her with a compassion of undertones, with a deeply moving tenderness which Kay had never heard in his voice before.

"I saw him, Don," Nina whispered, brokenly, "there on the floor—so white and still—so little—"

"Nina—don't!" he begged.

"What are they doing to him?" she sobbed. "I can't stand this, Don! I can't stay here! It's my heart they're cutting—in there—"

His arm tightened around her. "Please, Nina! It may not be as bad as all that. Hold on, dear."

She was distracted, adrift from all control. "All those months I was away from him," she

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whispered, her fingers tightly clenched. "I used to dream about him, Don. I used to wonder how he was—what he was doing—what he looked like—what the doctors thought. It tortured me so I couldn't bear it any longer—I had to come back. I settled my contract, Don You've had your revenge. I don't care. I couldn't live without him." She sobbed against him, wearily.

"Hush, dear," he murmured. "He'll be all right."

"I—couldn't live without—my son," she wept. "I've been tortured enough. Do you remember when he was very little, Don? We used to go to look at him, in his crib, after he was asleep. I kept remembering that. He was so jolly and venturesome when he was little—he was always plunging for the stairs . . . And when you bought him that little dog, and he fed it with a spoon . . . I kept remembering, Don—so many things! And that horrible day—when he fell—"

Silence gripped them. Nina sobbed noiselessly. Don sat there, holding her, his face contorted by pain and by memories. Kay stood, immobile as a statue, caught in the flood of Nina's emotion, conscious of the clean familiar hospital odor, the guarded noises of an elevator door, the soft pad of rubber-shod feet in the corridor. Her eyes went to Nina and Don. This was their Calvary. Quietly, she walked out of the room.

She met an interne in the hall, and he directed her to the operating rooms, on the top floor. A nurse got her the necessary information: Lee was still under the ether. The X-ray revealed a broken collarbone. He also had a scalp wound which would take a few stitches; but it wasn't serious. She was not to worry. He would be himself again very soon.

"Go tell that to his father and mother," she directed the nurse. "They're downstairs, in the boy's room—and frantic with worry."

A vast relief, a feeling of escape, flooded her. The love she bore Lee made her comprehend the terrors, the remorse that Nina Roberts hugged to herself. She wondered what was ahead for all of them. She was sorry for Don as one is for a comrade whose trials are overpowering. She remembered all the kindnesses he had extended to her. She knew how dearly he loved Lee, how gallantly he had sought to safeguard him, even on the brink of death, by enlisting her in Lee's defense.

She was sorry for Nina, sultry, mercurial, emotion-swept, very much the fairy princess o children's tales. But she was, after all, ver human. And the wonder came to her that lov could be like that—tenderness and flarin anger. Don and Nina loved one another an always would. Some aura of obligation, deepe than the form of marriage, dissolved withi her. There would be an annulment and sh would be free. She would marry Bert. Bert

She walked out of the hospital and entered a cab. She gave Gilbert Ross' address to th driver and sat back, exhausted.

The nurse who came to Lee's room coughed after a moment. She had seen frightenec young mothers and fathers before, huddled to gether in a mutual understanding, in a dreadfu helplessness. She smiled, reassuringly. Lee she told them, was quite all right. As soon as the collarbone was set, he would be brought down. There was nothing to worry about. He was in good physical condition. In ten days he could go home.

Nina said nothing. Don thanked her with a profound gratitude. The nurse eyed the noted star, the famous husband, with the inevitable curiosity; then she walked out.

Don looked at Nina and knew the sickness of an unabated longing. It was no use. Old scenes resurrected themselves and marched across the stage of his memory. This was his woman—and nothing could change that.

NINA smiled up at him, wanly. She saw the suffering on his finely drawn face. Why had they quarreled so bitterly? She thought how dearly she loved him, how quickly, were it necessary, she would go to his side to die with him. A keen and aching regret flooded her that this knowledge should come too late.

After Lee's birth, her own rapid rise to stardom, her career had taken precedence above all else. Don had wanted other children, and she had been queerly shocked and shamed. She had not been an ardent woman. Facing the past bluntly, now, she felt that she had starved him. She had never liked any exaggerated show of feelings or unfastidiousness of conduct. She had never realized what warmth meant to a man.

Don had been appreciative of concessions and had only grown resentful when she withdrew them. That was the beginning, she realized now; and the ensuing months had driven him into a sullen silence. And out of the murky depths of difference had flared their

THE MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH

At the preview of "The King and the Chorus Girl" Fernand Gravet was given an ovation beyond anything even canny producer Mervyn LeRoy (who brought him from France) expected. Despite publicity raves, Fernand doesn't really look like the former Prince of Wales. He is much younger and more handsome. Though a foreigner, he speaks English without an accent, and his smile is guaranteed to send women fluttering. He is worth watching!

violent quarrels, a battle of tongues, fierce rapier thrusts. Looking at him now, she wished that she could undo it all; that she could live in his house, bear his name, his children; she wished she could know again the deep, fierce joys of his voice in intimate little inflections.

But that was all over. It was too late. He had married again. Married a fine young girl—years younger than she, ardent, no doubt—who shared his name and his life. She felt a sense of death within herself and shuddered, convulsively. It made Don so remote. It shut him in with lovely Kay. She felt weary and drained. If Don and Kay were in love with one another, why—that was that!

Don said: "Nina! Lee will be all right, dear!"

SHE nodded. His arm was still around her, tightly. Sympathy, she thought. She answered: "Thank God, Don! It could have been much worse. Don—I want you to know this—it can't matter now. I broke my contract—I made them settle it. I had to see Lee—you. I'd heard that you were married again, of course—and I had to see about it—because of Lee. And I came to offer myself to you—if you want me—for your pictures. We always did so well together. Couldn't we try again—on a purely business basis, of course? Kay is so fine and so lovely—I couldn't hurt her—but I want to work with you—"

Don Roberts drew in his breath sharply. An edge of sheer joy cut into the gloom of his heart, racing after a vanishing dreariness. "We will—we can! Listen, darling—I've something to tell you about my marriage to Kay—don't ask questions until I've finished—just listen!"

She reached deeply into her courage and brought up a smile for him, but tears brimmed to her eyes. "Before you say anything, Don—let me tell you that I saw—my photograph—in our old room—the first time I saw Lee, after my return. I knew, then, you hadn't entirely forgotten. And I could have wept, every morning since, when the rose came—and I wondered—"

There was a soft scurry of sound outside the door. She stopped, frozen with a sudden terror. Don came to his feet, holding her hand and bringing her erect with him. Lee was being wheeled into the room by a nurse and two white-clad doctors.

Only his tousled, fair head was visible and one small fist. He was pale and slack, begrimmed by tears, his mouth puckered with childish hurt; and in his hand he clutched his pirate's handkerchief—his red badge of courage.

A strangled little sound came from Nina. She forgot what she had been saying to Don. He forgot, too, in this moment of heartbreak, seeing the still face of Lee, the tiny form, helpless and stricken. It was fortunate for them that they did forget Nina's reminiscences of the daily rose—long a custom between them—a pledge of love—for it saved them. Trifles decide our destinies.

As the afternoon waned, Kay rang the bell at Gilbert Ross' house. Apparently the servants had not as yet returned, for he admitted her and drew her into the library. His arm, she saw, was bandaged. His dark face was gravely unsmiling, his gray eyes sharp.

"Kay!" he said. "What's up?"

"Tell me—your arm—"

"A flesh wound—nothing much. The bullet broke a perfectly good lamp, however. I'll send that idiot, Don, a bill—the damn' fool!"

A vast relief surged through her. "You're sure you're not hurt, Bert? You're *sure?*"

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"Of course, dear! Kay—you shouldn't have come back here—"

"Oh, thank God!" she whispered. "Bert! Oh, my darling!"

"What happened?" he persisted. "You're pale as chalk!"

She told him, stirring contentedly in his arms. "I left them together," she finished. "I knew then, that Don loved her—and, unless I'm blind, Nina adores him."

"They should never have parted," he told her. "It was a love match if there ever was one. He took such pride in his little, expatriated countess; and she was always so proud of him." A quiet smile flared faintly, unexpectedly, on his ascetic face. "Even when they started to quarrel," he went on; "when she became a star, and obsessed with the idea of personal success, there never was a morning when Don didn't send her a fresh, single rose She told me, after her divorce."

Kay nodded, dreamily. A tender twilight filled the room. "I know. There was a dried rose in front of her photograph. It puzzled me, at first. I didn't understand—"

"So, what's the idea now? Why did you come back here?"

"I had to know how you were, Bert! I was frantic—" She looked up, and a surge of affection for him filled her. "I was—scared to death—"

"You're marching right out again, young lady! Let's not start any scandal too soon—there'll be plenty, later! Perhaps you ought to investigate this rumor that there's no place like home?"

"Home?" she echoed. "I feel that I never want to enter that house again. I never felt at home there. I'm as much an alien as the big Chinese gong in the dining room, away from its Manchu temple! Nina is in every corner—in every piece of furniture—"

"Just now, however," he told her, "you're still going home. There are times in life which could be improved by treating them as they do in the movies." His slender hands made a graceful gesture. "The villain ought to barricade the door and laugh up his sleeve—the good one!—while he holds the beautiful young lady his prisoner. I'd like to, but it isn't practical—and there are times when even a villain leans toward practicality." His eyes smiled intimately into hers.

"Or maybe," he suggested gravely, "you could break into a theme song? It seems like a perfect solution in all the musicals."

Tension left her. She was nearly betrayed by a spontaneous amusement. "Bert!" she said. "You're not a bit like your screen self. I *hate* those parts for you! Couldn't you play leads—"

"No, darling," he told her, amused. "Crime pays—in the movies." His hand went to her shoulder. Her arms went around his neck in some driving necessity; and he kissed her hungrily. Then he released her, pushed her gently away.

"O.K., my fine wench," he said. "Go home before I revert to movie type." His somber eyes laughed at her. "I'll order the car—I just heard Hayes, my chauffeur, come in. On second thought, from now on, no more sneaking. We specialize only in nice, clean dirty work—"

"Bert—you fool!" she laughed; but there were tears, too, in her eyes. "All right—I'll go home."

His chauffeur drove her home; and she sat, staring at the warm California night, her young eyes filled with dreams.

When Lee could once more sit in the garden, in his wheel chair, Nina came every day and joined him and Kay. The accident had retarded the use of his limbs, but Kay now felt sure of his ultimate success. He could stand up at will, and it was only a matter of time before he could walk.

Hollywood was twittering with the story of the "triangle." Several gossip columnists hinted, delicately, that a reconciliation in the Roberts household might be expected—but what would become of the second Mrs. Roberts—the brand-new bride? Nina Roberts was known to have signed up with Climax Films. She was again to appear in her former husband's productions—but still—what of the new mistress of the Roberts household?

Kay smiled. She knew. The passing weeks had seen a marked change in all of them. On the day when the annulment was granted, Kay knew that Don was happier than she had ever seen him before; and he had, abruptly, since the day Lee went to the hospital, stopped drinking. She watched Nina blossom with an exotic beauty that held her eyes fascinated.

And, had Kay been in the Roosevelt Grill, some days back, she would have seen ample proof of Nina's statement that Gilbert Ross, the most cordially hated villain on the screen, was the kindest-hearted, most understanding man in Hollywood.

Don Stevens sat opposite Gilbert Ross, and they were smiling and dining with the intimate *camaraderie* of men who understand one another. Both were friendly and cordial, although Bert still had a bandaged arm where Don's bullet had found him.

"I had to tell you, Don," said Gilbert Ross, "because I was afraid that some chance remark—of Nina's, or yours—would give the show away. Nina told me, after your divorce, all about it. When she came back from London, I took one look at her, and I remembered your habits, young fella. So, I decided to plot and plan and play villain—and who has a better technique? I get hunches, Don. Has Nina said anything?"

"Come to think of it," frowned Don, thoughtfully, "I think she did. Once. The day Lee was taken to the hospital; but we were both too excited to go into it." His eyes kindled. "Bert," he said, "you're one swell egg! I'll never stop thanking you for what you did. I thought about doing it, of course, but I *am* married to Kay; and I didn't want Nina to think — that is — if she still hated me, I thought—"

"Succinctly, my friend," said Gilbert Ross, "nuts to you!"

SIX months after her marriage to Gilbert Ross, Kay had one doubt assail her perfect happiness. It came when she found a bill, from a famous florist, in the bottom of a chiffonier drawer. It was for the delivery of a single, yellow rose bud, daily, to a room number at the Ambassador Hotel. It was stamped "Paid." It was a curious order: A single bud every morning. But since the date of the bill was before her marriage, she wisely decided to forget it. But she couldn't. Into her mind would flash Nina Roberts' daily yellow rose bud, and she wondered. Still, why would Bert be paying for and sending a daily bud to Nina Roberts? That was Don's business—a matter of some obscure sentiment, known only to Don and Nina. However, she never asked and Bert never mentioned it; but she put two and two together with a sure feminine logic. And sometimes, at night, when the stars hung low and lustrous over the window, and magic crept into their room, it made her voice very gentle when she called her husband, "Villain!"

The End

The Marriage Code of Myrna Loy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

few *Noras* in literature, classic or contemporary, and if I get stuck—as I'm bound to soon—with a wife part that isn't any good, then that'll be that. It's dynamite. There's nothing more deadly, more excruciatingly dull, than a stupid wife."

"So that's why you wanted to do 'Parnell.'" I said.

She spoke in quick denial. "No, not entirely—once a year, whenever there's another *Nora* to be had, I'll be ready and anxious. Anyway, it's not all a matter of career." She paused. "It's another and more important thing.

"You see, while I was still single it was all right, being the perfect wife on celluloid. But now I'm married, it isn't the same. There's a difference that's hard to explain to you—"

I leaned forward, ears alert. "Try," I said.

And in her calm, patient voice she not only did a good job of her explanation, but managed to give me a superb picture of her marriage as she and Arthur Hornblow have worked it out—and a private code for the perfect love—in addition.

WITH the début of Dashiell Hammett's exciting *Nora*, as portrayed by Myrna, it seems that the sharp national press came clamoring to her; and they wanted to know, with no double *entendre*, how she did it.

"Tell us," they said, "the reason why most of the men who saw that picture are rushing to marry, and we'll have a honey of a story."

Obligingly, Myrna went to work. With her shrewd mind she analyzed the screen character of *Mrs. Nick Charles* (*Nora*), the chemistry of her charm, the mechanics of her glamour, the subtle tincture that was her wife value.

"In the first place," Myrna told me, "*Nora* had a head start over other wives because she had Bill Powell's idea of *Nick Charles* for a husband. After all, most intelligent women can be gracious about a man's vices if he indulges in them so charmingly. But *Nora* had a gorgeous sense of humor; she appreciated the distinctive grace of her husband's wit. She laughed, not too boisterously and never falsely, at and with him when he was funny. When the opportunity presented itself, what's more, she laughed at herself."

She thought for a moment. "And then besides having tolerance she was a good guy. She was courageous and interested in living and she *enjoyed* all the things she did. You understand she had a good time, always. *Nora* didn't try to be a good wife to *Nick*—she had that inherent sense and need for adventure that made her go along when he was heading for trouble. It would be dull to call that characteristic a symbolic thing, but I suppose it is."

Thus it was that when Myrna, not so many months ago, found a real-life *Nick Charles* (with a bent for the megaphone rather than the magnifying glass) and married him, she was ready.

I SUPPOSE Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., represent more nearly in actual circumstances the breathing doubles of *Nora* and *Nick* than any other married couple in Hollywood. At the same breathless pace,

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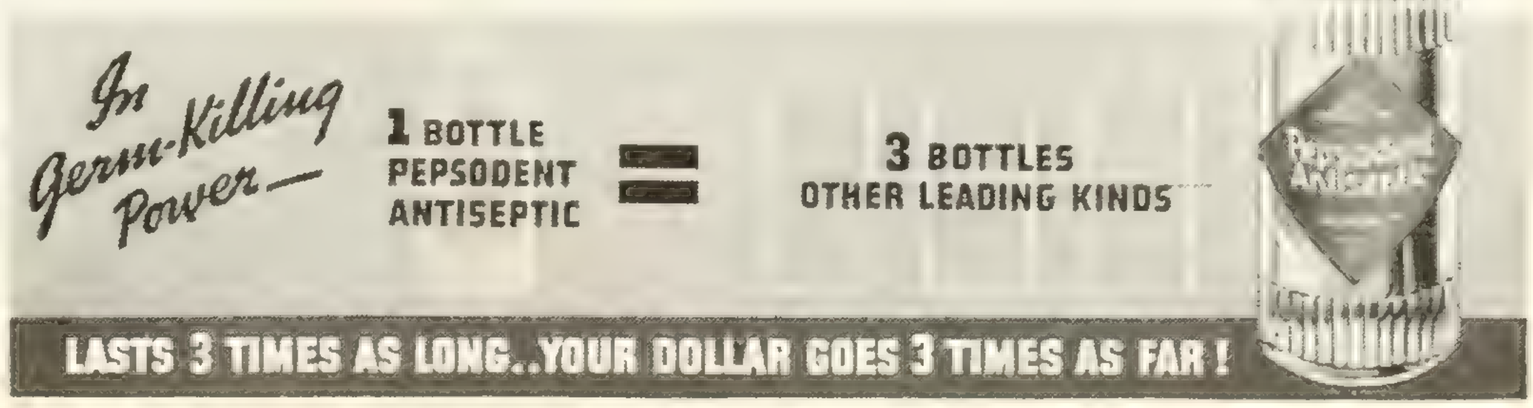

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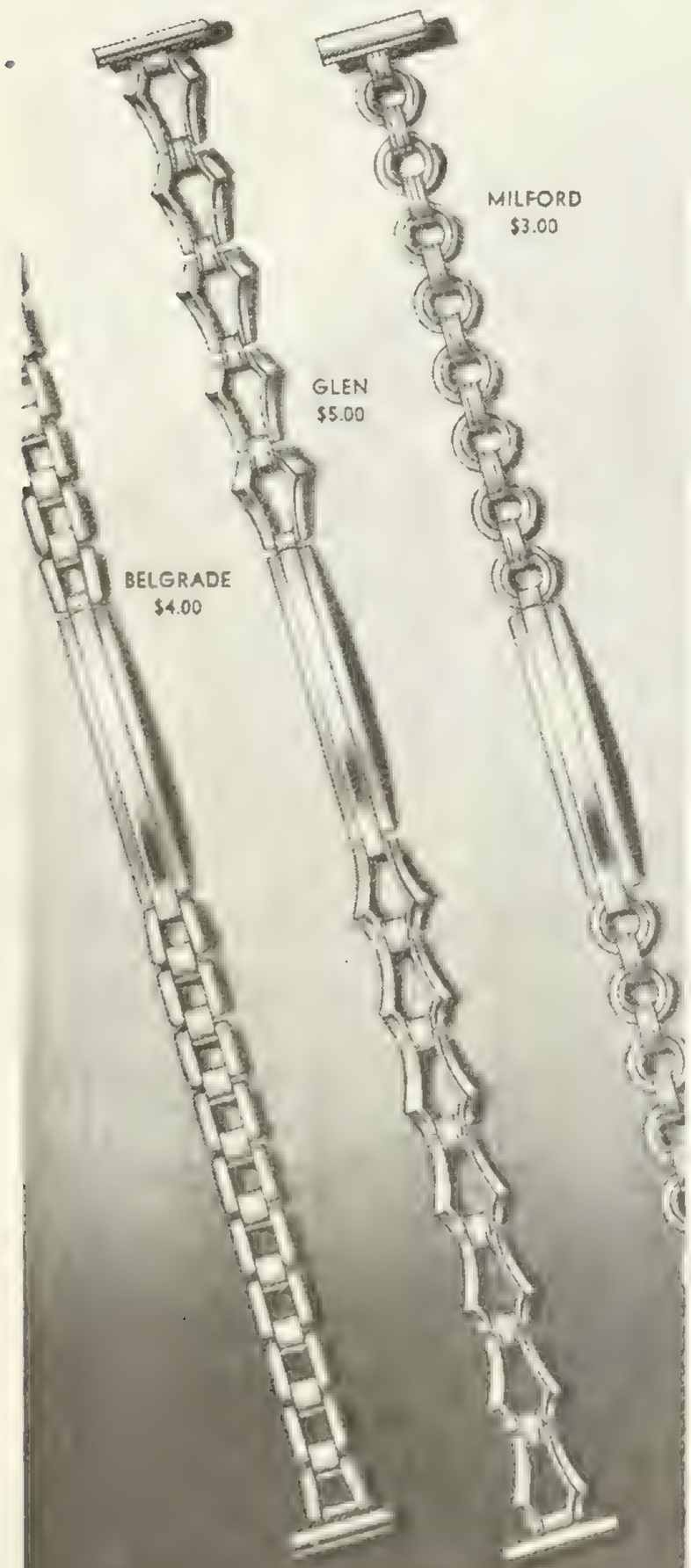

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with the same calm insouciance, on the same hilarious motif, they gallop through the day and night—taking problems in stride and resolving them thoroughly and relentlessly with a combined intelligent gaiety.

You understand—it's primarily important that you understand—that the life they lead is not a rôle. They're not acting. Arthur is congenitally the person he is; and Myrna's abilities as a wife were merely latent, unrealized, until they were cultivated by her work as *Nora*.

It began with their wedding day, which was typical and delightful. Any other couple would have gone either to a staid unimaginative justice of the peace, heard the ritual, and headed off sighing toward bliss and a wedding trip, or they would have spent agonized days preparing for a formal ceremony

NOT so the inimitable Myrna and Arthur. They made no plans beforehand, as even now they refuse to see, except vaguely, more than a year or two ahead into their lives together. At breakfast they considered the matter, remarked that the day was fine and Ensenada just a morning's drive; and went there singing harmony.

In the dopey little Mexican village they prodded mordant clerks out of siesta, stood first on one foot and then the other while the sleepy men wrote out a license in longhand (there were no typewriters) and eventually went to unearth the alcalde.

With their usual lack of foresight they'd forgotten a bridal bouquet and there aren't any florists in Ensenada. But in the walled patio behind the inn, a careless garden lay, a riot of color in the sun.

They exchanged glances. Their grins were simultaneous.

Arthur bent over and made a hoist of his back, and Myrna climbed up. Waveringly she clutched the ragged wall and in another moment had disappeared. A half dozen startled gray doves fluttered up and away. Then over the wall, one by one, the bright blooms came sailing.

A little later the two stood, warm and only a little disheveled, before the magistrate; demurely Myrna held her bouquet and listened When it was over they went swimming, for the good reason that there seemed no use wasting the remaining hours of sunlight or the good surf that slid so invitingly up the beach.

Their life has been, and is, like that.

"We have a good time, whatever we do," Myrna told me, smiling. "It isn't a question of trying too hard. We don't make an issue of anything. But our tastes are so completely alike—it's absolutely amazing how alike they are—and that takes care of most difficulties. In music—he's mad for Debussy and so am I, and we both agree that Stravinsky was all right at first but that he's gone off half-cocked in his later things. It's like that in everything.

"When we do have a quarrel about anything at all we don't just give in to the other in order to avoid an argument; when you do that you retain a resentment sometimes that might eventually develop into active dislike. We speak our minds, get it over with, and then work the matter out logically, to the best advantage of both. There's never any bitterness because we approach the difficulty from a detached viewpoint, and laugh over it."

ON the same premise that inspired the Hornblows' madcap marriage, they manage somehow to be impromptu about their entertainment—and they entertain often. Before they began the building of their new house they lived for a time at Playa Del Rey, California's rather good imitation of the Riviera. And there they kept open hearth to those in Hollywood whom they like as friends.

"It'll be the same in the new place," Myrna said. "We don't throw freak parties or formal dinners or anything of that sort. I think if you have people who like each other, give them something good to eat and something good to drink, the evening will take care of itself. At least it has to with us. We're too busy enjoying our own parties to make much effort."

Living as they do in California, which after all is a kind of glorified playground, they figure they may as well make the most of it. Often, on the way home from the theater or dinner, they discover suddenly that the sky is absurdly clear and the air ingratiatingly sweet, and that neither is sleepy. "I'd like to just keep on driving," one of them remarks lazily, and the other says immediately, "Okay. Let's."

And they do, arriving at dawn in San Francisco or Ensenada or Palm Springs or a startled mountain resort, with no luggage and little cash. They write a check, or charge what they want—it doesn't matter very much.

They have no set rule about mixing business and pleasure.

"That would build fences around us," Myrna explained, "and make us stilted. After all, I'm interested in Arthur's work and he's interested in mine. If we want to talk about our professions during the evening or when we're lying in the sand or driving, I see no reason why we shouldn't. This old bromide about leaving your business at the office and making your home inviolate seems a little forced to me."

OVER and above everything else, neither is a prig in the least. They hold, of course, a sheen of culture and good taste over their conversation and over what they do, since each is a little offended by the James Joyce kind of phraseology which seems to have become a vogue in Hollywood; but if a story is good they possess a sly grin for its shady content.

And like *Nick* and *Nora* they affirm that the good things in this life are not always necessarily the—"good"—things.

"But about this thing of being typed as the ideal screen wife," Myrna concluded. "Aside from its effect on my career, can you see that it's a little distasteful to me, now that I'm applying all the principles to my own married life?

"It's like putting transparent cellophane walls around my private existence with Arthur. Before, since it was theoretical, all of it, I didn't mind. But as it is now—"

The answer is in her own personal psychology and as such has no group application. But respect it she does, and respect it her studio must.

She's important enough now to dictate —in her quiet, poised way—anything she likes to the officials who employ her.

Wherefore, during the next year, you will observe that once again the glamorous aura of the eternal sweetheart will attach itself to Myrna's lovely shadow on the screen.

Meanwhile—well, it's a free commonwealth of states.

I'm afraid that Miss Loy's dictum notwithstanding, I and every other man in America will continue to pursue the frantic search for a wife like *Nora*—and Myrna.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

Tottenham. She is the maid in the manor house he intends to invade. He hasn't, you see, cast eyes yet upon Rosalind Russell, the daughter of the manor.

While he is waiting to meet her, we take a long walk out to the back lot to catch a glimpse of "They Gave Him a Gun."

THIS is the story of a weakling who goes to war and is told that a gun makes him the equal of any man. He returns as somewhat of a hero—who cannot get a job. He becomes the trigger-presser on a gangland gun. He ends in the electric chair.

Franchot Tone plays "him"—cynical Franchot, who used to say that once you click in one type of rôle, Hollywood never gives you a chance to play any other. He has two co-stars: Spencer Tracy, as a wartime buddy, and Gladys George, as a wartime nurse, both of whom change his life dramatically.

Today, Franchot is not on call; Spencer and Gladys are. The setting is a shell-ripped French village, somewhere near the Front. The camera is focused on the doorway of a church converted into a hospital. In the doorway, at a table, sits Gladys, in uniform. In the roadway, nearer the camera, stands Spencer, in mud-caked khaki, waiting for a chance to speak to her. Two stretcher-bearers carry an inert form up the steps. She follows them inside. Spencer loses his chance.

It is a brief scene. It will be little more than a flash on the screen. But Director W. S. Van Dyke rehearses it again and again, for perfect timing. He wants even this brief flash to bear down on war's indifference to the individual.

We go back to Hollywood and RKO to take a look at "The Toast of New York," see Edward Arnold, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Donald Meek at work on a colorful, forceful tale out of American history, the story of Gentleman Jim Fisk, and how he became the fastest moving financier of the 1860's and later.

Arnold, Grant and Oakie are a fine trio of tricksters, who rake Meek, a sanctimonious banker, into their money-making scenes.

In this scene, which is Meek's musty office, the board of directors is in session. The camera is focused on Cary for a close-up. He has to say the line, "I move we convert the bonds into common stock for public sale." On the first try, he says there are so many S's in the one line that he sounds as if he is whistling through his teeth. He tries again. He still doesn't like his rendition. Again. He grabs the back of his head with his right hand, in mock frustration. He tries a fourth time gives up.

He goes back to the man in the sound booth. "How did that last one sound?" he asks. The sound man answers, "They all sounded all right to me." Cary stares at him; this fellow is a speech critic. But Cary shakes his head, dubiously. He's still inclined to believe his own ears about those S's.

Cary knows that we are going from there, next door, to the set of "Stepping Toes," but he does not have us act as a courier. He trusts his messages only to his own man or to the Rogers maid. And, we might add, there is considerable man-and-maid traffic between the two sets.

We arrive on the "Stepping Toes" stage just in time to see Ginger and Fred Astaire preparing to do something that they have talked of doing in every picture. They are getting married.

The setting is the home of a Justice of the Peace somewhere in New Jersey Like all Astaire-Rogers sets, it has a flawless neatness, not to mention smartness.

This being an entirely new act for them, they go in for a lengthy rehearsal. Fred, recently voted the best-dressed movie male, rehearses without a collar or tie. He looks as if he is about to face a barber. Not, however, Ginger Rogers, who is *très chic* in a mink coat and pillbox hat made of lacquered red braid.

THE Justice asks Ginger, "What is your name?" Ginger answers, "Virginia McMath—and *his* is Austerlitz." This *isn't* according to the script. She is playing with their real names.

They start again. Both follow the script. The Justice hasn't yet started the ceremony when Ginger comes forth with this line: "By the way, what are the grounds for divorce in this state?" With some asperity, he answers: "Marriage!"

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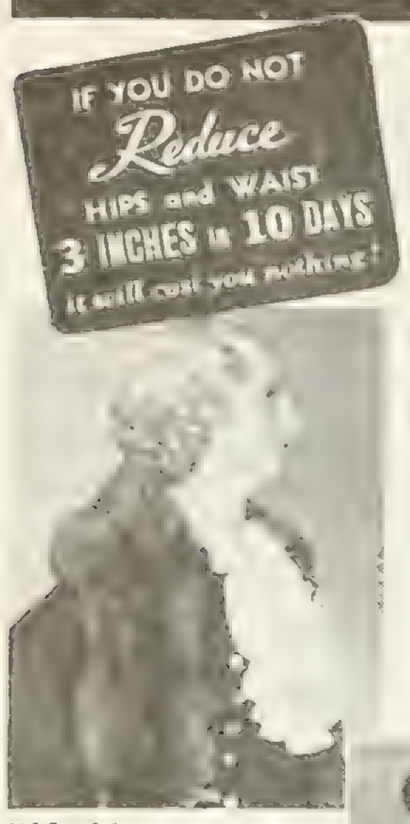

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Next, we climb over Cahuenga Pass to Burbank and Warner Brothers-First National, for a glimpse of "Kid Galahad," the big fight picture starring Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.

We warn you to look for the lad who plays the title rôle. The name is Wayne Morris. He is tall, blond and handsome. A local boy, a bachelor, and a good actor.

We are just in time to see the beginning of the bout for the heavyweight championship. What we see is strictly a one-man fight. The camera is focused on Morris in his corner of the ring, getting final instructions from his manager (Robinson) and his trainer (Harry Carey). The other party to the fight—Bill Haade, an ex-steel worker turned actor, who is managed by Bogart—will have his inning of close-ups later.

Morris bounds out of his corner, slams his right fist straight at the camera. If the effect is what they think it will be, you will duck when that fist comes at you from the screen.

Thence, back to Hollywood and to Paramount, to see Bing Crosby doing his stint in "Waikiki Wedding," in which he has the company of Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross and a number of hula girls.

We find Bing in "The Tank"—the outdoor set where Paramount films water scenes. It is a huge concrete basin, the approximate size of a sound stage. This morning it is roofed over, and sided over, with black cloth, to keep out that California sunshine. Bing is making a night scene.

He is supposed to be meeting Shirley Ross for the first time. (They have been working together for days.) He is aboard a small schooner in Honolulu harbor, whamming away at a barrel with a hammer, when Shirley appears on the adjacent pier, and asks him if she can borrow the hammer to fix her heel.

Bing smokes a pipe in this scene. He has difficulty with it. It bites. But he persists with it, even with the added danger of getting seasick from the rocking of the boat. (Some prop men at the other side of the pool are manufacturing waves, shooting them in his direction.) The pipe gives a touch of naturalness. And Bing likes those little natural touches. So do audiences.

LEAVING Bing rocking in the boat, we head for United Artists Studio to see Miriam Hopkins rocking in a subway train for a scene in "The Woman's Touch."

This is a merry, mad fantasy about a lady architect and her efforts to separate Joel McCrea from some of his finances so that she can start architecting. She has no finances of her own, or she wouldn't be riding in the subway with Charles Winninger.

The set represents about a third of the interior of one subway car, at the rush hour. It is built on a platform, four feet off the ground. In its twenty feet of length, people are packed solidly.

Miriam is separated from Winninger in the press of people. She tries to talk to him over a man's shoulder. Winninger can't understand what she is saying. The man interprets. When Winninger shouts back at Miriam, the man again has to interpret.

But how do they achieve that rocking effect of the train? On all four corners of the platform are huge springs. At one side, in the center, is a huge lever. A band of prop men bear down on this, then let up, bear down, let up. The "car" rocks.

We hop in our rocking car that night to watch a big scene for "The Road Back," Universal's epic sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Tonight is the big night in the vast No Man's Land created on the back lot at Universal City. Tonight is the night when Hell is scheduled to break loose there. We take pains not to miss it.

"THE Road Back," like "All Quiet," was authored by Eric Maria Remarque. Like "All Quiet," its cast contains few names you would recognize at first encounter. Just as Lew Ayres was a comparative unknown when "All Quiet" started, so is John King, playing an equivalent rôle in "The Road Back," a comparative unknown now. Only two members of the cast of the first picture are in the second: Slim Summerville and young Maurice Murphy.

The picture opens on November 9, 1918, two days before the end of the War. It shows what these young German boys, snatched out of schools to be soldiers, go through just before the finish. Then it shows them returning home, finding the homeland torn with revolution. It shows their efforts to readjust themselves, to find the road back to normalcy—their futile, tragic efforts. There is no road back, for them.

The No Man's Land is at least two city blocks long, one block wide. It is a morass of mud, sliced with trenches; a wilderness of barbed wire, scarred stumps of trees, gutted ruins of farms, forgotten bodies. Across the entire rear of the set hangs a huge painting of a

Do you remember when Douglas MacLean played the young soldier in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave," Mary Roberts Rinehart's war-time comedy? That was in 1919. Now Douglas (right) is the producer of the same picture for Grand National, and Jimmy Ellison (left) portrays the same rôle

cloudy sky on the horizon. The visual effect is of an area two miles wide. That is why these daytime battle scenes are being filmed at night The movie-makers have better control of lighting then, better control of optical illusions.

We are there at 8:30. For two solid hours we watch Whale rehearse his players in a climb out of the trenches, a rush across No Man's Land, and an attack on a French machine-gun nest in a farmhouse ruin. There is little noise The rehearsals are without sound effects. Yet they are so realistic that Maurice Murphy, supposed to bayonet one of the French machine-gunners, delivers such a jab that Whale hastily instructs a prop man to supply Maurice with "a less vicious weapon." He is given a bayonet of rubber.

The camera is mounted on a huge crane, which moves on tracks at the side of the set, following the troops as they surge over the desolated area, also swinging out over them, pausing when they pause.

At 10:30, Whale is satisfied with the rehearsals. He calls for a "take." Not even the players are prepared for what follows.

As the boys climb over the top—as the filming begins—there is the sharp *brack-a-rac-rac* of machine-gun fire, cannonading in the distance, rifle fire nearby, and No Man's Land explodes in the boys' faces. The earth shakes underfoot, even from explosions of powder, shooting huge chunks of cork and dirt into the air. With each explosion, there is a spout of flame forty feet high. The air is livid with acrid smoke.

In two minutes, it is over. Two minutes that seem endless.

Young Larry Blake, coming off the battlefield, with a mud-clotted face, voices a unanimous sentiment: "If that's war, I'm not even enlisting in the clerical corps for the next one. I'm staying right at home and just waving a flag."

We ask Director Whale if the scene calls for a retake.

"Yes," he says. "That wasn't good enough, realistic enough."

Tricks and Trimmings of Allure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

peat. You stenographers and office girls can do this at your desks and you others who have to stand all day behind a counter, can always manage in the rest room. Incidentally, this exercise helps to slenderize the ankles.

Once or twice a week groom your toenails exactly as you manicure your fingernails. Keep the cuticle soft with an oil or cream and keep it pushed back and free from the base of the nail. Trim the nails and shape them. Clip them straight across. Never snip off the corners or dig at them. Use an emery board to smooth the edges so they will not catch on your stockings. A little liquid polish on the nails can be very intriguing as they peek through your evening sandals. But please, none of these screaming shades that look so bloody that people begin to sympathize with your for having cut your foot.

Keep your feet free from hard callouses. You can use one of hubby's discarded razor blades, but take it easy and trim carefully. The same goes for pesky corns. If you can't manage these things yourself, visit a good chiropodist at least once a week.

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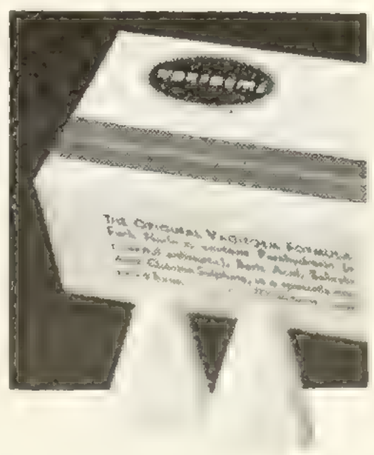

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NORFORMS

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Never mind now if I leap from one extremity to the other, but untidy, carelessly thrown together hair is another stumbling block for the girl who would acquire allure. Wisps of stringy, unkempt hair which cause no end of fussing, fixing and fidgeting, are irritating to most men. Messy dye jobs, grimy and greasy hair can drive them to more things than drink. These things make a woman not quite a lost cause, as she may be nice looking otherwise, but they'll keep her from ever being called truly lovely. Some of you may wonder why Joe has been so indifferent lately or you may be feeling sorry for yourselves because you can't seem to land a Joe. Take a good look at your hair, babies. From it you may find the answer. Remember, Prince Charmings like their Princesses likewise!

Many of you are envious of the lustrous, perfect coiffures you see on the screen. That's only natural; they do look stunning. They're always tidy and beautifully waved. The styles are new and effective and offer smart ideas for you to try. That's swell. But don't forget there's more to hair allure than mere style. Cleanliness and health are vitally important.

WHEN it comes to hair, Myrna Loy's lovely locks are an outstanding example of the real stuff. Not alone on the screen, but wherever you see Myrna, at the Trocadero, on a shopping tour or at home (and that's the test) her hair is softly waved, neatly trimmed and shining with the health of natural oil and alive from the care of constant grooming. You see no straggling ends, half-curled bits or snarls. The smartness of her coiffure lies first in its cleanliness, second in its simplicity and third in its tidiness. Those are the secrets of lovely hair.

Now I can't tell each one of you how often you should wash your hair. I can only tell you that it *must* be kept clean. Use a good shampoo, as free from alkali as possible. Two good washings and three rinsings should be enough. If your hair is light, try the juice of a lemon in the last rinsing; a half cup of vinegar for the dark or redhead. This will keep your hair bright and youthful. A few drops of bluing will bring out the high lights of white hair. If possible dry your hair in the sun. Lift it and frisk it with the hands, massaging the scalp. If you bleach or dye the hair, you must expect a certain amount of dryness, particularly if the hair naturally has a tendency to be dry. To help overcome this, before each shampoo, massage a good oil into your scalp and down the length of the hair. Let it soak in for a while. Occasionally it's a good idea to leave it on overnight.

Hair should be brushed every day if only as a means of cleansing and removing the small particles of dust that are constantly settling on the hair. If the hair is coarse and heavy, give it a good workout. If it is fine and silky, brush more gently, using a less harsh brush with deep flexible bristles.

And here is something that I find very effective for putting sparkle and life into dull-looking hair, without gumming it up with pomades or oils. With the palms of the hands briskly stroke the hair. Make the movements quick, using first the one hand and then the other in rapid succession. Be sure to press the hair against the scalp as you do this. It creates a friction much on the order of a buffer on your nails. You'll be surprised how this will pep up your hair and give it a healthy sheen.

Try this, too, to stimulate circulation in the scalp and further enliven the hair. Grasp a good handful of hair and pull it good and hard with quick jerks. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it will do the trick. Go over the entire head in this manner. I know it hurts a little and will probably bring the tears to your eyes. But stick to it, babies, it's good for you. It will strengthen the hair and I have known it to stop falling hair. Anyway, what are you squawking about, you've got it easy. Just think of those Japanese ladies in the circus who hang by their hair!

Between visits to the beauty parlor, you can keep your hair looking tidy by putting it up at night. The short ends, bangs and stray wisps can be kept under control in this manner; take the hair and twist it in a circle and pin it flat against your forehead, temples, behind the ears or wherever you're working. Fasten it with two criss-crossed hairpins or a bobbie pin. Take a small amount of hair for each circle. Thick bunches won't work. It's much the same idea as the old-fashioned spit-curl only don't use any stickum.

How are your elbows? Oh, you almost forgot you had any such things, didn't you? Lots of women do. And how foolish they are. Due to the wear and tear of leaning on things and the constant rubbing against the sleeves of your garments, elbows come in for plenty of abuse. Without care they quickly become scraggly and rough. Often an ugly chunk of fat settles just above the elbows. It casts shadows and makes an elbow look dirty. That's bad. To look well in formal evening clothes, you must have slender, softly rounded arms. You say you have? Swell! But why mar their loveliness with neglected elbows. Even at their very best elbows are not the most handsome part of our anatomies, so get busy on this routine and at least keep them up to par. First soak the elbows in good sudsy water, lukewarm, for about five minutes. You can use two small saucedishes, or a basin. After the soaking, take a good stiff hand brush and scrub them well, removing any flaky or dead skin. Rinse and dry them well. Now let one arm hang naturally at your side and with the palm and fingertips of the other hand, squeeze and roll that bulb of fat on the opposite elbow. Work on it for a few minutes in this manner, then place a Turkish towel over the spot and give it a few stiff slaps. This goes for both elbows, naturally. Then apply a good skin softener on the elbows. Work it in and remove any excess with tissues or towel. Keep after your elbows in this way every day.

NOW children, cheerio for this time. Go after these little things I've pointed out to you. Every one of you can possess the allure that you so admire in others and have long hoped to acquire. But it can't be done by hoping. No, sir! It is only possible by *work*. So come on, sweethearts, shake yourselves from any daydreams and get busy. Oh, gosh, I almost forgot something terribly important. Watch out for soiled shoulder straps that come loose and crooked stocking seams. These little insignificant things can strip you of allure so quickly you won't know what hit you.

Send for my weight control chart and ask all the questions you want. It costs you nothing except a STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED *envelope for your reply. If this self-addressed envelope is missing your letter cannot be acknowledged. The address is MADAME SYLVIA, Beauty Editor,* PHOTOPLAY *Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.*

"Star Styles Need Not Be Expensive"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

nd effectively in dark shades. Black or navy, ith a print jacket and motif would be useful ll summer. Add a hat and sandals that pick p the color and again you are all set.

OUNGING pajamas need not be so pale in tone as these pictured, if you want somehing more practical. One evening, again at Elizabeth Allan's, Liz wore one of brown and white polka dots, with a long beige satin coat over it. The belt was of the polka dot satin. After an active day, a robe of this description s extremely restful if the week end is informal enough and you know your hostess sufficiently well to relax. Nothing particularly new, of course, but you will never regret owning one.

I like the little black net dress Irene Hervey is wearing. When hot weather comes it can't be beaten for looking and feeling cool. It is so grateful in town on a hot day, and it will pinch-hit for dancing in the evening. As prints are so good we have selected two more for you, both of them most practical and economical.

On the last fashion page you will find sheer luxury. Many a bride is planning her trousseau in May and Anita Louise and Ida Lupino show you how ravishing one may be in this gorgeous type of thing. Anita's combines an almost tailored look with a feminine softness, for the girl who does not want to go completely fluffy. Don't forget the chiffon scarf, which does not show in the photograph, but which knots round the throat for an added bit of allure, and which may be sprayed with your favorite perfume.

Ida's pajamas would be adorable for a dinner up in your hotel room, at the end of a long day of honeymoon sight-seeing. There is no hint of a letdown in them, from the smartness of the rest of your trousseau. They could hold their own for chic anywhere. They must be made of first-class material, but not necessarily of velvet brocade. Satin with a small figure on it or plain satin contrasting with the trousers could be used. But go the limit on intriguing mules. Have a bit of glitter and gleam on them. They charm, depend upon it, and this is your charm time of times.

It looks like a slack season at Palm Springs, but it isn't—not with the Jack Bennys and their little adopted daughter having the time of their life at the El Mirador

IF I HADN'T MADE THAT "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST, I WOULDN'T BE HERE

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" just when you want to be most alluring!

SOMETIMES the minute you see a new man, you know he is wonderful. You meet him. You dance. It's divine. But that's all! He *can't* forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm!

Don't let it happen to *you*. No matter how smartly dressed or how charming you are, you cannot expect to be socially acceptable unless that small underarm area is kept not only sweet, but *dry*.

Creams that are not made to stop perspiration cannot give the *complete* protection you need. Unless your underarm is kept absolutely *dry*, some moisture is bound to collect on your dress. You may make *yourself* sweet again, but *your dress* will betray you every time you put it on.

Test your dress tonight. Many girls test the underarm by smelling it and never think of the dress! When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may learn why many people who seemed to like you became cool and distant. You will understand why so many careful, well-groomed women take the extra time and trouble to use Liquid Odorono.

A few extra seconds make sure

There is no slapdash, quick way to complete personal daintiness. But those few minutes of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry, while you do other little personal things, make all the difference between offending and the assurance of pleasing. Your physician will tell you Odorono is entirely safe. And there is no messy grease to get on your clothes. You are saved the expense of large cleaning bills, the waste of ruined frocks and stained coat linings.

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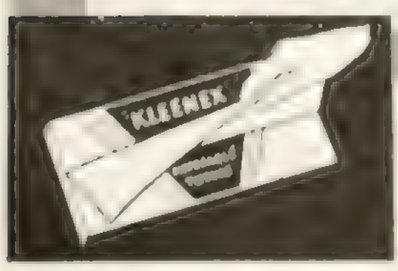
To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish... For the baby...*And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



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Is It Love at Last for Miriam Hopkins?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

men adore universally, and she is the hardest to put on paper, since the quality of attraction she possesses, in common with the Salomes and Mrs. Simpsons of this world is not a tangible thing.

William Austin Parker, famous playwright, discovered it first—or at least with the most success. She married him. But she didn't undertake a contract so important without several mental reservations. She announced to interviewers, "Marriage, like any other emotional experience, gives one both mental and spiritual growth.

"And so is worth risking. Even if it ends disastrously—you can still go on because no one thing can mean life or death to a person—not even marriage."

BENEATH the stilted quote lies her balanced detachment—a practical viewpoint visible in the way she works, and loves. I think it is this quality of being completely honest with her own emotions and with the emotions of her friends, that has been the greatest underlying factor in Miriam's life. If she had been able, like most women, to fall wholeheartedly in love without the immediate necessity for analyzing her own reactions, she might not have known so many years of that loneliness which means, in a strong person, artistic growth. She might not have had to adopt a son as an outlet for her capacity for affection; she might not have had to divert her staggering reservoir of energy into the collection of art and the building and furnishing of houses; she might not have had to fill her days with travel and unceasing, relentless work.

Above everything else, there might not have been so many men to lay their hearts at her feet and remain to make shift with her friendship, which was all she could offer them. Jean Negulesco, the Roumanian artist, was one—and he is still in the offing, a more or less constant companion. She is immensely fond of him, but it isn't love. And there was the director, more desperately infatuated than the others, who threatened to commit suicide; fortunately he reconsidered.

Probably what broke up her marriage with Austin Parker was a psychological reaction that she herself feared when she saw movie fame in the offing. She said then, "Having stage glamour is effective in getting a man—but not in holding him. He's flattered first, you see—sitting in a theater and seeing the audience appreciate his girl and realizing that he has her all to himself. Then after he's married he begins to nurse a sense of grievance. Other husbands, he thinks, are luckier than he—his possession must be shared with a public and a career, after all."

Today, after their divorce, Austin Parker, ex-husband or no ex-husband, is still her best and dearest friend. And it is this Miriam who, in the course of things, sometimes plays a practical joke so monstrous that often the laughter is days late in peeping from behind the initial shock.

As the latest example: She was lunching the other day with a group of intimates—one of whom was his Lordship, the Earl of Warwick—when she heard that Parker's valet-chauffeur had deserted him and that he was hunting for a new one. To Warwick she said, "You want to get in pictures, don't you? Well, if you can pass yourself off as a servant before Austin, who knows actors and theaters backward, then you'll know you're good. I'll call him, shall I?"

The Earl, as a British sportsman, could do no less than fall in with her plans. So he nodded.

"Is the man a good valet?" Parker asked over the phone.

"Excellent," Miriam assured him.

Parker sounded pleased. "That's marvelous," he agreed—and within a few hours Warwick was helping him on with his boots. But his Lordship, having left the details of his own wardrobe to the attention of a gentleman's gentleman all his life, was pretty clumsy. He didn't make beds worth a darn. He wielded a mean mop but the baseboards showed the wear and tear. Parker was disgusted.

He told Warwick so, in terms which admitted of only one interpretation.

The next day at luncheon Miriam introduced Austin, with ceremony, to the Earl. The playwright, speechless, was absolutely sure that this man was his new valet—but he was afraid to say anything. Nevertheless, after about an hour, he was prepared to bring the matter up, having convinced himself, when a prearranged fake phone call was brought to Miriam. She talked for several minutes with the imaginary servant, in which she agreed to tell Mr. Parker that he was once again without a valet, since no human being could be expected to put up with such indignities, or work for such a bibulous, unpleasant person.

At the end of the conversation Parker tottered to his feet. His face was paper-white. "Look," he said, "I'm going to cancel my contract and go into a sanitarium. I'm having a nervous breakdown. I'm going crazy."

He meant it. They had to rush for whiskey and explain the joke to him as a precautionary measure. And it was almost a week before he could manage a wry grin at his own expense.

THERE is also the smart Miriam; the cosmopolite, the sophisticate, the patroness of arts and music, the brilliant hostess.

Her drawing rooms in Hollywood and New York and Paris are the perpetual nuclei of famous names. She doesn't exploit the people who attend her salons: hence they respect her. Her cultural background they are forced to admire. It's absolutely astonishing, they will tell you, how much she has lived in the few years of her life.

There is again the Miriam who plays so charmingly at motherhood. It's no secret that young Michael is the center of Miriam Hopkins' personal interests.

Out of the necessity for success has been molded a Hopkins who is a superb professional technician.

Almost every director she works with eventually reaches the point at which he says, "Miriam darling, you should be directing this picture." Her concentration on each rôle she plays is so uncompromising that even between shots she is unable to rest; during lunch she gulps her food and scribbles notes, suggestions for the afternoon; and every minute in which she is not actually before the cameras she is rehearsing, planning action, tampering with dialogue.

When she gets home at last, each night, a masseuse is ready to knead her tense body into the relaxation of sheer fatigue.

You can see, then, that here is a girl who can

give herself completely in love only to an extraordinary man and, without wishing to be unpatriotic about it, there is still the truth that a European man of refinement and culture usually has more to offer a woman like this than the average American man.

Being an artist, Litvak probably instinctively understands her moody restlessness. Certainly he must be an idealist, for he's never married. His friends will tell you that he's searched constantly for his ideal woman, but while he's gone through periods of momentary infatuation, he's never settled on one for long.

Yet on the Normandie, coming back to America after that first meeting, he and Miriam saw each other constantly. When they came to New York they prowled around that wonder city for hours and hours. If he saw that little town house of Miriam's on the East River, he must have been duly impressed with her taste and her appreciation for beauty.

And then, when they both discovered that the girl in "The Woman I Love" was exactly the type of part that Miriam plays best, it must have been a mutual delight for them to realize they could work together.

AFTER that began the Western sequence of their friendship. Miriam has bought the old John Gilbert house in Bel Air and is remodeling it completely. Daily, both on the set and after working hours, she and Litvak have been together. At parties in Hollywood during the last few months they have inevitably come together.

You saw them at the various Derbys, rapt in conversation, while the food cooled before them. Their table was the one next to yours at the Trocadero or at the Clover Club, and never had Miriam seemed more gay. Professionally, they have worked as one person toward the eventual completion of "The Woman I Love."

Not long ago the Hollywood gossips, from force of habit, announced abruptly that this newest romance was on the rocks following a quarrel, and that Litvak had offered Miriam a diamond bracelet as a conciliatory gift.

Telephone wires immediately began to resound with the Hopkins voice. "What a thing to say!" she cried. "There isn't one word of truth in it—and it's so embarrassing. Now Anatole will think he has to give me the diamond bracelet anyway, just to bear out the publicity!"

But he didn't. He gave her a diamond and ruby brooch, instead.

The town, deep-rooted in its cynicism, was hard to convince, nevertheless.

When finally the company went on location to Point Magu, some sixty miles up the Coast, the watchers smiled smugly and made predictions. Because of all the cast, Miriam was the only one who was allowed to stay at home and rest; not a single location sequence called for her presence.

On the first morning she arose early, got into her car, and made the sixty miles to Point Magu in almost as many minutes. She spent the day on the set with Litvak; returned to Hollywood that night; and the next morning was once again burning the highway along the Coast.

"It won't last," said the watchers—but without conviction.

It lasted. She drove up there every single day of that location. And when, toward the end of the production, she brought Michael—her small adopted son—to the studio to watch her at work, the dissenting voices weakened and died. She had never done such a thing before; and as a crowning touch, little Michael, fresh from England and a French tutor, with the quick imitativeness of clever children was heard to chatter in a decidedly Russian accent.

THERE will be those in Hollywood who will disagree with me when I predict that Miriam will marry Anatole Litvak before many months have passed. And they will quote to me the many journalists who have eaten their forecasts about the Hopkins girl, finding them unpalatable.

But I stood and watched a new Miriam glowing with happiness and in love if I ever saw anyone in love, on the set of "A Woman's Touch," her new picture, the other day. I have watched her before, during the periods when gossip columns were iteming the details of her romance with this person and that person, and I have never seen the peculiar quality which says to all observant men that a woman is in love—and which Miriam carries with her now.

So let's hope there is true love at last for Miriam.

She's suffered so long, and she's been a brave woman. She's never once whimpered. When her marriage broke up, when her career didn't go quite as well as she wished it would, no one heard from her one word of self pity.

A tiny girl, reared against a Southern background, she has defied her own heritage and has not let herself lapse into the spoiled darling she might easily have been. Instead, she has been courageous enough to go her way alone.

She deserves love. And so, apparently, does Litvak. Here's hoping that they will find it together.

It's never too late for romance, but remember this . . . it's the girl with sparkling, *youthful* eyes who's always in demand. So look to your eyes for the secret of youth. If you want to know how much younger you can really appear, just try WINX, the modern mascara that *subtracts* years from your age! One application and lashes appear long, silky, sweeping—and shadowy as dusk. Eyes appear brighter, deeper with a glance that conveys youthful glamour—and allure. WINX mascara is on sale at department, drug and all 5 and 10 cent stores. It's available in three shades (Blue . Black . Brown) and in three forms (Cake . Creamy . Liquid).

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Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness—particularly around the eyes, WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up for your particular type.

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• THE girl with brittle, bleached-looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use KURLENE, a scientific formula for promoting growth and luxuriance in lashes. Rub a little on your lashes each night and see how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar $1.

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The All Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

less from champagne they can run the gamut of entertainment from light opera to sheer melodrama.

One evening the dashing Norman Kerry became the center of a play that kept Hollywood agog for days.

He sallied forth to the Grove, the waxed spikes of his mustache giving him a devastating continental flair. His erect carriage hinted at his training as a British officer, and the shining decoration on his breast brought bright reflections to all feminine eyes.

Another officer who had fought on the other side in the World War, the Austrian Albert de Conti ventured a brilliant little quip about Kerry's dazzling metallic embellishment.

Kerry with a strong and heroic right arm avenged the dastardly insult. But the matter did not end there. In a towering rage, de Conti returned to his table. There he vowed that his dignity had been grossly insulted, and that only blood could erase the offense—Kerry's blood, and lots of it.

NAMING a friend to perform the office of second, de Conti dispatched his card to Kerry and demanded satisfaction.

"My friend, Albert de Conti, demands that you answer to him on the field of honor," proclaimed the second.

Gasps of surprise and horror from the tremulous onlookers, but Norman Kerry rose to the occasion like a soldier. Calmly he bowed.

It was to be pistols at thirty paces.

Next day, news of the duel flashed through Hollywood. Norman Kerry was a valued star at Universal Studios, where Irving Thalberg was general manager. Thalberg was dismayed. He threatened to fire de Conti, who was employed there in a technical capacity.

Federal agents swarmed in to warn the parties that duels were forbidden in America.

Very well, Kerry and de Conti would fight it out in Mexico. Prop departments were combed for dueling pistols, for insults must be avenged.

But hot blood cools in time. De Conti could not fight without two former Austrian cavalry officers as his seconds. They were, it happened, far away in Chicago. Besides, it was a long ride to the Border, and the roads were bad.

Eventually the duel turned into a fiasco and faded from the headlines. The only thing spilled was printer's ink, and as the prospect of seeing Kerry and de Conti blaze away at each other faded, conversation at the Grove turned to other affairs.

One of these salient situations was the sudden flare-up of hostilities between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper.

This duel was fought with words—astounding fact, since it concerned that thing nearest a woman's heart—her clothes!

It centered around the problem as to who was the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, and although the oral weapons flew hot and fast, no one dared to pronounce the decisive *touché* that would end Lil's and Hedda's argument. So the girls fought it out alone with a charm and cheek that amazed Hollywood.

It all started at one of the usual fashion shows at the Grove. Hedda offered a personal critique on Mlle. Tashman's outfit, and the conflagration started. It took an avid press agent to feed the fire. Sensing the news value in this bitter rivalry, he wired both actresses from Agua Caliente an invitation to jointly judge a fashion show at the Mexican resort.

Hedda wired back in deadly indifference: "I resign in favor of Miss Tashman, who will fit the flamboyancy of your casino to the dot."

And Lil's telegram read: "Sorry but am giving a cocktail party and cannot attend. Miss Hopper is perfectly qualified to judge anything *passé*."

The telegrams were not published, but can be found in certain archives that offer a last resting place for the ghosts of some of Hollywood's best battles.

In those good old days the society columns of Los Angeles newspapers disdained to record the gallivantings of the movie colony. In fact, only a few years before the Grove opened, many large banks would not accept financial dealings with movie producers, and hotels of the swanky sort turned up noses at the picture crowd.

Elinor Glyn was conceded by Hollywood to be the all-time champion of high social affairs. La Glyn, with her four-foot walking stick, her Russian wolfhounds and her exotic hats, satisfied even Hollywood's notion of the truly regal "ritz."

Moving sex up into the realm of popular literature had made Elinor Glyn famous. Girls she nominated as having "IT" didn't even have to campaign for election to stardom, despite their hitherto negligible names. Clara Bow was first to reap the rewards, followed by Aileen Pringle, who was chosen by Miss Glyn to play in such torrid tales of purple passion as "Three Weeks," "His Hour" and "Soul Mates."

But as sex waned in popularity, so did the stars of these actresses grow dim. Miss Pringle is now playing bits, Miss Bow has retired to her ranch.

NO one ever bothered to invite Greta Garbo to a Grove party, although she lived at the Ambassador Hotel. Joseph Schenck, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, showed so little interest when she first arrived in New York with Mauritz Stiller that he did not ask to see her. When the publicity man, Herbert Voight, went to the boat he couldn't induce a cameraman to shoot a picture of Garbo, and he was finally forced to hire one fellow to expose a couple of plates for ten dollars.

Garbo was lonely at the Ambassador, although Stiller and she occupied rooms 64 and 65, across the hall from each other.

Once in a while she and Stiller would appear, take a far table and in brooding solitude eat pickled herrings. Otherwise she was seldom seen.

Came a night, however, when the pickled herrings were no more. Garbo—the quiet, reserved Garbo, turned gay. She phoned down to the Grove and asked for the *maître d'hotel*. When Jimmy Manos answered, Garbo asked him to come to room 64.

Garbo herself flung the door open to his knock. She was quite evidently "in the pink."

"Champagne!" she cried. "Bring me champagne."

Jimmy brought a bottle.

"Come on in, handsome," said Garbo laughing, "and I will buy you a drink."

Jimmy, remembering the rules, declined, and thereby lost the priceless opportunity of

licking glasses with glamorous Greta.

Since the day Stiller left Hollywood, heartbroken by his failure, Greta never revisited the Cocoanut Grove.

When the Ambassador erected a group of very "ultra-ultra" private apartments across the lawn from the Grove, John Barrymore moved into the cottage known as "Siesta."

IT was most convenient to the Cocoanut Grove, and so between these two points flourished, or shall we say flamed, the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello romance.

Nothing could have been more irksome to Maurice Costello, member of a rival theatrical clan. One night he found John and Dolores together at the Grove, and only by the most tactful maneuvers was a battle averted. Ultimately John escorted Dolores to the altar, and silenced forever the pater's objections.

The Grove has never failed through all the years to provide entertainment replete with thrills that can even break through Hollywood shock absorbers.

Tuesday night was, and still is, star night. Special events, dolls, and decorations, the famous floor shows, with show girls clad in little or nothing perched atop elaborate floats, were enough to make blasé stars go completely "so-so."

No one who visited the Grove during the time of the "monkey madness" can forget those nights. It was the custom to let down toy monkeys, attached to long strings, from a balcony. The object was for each gallant male to grab one for his lady fair. The gallant males strove so hard to guard their honor, that they forgot their manly dignity, and black eyes and bruises were not uncommon.

A high light of the Grove entertainment came on New Year's Eve. It was traditional with the Grove that a lovely Grove chorus girl be lowered, clad in flowers, from a trapeze which dangled from the roof. Her descent on the stroke of twelve was essential to a formal welcome for the New Year.

One year the Grove manager had a brilliant idea. They would release a covey of snow-white pigeons at the stroke of midnight, and dispense with the flowery female.

But a quip from a Grove confidante and its steadiest customer, Jack Oakie, caused a shadow of doubt to cross the collective faces of the management.

"Oh, the pigeons they fly high at the Grove, at the Grove," hummed Jack, carefully turning up his coat collar. The management took the hint.

Yet they were reluctant to give up the idea. Those birds would be a startling innovation. Besides they would look mighty pretty swooping about among the palms.

The fertile mind of John Browne conceived a solution to this momentous problem. To avoid complaints, and possible suits, from the guests, it was decided to cope with all contingencies by the ingenious use of a little strip of adhesive tape.

The hour struck, whistles blew, and the pigeons were tossed from the balconies. To the complete embarrassment of the Grove management the birds refused to fly. With one accord they plumped down onto the tables, waddled around on the dance floor, and perched indiscriminately on bald heads. They walked in ice-cream dishes and fluttered for claw holds on bare backs. It was horrible, too, too horrible. Waiters had to go about shamefacedly picking up the birds and lugging them off in baskets, while the guests shouted in gay derision unworthy of their sophisticated natures.

The Grove, from the date of its first opening, has always been the scene of Hollywood's most important banquets. One such function will forever be a nightmare in the memory of Jimmy Manos.

The sales executives of Cosmopolitan Pictures, meeting in a national convention in Hollywood, were being banqueted in the Grove by their "Big Boss," William Randolph Hearst. Arrangements had been made to seat the distinguished gentlemen at one great table—and the guests were already arriving when an unforeseen explosion shattered the serene atmosphere of the Cocoanut Grove.

Marion Davies had discovered that she was not being seated at the table of honor! Mustering the full force of her womanly eloquence she proceeded to make her listeners' ears wiggle in helpless embarrassment.

It was explained to her that *no* women were being seated at that table, that other tables were reserved, that it was too late to alter the arrangements.

Explanations meant nothing to Marion in that moment of disappointment. She was the star of Cosmopolitan Pictures. She would sit at that table, or else—!

HEARST was in a quandary. The guests, gathered in the hotel lobby, were ready to file into the Grove. It would be a breach of etiquette to seat only *one* lady at that table.

Jimmy Manos rose to the occasion. Speeding about among the tables surrounding the dance floor, he whispered a plea to a score of ladies and as the guests approached the banquet table they found additional plates and fair partners appearing as though by magic.

Posed by professional models

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Two Weeks vacation

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Actually that Two Weeks' Vacation, that means so much to so many of us, is usually 15 days long—with its three Sundays; 16 days long, whenever you can slip away Friday evening.

So it is that California, with the new speed, low cost and air-conditioned comfort of western rail travel, has stepped right into the Two Weeks' plans of thousands of men and women who once thought it out of reach of their vacation time and means.

10 Days in California

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The SCOUT

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Probably many of the women who played Good Samaritan on that occasion have never discovered the real reason for that unexpected honor so suddenly bestowed upon them.

The standing and influence of the Cocoanut Grove, as a focal point in Hollywood's social life, was unchallenged until the Biltmore Hotel was erected in downtown Los Angeles. The opening gun of a fight that nearly caused the overthrow of the Los Angeles' city government was fired when the Biltmore, boasting a palatial new ballroom, took the annual Motion Picture Directors' Costume Ball away from the Cocoanut Grove.

But the Grove's ammunition was ready. On the night of the costume ball, a long line of uniformed policemen filed into the Biltmore and took an ominous stand near the entrance of the ballroom.

At precisely twelve o'clock, a police sergeant stepped onto the dance floor, and, halting the music, announced that the party was over—that an ancient statute prohibiting dancing after midnight was to be upheld. Pandemonium reigned *but* that was nothing to the howls of rage that arose when Fred Niblo, then president of the Directors' Association, said there was still dancing—and would be until four A. M.—at the Cocoanut Grove, where a Shrine Convention party was in progress.

Outraged Hollywood, stirred to the core, held mass meetings. They demanded the ousting of the mayor, the police commission, the chief of police and the city council. Following a mass meeting at the General Service Studios, a movement was set afoot by Fred Niblo's admirers to run him for Mayor of Los Angeles, and was only quenched by Niblo's ardent refusal of the proffered honor. He pointed out that a motion picture director, after all, receives a certain salary that even the mayors of great cities cannot expect.

The furor and fury finally died down with only one victor emerging from the fray. And that victor was the Cocoanut Grove!

It was fully five years before its supremacy as the social capital of Hollywood was again challenged. During those five years Hollywood faithfully flocked to the shelter of the palms every night to stage its romances, its real-life dramas, and its fights.

Speaking of fights brings up the name of Al Jolson, about whom revolved one of the goriest, knock-down and drag-out battles in the whole history of the Cocoanut Grove.

The sparring match of the inimitable Al in the Cocoanut Grove will be described in the final installment of this lively inside story of the happenings that make the Grove the gayest, sprightliest, most amazing rendezvous of the Hollywood stars.

Concluded in June PHOTOPLAY.

How They Got the Girl to Say "Yes"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

the case of Chester Morris and Sue Kilborn. He proposed one Saturday night after the performance of a stage show in which they appeared, they were married in Atlantic City the next morning, and were back in time for the curtain call, only to read on the bulletin board a notice that the show was closing.

They came to Hollywood with nothing but a couple of suitcases but they stuck it out, and now all's well. And here's a tip—usually the dominant male develops the most conservative and lasting qualities imaginable after marriage.

BUT we must pass on to the next group of classifications, Types D, E, F and G, suited to the Clever Plotter sort of swain.

The plotters go in for a certain devilish cunning. They're all for subtlety. To wit:

(D) The Build-up, as the term indicates, works under cover as it moves toward the proposal. At first everything takes a sort of big brother trend, with no hint that the friendship may stray from the platonic, when bingo! And out pops the question that has plagued Eve ever since she ate the apple, and gave Adam the core.

Gene Markey had marked Joan Bennett from afar, when he saw her on the New York stage in "Jarnegan." Out in Hollywood, where Joan started making pictures, Gene mapped his courtship.

Joan was in love with somebody else, as everyone knew, but the Clever Plotter shrugs his shoulders at a little thing like that. When Joan broke her hip in a fall from a horse, Gene sent flowers and friendly little notes. Eventually he had permission to call, and eventually he was in her very good graces as a kind and generous friend. And eventually she would marry him, although she didn't suspect that at the moment. He was such a nice haven of refuge, so good with advice about pictures. A famous playwright, he could tell her what's what. Lucky girl, having a big brother like Gene . . . only Gene had no intention of acquiring a sister.

He was taking her to see one of her pictures, a crucial one—"Doctor's Wives"—which was being previewed. He would tell her what he thought of it, perhaps make some suggestions on how to improve . . .

"Joan, will you marry me?"

"But—but—don't you want to wait until you see my picture?" stuttered Joan.

The big build-up got results, and Joan's reply remains a classic.

The Persistent (Type E) proposal requires intelligent plotting, for persistence can easily become boring. Delicately maneuvered by Franchot Tone, it proved most effective with Joan Crawford.

"By the way, Joan," he would say in an undertone as somebody passed them the cake, "when did you say we were getting married?" Or, between shots on the tennis court: "Shall we make it—say next Friday?"

The dryly humorous Mr. Tone knew very well how to handle the proposal problem for successful results with a girl like Joan Crawford.

HERE is the plot of John Monk Saunders' proposal, well befitting a writer skilled in conniving drama.

"I'm afraid we're stalled, Miss Wray," said Miss Wray's chauffeur. "We seem to have run out of gas."

Fay Wray took his word for it. They were not far from Baltimore, where she was working on location in "The First Kiss." A prophetic title.

"Somebody will come along soon," volunteered the chauffeur. A prophetic statement, for, in a moment, a car did draw along side. It was all so, so convenient.

"Can I be of help—oh, it's Miss Wray," cried John Monk Saunders.

It was quickly arranged that he would take ıer into the city to her hotel. But his route ook him through the leafy countryside . . . he longest way home. Passing a quaint little hurch in the woods, he slowed down.

"Isn't that a lovely little church?" he remarked.

Fay admired it, too . . . architecturally.

Each day, after her work was finished, Saunders took Fay home by way of the little hurch in the dale.

One day, he stopped the car beside it.

"Wouldn't you like to be married in that hurch?" he asked.

The virtue of this devious type of proposal r diminished surprise attack, lies in the fact hat by the time the plot brings you to the ctual question, both parties are well aware of vhat is coming and you can move immediately nto the fade-out. Fay and John took out a icense in Baltimore, returned to the church, nd were married. That was eight years ago. Now they have an infant daughter, Susan, vho some day will also be cajoled by some right young man with object matrimony.

Finally, in this group of proposals for the lotting kind of male, is type G, the Indirect.

Evalyn Knapp was the victim of this approach. Dr. George Snyder first induced her o take a ride on his trim boat, the *Cielito Lindo*, named after the Mexican love song. They sailed along in the calm Pacific off Santa Monica. Choosing a moment when Evalyn vas in a dreamy mood, Dr. Snyder said:

"Let's go to Santa Barbara tomorrow and ive three days notice."

"Hmm. What was that—three days otice?"

"Yes, when you move, you give thirty days otice. When you leave a job, you give two veeks. But to get married you need only three ays."

A boat several miles out at sea is the best lace for the Indirect proposal, because the irl perforce must remain and listen while you truggle toward the point.

Hand in hand and happy, Sally Haines and Bert Wheeler were snapped right after their wedding on February 26th at Director Eddie Sutherland's house. Bert Wheeler is one half the comedy team of Wheeler and Woolsey

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

YOU'VE read at the left how Yeast Foam Tablets helped *one* person, and you want to know how they may help *you!*

Well, this ad is based on a true experience. And while it is only *one* case, it's so typical of many others that it warrants you in giving a most thorough trial, in similar disorders of skin and complexion, to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins.

This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll *look* better—and *feel* better too—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
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Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) *P 5-37*

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NOTE: *The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

Would You Like to be Happily Married

Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's pyschology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 4-E, St. Louis, Mo.

Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Her Lane Hope Chest gives *absolute* moth protection!

SAFE in her Lane Hope Chest are the treasured keepsakes and winter woolens of this famous 20th Century-Fox star. She isn't taking any chances with the pest that causes more loss in homes than any other thing. For absolute moth protection, store winter's woolens in a genuine LANE, the cedar chest that gives you a moth insurance policy free. Exclusive Lane features eliminate sticky interiors and insure aroma-tight construction. New, superbly styled Lane Chests are now on display. See these ideal gifts for girl graduates and brides at your Lane dealer's store.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. E, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributors: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Special

A modern design with center panel of V-matched American walnut, flanked by American walnut stump panels and ebony inlay. Lane automatic rising tray. $29.75 *Slightly higher in West and in Canada*

Lane Silver Jubilee Chest

Curved deep trunk top and front panel Bubinga and Oriental woods. Front end panels matched black walnut stump. Lane automatic rising tray, same as shown above. $39.50 *Slightly higher in West and in Canada*

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

For the childhood sweethearts, or old pals romance, popping the question is apt to take the form of the mutual or Dutch Treat proposal.

Harmon Nelson had been out of college for three months when he sat down with his sweetheart, Bette Davis, to talk things over in a practical fashion. Bette was a movie actress. "Ham" a musician and singer, quite lacking in fame.

"People probably will call me a gigolo husband," said Ham.

"They'll sometimes speak of you as 'Mr. Davis,'" smiled Bette.

"We'll often be separated by work, and I can't support you in the style to which you'd like to be accustomed," grinned Ham.

"And they'll have us getting a divorce half the time," laughed Bette. "But if we never lose our sense of humor, we'll get along all right."

All of which came true, for they're still in love. Bette lives in a tiny cottage. Ham is establishing himself as an agent and talent scout. They'll get along . . .

The Proxy proposal is frequently used by men who grow tongue-tied in the face of romance. Valentin Parera, handsome Spaniard from the movies and the Granada theater, fell in love with prima donna Grace Moore while on a Paris bound boat. Handicapped by language limitations, he marked a poetic passage in a book to show Grace his regard.

Joe E. Brown also used the Proxy type of proposal, with Western Union playing the part of John Alden.

"Have enough money to marry stop please come east love Joe," he wired.

She did and they did, but Joe's idea of enough money was exactly $140.

Coming on down to the shy sort, we have the Unspoken, or Type J proposal. In this both parties seem to drift into an understanding.

More and more, the modern young man proposes without proposing. Afterwards, when questioned about it, the girl goes into a state of dreamy suspension and can't remember a word of what was said. Thus, later on in marriage she is at a total loss when it comes to throwing his promises in his teeth.

A case in point is that of Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw. They met in England, fell in love in Vienna, and decided to marry in Paris.

"We just talked for hours and hours in the Ritz bar," Henry said, "but I'll be darned if

Select Your Own Proposal!

For the Dominant Male:

A. Caveman Type: Capt. Astley to Madeleine Carroll.
B. Shocker: Benny Baker to Marjorie Wellman.
C. Impulsive: Charles Boyer to Pat Paterson.
Robert Cobb to Gail Patrick.
Chester Morris to Sue Kilborn.

For the Clever Plotter:

D. Big Build-up: Gene Markey to Joan Bennett.
E. Persistent: Franchot Tone to Joan Crawford.
F. Devious: John Saunders to Fay Wray.
G. Indirect: Dr. George Snyder to Evalyn Knapp.

For the Practical Man:

H. The Dutch Treat: Ham Nelson to Bette Davis.

For the Backward Boy:

I. The Proxy: Valentin Parera to Grace Moore.
Edward Arnold to Mrs. Arnold.
Joe E. Brown to Kate Brown.

For the Shy Sort:

J. The Unspoken: Henry Fonda to Frances Brokaw.

For the Hopeless Case:

K. The Impassé: Frances Vernon to Jimmy Cagney.

can remember actually proposing. Frances and I just seemed to take it for granted that we'd be married, and the question was when and where? Frances said she wanted a nice church wedding, so that's what we had, in New York."

Jack Oakie, who used to kid romance and whose favorite gag was "Marry me, and become the mother of a genius," was simply and completely sunk when love hit him between the eyes. He didn't have a comeback. All he can recall is rushing home to Mother Offield and getting her out of bed to tell her he had met Venita Varden and she was the one girl.

"I've heard that before," said Ma.

"But we're going to be married!" cried Jack, and sure enough, they were.

Classmates at school most frequently employ Type G. They find speech quite unnecessary to reach an agreement. Donald Woods was going to Berkeley when he met Josephine Van der Horck. He was working his way through school by clerking in the hotel where Jo lived. She bought him a malted milk one evening, and he started carrying her books to school. By the time they were seniors, there was no need of a proposal. So, one afternoon, out driving, they kept on going until they reached Tijuana and there they were married. Now they have two children.

Perhaps it is too bad that the old custom of carefully placing a hanky on the floor, resting a bended knee upon it, and eloquently begging the lady to give her hand in marriage, is as rare today as the bustle. But the Unspoken Proposal gets the same results anyway.

Last in the category of proposals is Type K, for the males who would otherwise be a Hopeless Case.

This is known as the Impasse, for the man is either too shy or too dumb to know that the time is ripe for the proposal. You never can tell from appearances what men will fall into this group.

Jimmy Cagney, that dynamic, hard-boiled he-man of the screen, who betrays the stirring of tender romance in his bosom by pushing a grapefruit in the face of his lady love, would fool you completely off the screen.

Jimmy fell in love with a beautiful little chorus girl. He was awkward and tongue-tied, with a terrific inferiority complex. Frances Vernon decided to marry him so she could look after him.

There remains one style of proposal that baffles us. It doesn't seem to fit into any of these classifications.

Pat O'Brien had been proposing to Eloise Taylor for several years. They were riding in a rickshaw at Coney Island.

"Let's get married, or something," said Pat.

"We'll get married, or nothing," retorted Eloise.

And, by jingo, they were!

TIPS ON THAT TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

The studios are booming—the night spots are gay—the beaches are dazzling—the stars are in town! This engrossing article answers all your questions about the razzle-dazzle city, how to get there, where to go, and best of all how much it will lighten the well-known pocketbook. In the June PHOTOPLAY, out May 7th.

FOR EVERY WALKING MOMENT

This summer, live in white Naturalizers and be gloriously foot-free. Made on the famous Plus-Fit Lasts, these always-youthful shoes fit your feet when you're *on* your feet. And that means a lot on a sizzling summer day. Write for name of nearest Naturalizer dealer. Blue Ribbon Shoemakers, St. Louis.

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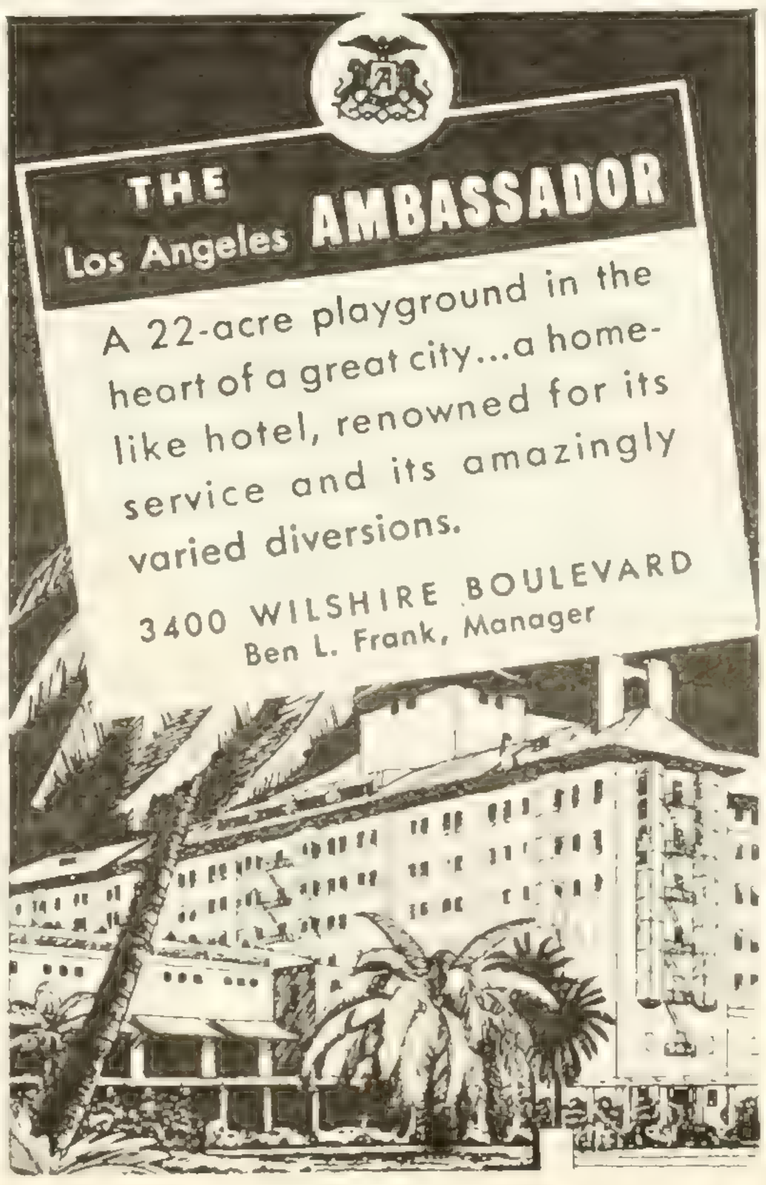

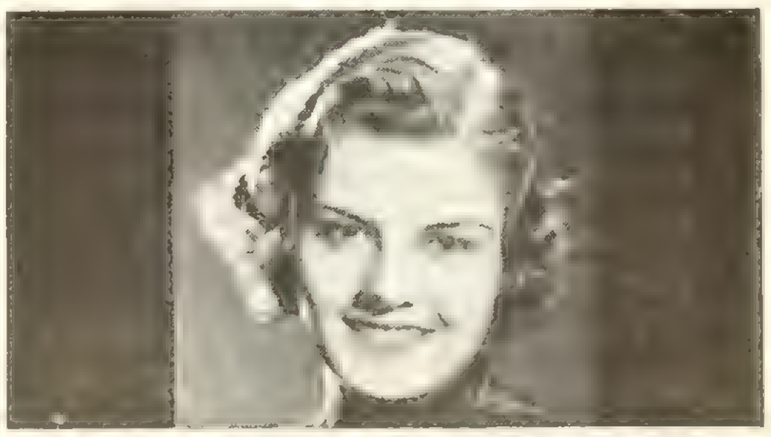

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

MARIAN MARSH in David L. Loew's Production "When's Your Birthday"

Glamourous HAIR

Stage and screen stars set the pace for lovely women everywhere. They all recognize the importance of *glamourous HAIR.* It sums up with a grand flourish the total of their charms.

Particularly after the wear and tear of winter . . . bleak winds, steamheat, enervating colds . . . the smart, clever woman looks to her HAIR. It needs stimulating treatments with the proper preparations, *to be rightly ready for the spring permanent.*

Step into the nearest

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Consultation is free. It is important to know the correct preparation for your particular hair needs . . . whether it is dry, oily, falling, fading, end-cracked, or showing dandruff.

Ogilvie Sisters Preparations are on sale at all Toilet Goods and better Drug counters. Ask for booklet on home treatment. Write us for address of nearest Ogilvie Sisters Salon.

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On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

Errol Flynn loves to scrap and banter with Olivia. "If you feel out of place in the Empire here," he suggested, "why not change your name to Delivia O'Havilland?"

Errol, looking trim as a welterweight, was gay and cocky all day, right through the show. He hopped a plane an hour after "curtain" for the East and Lili. They'll do Europe and then, Errol confided, he'll invade Spain alone. "I want to see both sides of the war," he told us, "I'd like to travel with each army." Warners said a loud "No"—but what's "no" to an Irishman?

FROM Andalusian adventure *a la* Flynn to Arkansas by Bob Burns is no jump at all in Hollywood's radio row. Bing and Bob continue to put on the most relaxed, homey and undoubtedly worst-dressed coast-to-coaster in the business. If you wear a tie in the Kraft Music Hall, you're a sissy. Generally Bing shows up in old slacks and a blue shirt, but sometimes he breaks down and dons a jersey sweater which makes him look just like Sailor Mike, the slug-nutty stumblebum. Imagine, then, the consternation which reigned the night of the Academy Award banquet when all and sundry actually had to dress in dinner clothes! The reason was that Bing's guest, Mischa Auer, was up for the award for his supporting rôle in "My Man Godfrey" and the banquet started at nine, an hour after the program.

Incidentally, you can forget any talk you might have heard about touchy feelings between Bing and Bob. Bob's salary has been substantially raised and everybody's happy. Of course, that doesn't keep Robin from taking his weekly dig at the old groaner.

Before every program he addresses the gang assembled to watch the fun. "It ain't much of a show to watch, folks," says Bob, "and I cain't see that Bing helps it any, either!" But, dear Robin—a lot of girls don't feel that way about it.

Only one new national show popped into Hollywood this month. The Community Sing with Milton Berle moved out bag and baggage to put the new in RKO's "New Faces." Last month's sensation, Haven MacQuarrie's "Do You Want To Be An Actor?" got a new lease on life after a few ticklish days before Chase and Sanborn's vacillating contract pen. MacQuarrie tries young hopefuls out on the air and gives them screen tests at Warners. We like the story Haven tells about his newsboy. Seems he had been buying a paper from a certain tyke for months before he became famous. One week he took the broadcast to the stage of the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles. Soon after he stopped by to get his paper. The kid looked at him with a disgusted squint.

"I go cleah down town," he remarked bitterly. "I spend fifteh cents for a look at dis guy MacQuarrie. An' who do I see? You! What a business!"

Fred Astaire's Packard show is *not* going to give up the ghost, in spite of what you've heard or what you think ought to happen. We understand Fred would like them to release him

In fact, his agents have done everything in their power to take Fred off the air. They think every program hurts his picture prestige. But no dice. The contract gives Packard the option privilege and they like Fred's draw, even if he isn't equipped to put himself over on the air. Just the other day, and yet unannounced, they decided to take up the third thirteen week clause when it comes up. You'll notice, though, that more and more of the show is being handed over to Charlie Butterworth.

Getting around to Oakie—and it seems you always get around to Jack sooner or later—we heard a good one on the genial professor of Oakie College the other day. Seems Jack has his barber come and shave him every day he rehearses for the show. The other day, he told the tonsorial gent to listen in on his show. Next week the barber showed up and went about his business of whacking the okay Oakie whiskers. "Catch the show?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said the barber.

"Like it?" said Jack.

"Mr. Oakie," replied the barber, "if you want me to keep that up, I'll have to charge extra ! ! ! !" Jack is still trying to figure that one out.

Jack made a crack worthy of his steel some weeks ago when Oakie College first hit the air.

"Well," said Dr. Oakie just before the curtain went up, "I certainly hope I'm not too bright. I'd hate to get through this college in thirteen weeks!" And that might be why Venita sits in the front row through rehearsals and kibitzes the old man.

FROM where we sit it begins to look as if Eddie Cantor is going to have to go out and discover some new Hollywood talent. His discoveries are kicking loose from the old master. First, Parkyarkarkas deserted Eddie and now, we understand, Bobby Breen is due to shake the Texaco show this spring for his own program on NBC to be called "The Singing Kid." That leaves Deanna Durbin, who has a nice salary now, on both air and screen. Eddie and Al Jolson have their troubles, but seem to run on forever. Now Al is going back to the sobby, sentimental sing-dramas that really put him up there in the early squawkie days. The other day when he did "Sonny Boy," who do you think sat in the audience and bawled? Davey Lee, the kid who was "Sonny Boy" ten years ago, now a big high school boy.

Here's some short flashes before we sign off this month in a blast of static: That throat operation of Nelson Eddy's may keep his great voice off the air every now and then until it gets strong again. It was more serious than you thought. Martha Raye sang a torch song when she warbled "I've Got You Under My Skin" the other night on the Jolson show. That day her engagement to Jerry Hopper went la-nyah, and Martie got the blues out of her system with songs on the program and later at Louis Prima's jam parlor. Sang every sad song she could think of! The Jack Bennies-from-Heaven plan to build a home in Beverly next year—George Burns and Gracie Allen switch sponsors soon for $10,000 a week on a new contract; they'll be nutty for Grape Nuts!

Our thought-for-the-month comes from Preston Foster. He was talking to Victor McLaglen before the Hollywood Hotel airshowing of "Sea Devils."

"You know, Vic," he said, "now days when they give you the air in Hollywood, they do you a favor!"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

T seemed sad enough to Hollywood when Luise Rainer and her groom, Clifford Odets calmly let it be known that they would live in separate domiciles but when Luise, two weeks after the ceremony, embarked for New York alone, it was just too much.

But there are adequate explanations, even for such odd behavior as that. Luise, it seems, merely went to New York to iron out a mix-up in passports and to arrange for the transferring of some of her possessions to this country. Or so we're told. We may as well admit right now that nothing Rainer does amazes us. Or her studio. Luise is just that way.

THE enormous star sapphire worn by Jean Harlow practically threw the District of Columbia into a minor panic when Jean and Bob Taylor were there attending the President's ball. The Government, apparently, had never heard of the star sapphire feud that goes on amongst our movie stars. So when Jean appeared with a nut-sized stone dangling from one finger, senators and representatives alike were filled with awe and wonder.

One local paper gave over a column to a description of the odd appendage which drooped from Miss Harlow's finger. No one knew just what it signified. But Jean knew. Jean knew it signified she had a bigger stone than Carole Lombard, and in Hollywood that's more important than any bill Congress ever passed.

HEARTBREAK stuff:

Martha Raye finished her broadcast the other night and met a few friends—her fiancé, Jerry Hopper, and another couple—at the Ambassador Bar.

The four sat for a long time nursing a couple of highballs, and pretty soon the other couple noticed that Martha and Jerry had been deep in a whispered conversation for forty-five minutes.

"Hey!" said the man. "You're being rude. Pay us some attention."

"But this is important," Martha told them, and went back to her whispering. Finally Jerry stood up. Martha hesitated—and then drew her diamond engagement ring from her finger. She handed it to Jerry.

He took it and, without saying goodnight went away.

"I broke it off," Martha told the staring couple.

"But *why*—" this in unison.

She shrugged. "Oh—I need my freedom. Jerry's so nice—but . . ."

And that was that. The heck of it is, Jerry's still in love with her.

SEEMS that certain 20th Century-Fox officials, discovering that Metro's little Freddie Bartholomew was taking a party to a recent Carthay première, got themselves all worked up with an Idea. Supposing, they thought, we ask Freddie to take our Jane Withers with him? Wouldn't the papers have a treat, though—

So they asked Freddie that afternoon. The English lad wasted few words. "Phooey,"

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You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

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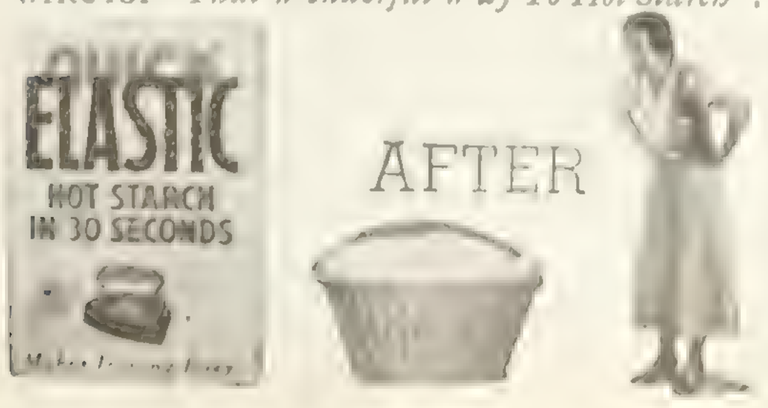

he replied in essence. "Shirley Temple or nothing!"

Well, Shirley's No. 1 box-office draw this year.

Jane Withers is No. 12 or the like.

Freddie is further down. The Fox people shrugged shoulders, and retired. Freddie took neither girl to his opening night. But a little later, at the President's Ball, Freddie, observing a host of photographers snapping Shirley across the room, went toddling over to get in the picture.

He was asked to step aside so they could get on with their work.

Aunt Myllicent Bartholomew, close by, saw and heard all. The fireworks are still popping.

Picture of two youngsters, entangled in as involved an intrigue as any grown-up group of stars!

MARX antic: Maureen O'Sullivan went serenely the other day to visit the Marx Brothers on the set.

It was a pretty elaborate scene and in one corner stood an archway in which hung a thin, transparent curtain.

It was a different kind of curtain from any Maureen had ever seen and she asked Harpo what it was made of.

"Cellophane," Harpo told her. "You can walk right through it. Go ahead. There're plenty more."

So Maureen walked through the curtain—and stood on the other side, completely drenched. It was a thin film of water flowing into a concealed well.

You are quite right! Harpo bought Maureen a new hat.

MICHAEL WHALEN, having driven a very antique car for several years, decided the other day to buy a stunning new one.

He signed the contract for one of those front drive buggies, hopped in his old wreck, and went rattling over to his insurance brokers to take out a policy on the new possession.

While he was inside, a motorist came along, crashed into the venerable auto as it stood at the curb, turning it into a heap of junk.

Whalen waited while the disgruntled broker wrote out a check for the old insurance; then he blithely took a cab back to the Cord dealer, and made his down payment with the money just received.

Simple, when you know how and when you got Luck!

MUTTERINGS from Hollywood: Eddie Sutherland, having given up hope of reconciliation with Loretta Young, is running around with Florence Rice, while Florence's ex-beau, Phillips Holmes, is seeing much of Mrs. John Durant, who is separated from the motor magnate. . . . Joan Crawford spent weeks trying to think of a present to give Franchot on his birthday—so he'd be surprised. And eventually got it. He was surprised, all right. When he opened the big package he found a Chinese chest, carved from ivory and two hundred years old, no less. . . . Wonder how much truth in the romance rumor about Alfred Vanderbilt and Ginger Rogers? . . . Lyle Talbot is holding several torches for a San Francisco social gal named Mary Kramer. . . . Bet you anything Garbo signs again with Metro after "Countess Walewska" is finished. . . . Mary Brian, instead of collecting surrealist art with the rest of the town, is painting it herself. . . .

AT last, from all indications, you have seen the final Laurel and Hardy picture—which will be sad news to a million or so movie fans.

Stan Laurel refused to sign a new contract with Hal Roach and has incorporated himself as a motion picture concern. Reports have it he is financed from New York banking circles, and will start production soon.

Hardy stays at the Roach studios. But can you imagine seeing one without the other? Like reading about Damon when there is no Pythias.

LUPE VELEZ is back, a changed girl. She buys her own food at the market. She is painting the swimming pool. She is weeding the garden.

Johnny Weissmuller thought she was ill, and was just about to send for doctors when Lupe announced suddenly she was going to tear down most of the walls in the old house, and remodel the rooms.

In a measure, this reassured her Tarzan. But the domesticity—that he can't account for. Why, they haven't had a good knock-down and drag-out fight for weeks now. . . .

IN "Countess Walewska" Garbo is supposed to introduce for her public a new style of hat. It will be a kind of jockey cap, with a deep long bill hanging down in front.

The other evening Marlene Dietrich appeared at the Troc with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—as seems to be her custom lately—and on her head was a kind of jockey cap with a deep long bill hanging down in front.

Puzzle: Can you get back stolen thunder?

THE crew of "Night Must Fall" are hoping "Night" is the only thing that will fall, for certainly the two principals, Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery, seem about to fall out at any moment.

Dangerously polite and facetiously grim are the fair Rosalind and handsome Bob. "Ah," chirps up Roz when Montgomery appears on the set, "here comes the *star* of our little picture.

"Now," goes on the tantalizing Rosalind, "we shall all have tea, cast and crew alike, and what do you think? Mr. Montgomery is going to go half on this treat."

And Bob does.

Indeed, so subtle is the banter between these two that M-G-M is thinking of filming the mild feud as a picture. No drawing room farce has ever been as smartly barbed as the battle between Roz and Bob.

OF men and lions: Clark Gable went on a hunting trip with some friends.

They found a tree.

In the tree were three lions, one large, two small.

The large lion and one of the small lions got away.

Clark Gable put a rope around the neck of the remaining lion.

He brought it back, leading it by the rope, alive.

"It's a present for Carole," he said.

Carole came to look at the lion.

It looked back at her, and snapped.

"No," said Carole when Clark caught up with her, "I do not want this lion."

In addition to everything else, the thing smells.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

☆ A FAMILY AFFAIR—M-G-M

AS a chronicle of the affairs of a typical upper-class American family this offers Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney in a splendid, sympathetic comedy. The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut and the mood of the small-town loves and sorrows and triumphs is so genuine as to delight you. Better go.

☆ HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Walter Wanger-United Artists

COMEDY, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven into this sumptuous production which emerges finally as one of the tenderest love stories in months. It centers itself around Jean Arthur, a pretty model who had married a rich shipbuilder, Colin Clive. He is insanely jealous of her, accusing her of intrigues until she is finally forced to seek her freedom. He is determined she will not attain it and attempts to frame her with his own chauffeur. Into this staged bedroom scene walks Charles Boyer. He realizes the situation and rescues Jean by pretending he is kidnaping her. It is love at first sight for both of them. Clive, thwarted, kills the chauffeur that he may put the blame for the murder on Boyer. Jean, believing Boyer has killed the man, goes back to Clive in order to protect Boyer. All three sail to New York where eventually they meet again and the story reaches a thrilling climax.

The three principals, ably assisted by Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff, weld this together into swiftly moving, stirring entertainment.

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic

VIOLENT melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking outfit for the farmers' business, this little offspring is replete with action, dramatics and all kinds of dastardly doings including wrecked trains and other dirty work. Grant Withers is the noble hero who loves Dorothy Appleby and Donald Kirke is the rascally villain. If you like red-blooded action, you'll like this.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF—RKO-RADIO

AN entirely new idea of flying hospital planes is incorporated in this informative and intelligent story. A young doctor, John Beal, gives up his career when his colleagues believe him guilty of unprofessional conduct. Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, succeeds in bringing him back to his work. Phillip Huston and Jane Walsh splendid. A warmly tender little story.

☆ NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—20th Century-Fox

THERE are moments in this exciting melodrama of a kidnaper's life when you glimpse Victor McLaglen's artistry of "The Informer," then faulty scenes and dialogue disappoint you to the verdict that here was almost a great picture. Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly, and beautiful June Lang contribute excellent support. McLaglen is perfectly cast as the waiter who kidnaps and then repents.

WHITE BONDAGE—Warners

INEXCUSABLY dull and innocuous is this story of share croppers' rebellion against unscrupulous planters in the cotton belt. Jean Muir is the one bright spot in this uninspired production. Gordon Oliver, Howard Phillips, Joseph King complete the cast. A banal and stupid film.

THAT I MAY LIVE—20th Century-Fox

ANOTHER story of an ex-convict, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight but is framed by his former partners and is forced to escape from a murder charge. Rochelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg discover his true identity and they, in turn, frame the three crooks into confessing their guilt and freeing Kent. Bromberg's good performance relieves this only mildly entertaining picture.

Voiceless!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

abouts, no one could reach her by telephone.

When she returned it was with the pronouncement that "everything is all right." And yet, less than a week later, she canceled practically all of the concerts remaining upon her winter's program. She notified the Metropolitan that she would not be able to fill her date there, and finally she cabled a cancellation of the one contract which must have seemed to her the glory of her entire career—the concert which she was to have sung in London during the coronation ceremonies.

And according to the statements that are being made by Grace Moore's friends, the faulty instruction of those first singing teachers in New York is the cause of all this trouble.

It is said that whenever her vitality is at its peak her voice is rich and full and clear. But as she grows fatigued, as her energy wanes, that long-established strain begins to show.

The memory of that period of nightmare in which she was voiceless must constantly etch upon her mind the possibility that such a catastrophe, like lightning, can strike twice.

What does the future hold for her?

According to these same friends, she can completely banish every cause for fear if she will resolutely turn her back upon every demand of success, and go to France to seek the aid of one great teacher. He, they say, is the only man who can, beyond the shadow of a doubt, correct that strain which was imposed upon her voice, fifteen years ago, by an ignorant coach.

Grace Moore, without making a statement of any kind, has instructed her booking agents to make no engagements for her until next winter. She will be in France by the time this magazine reaches the newsstands.

The courage which enabled her to fight her way up the ladder of success until she reached the very top, will carry her through whatever may prove necessary to dispel a shadow that has been haunting her this year.

• *A swell girl he thought*

. . . until he opened her letter

FIRST impressions had been favorable and important. From the knowing tilt of her hat to her trim shoes and ankles she had *style*. Her voice, her every gesture "did" things to him. Then came her letter. Nice enough, the things she said . . . but he didn't get beyond the poor quality and obvious lack of good taste of the stationery.

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Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

We Taylor fans do not want to deprive him of love and the pursuit of happiness. Let the wedding bells ring out. We'd love it!

B. PRENDERGAST,
New Orleans, La.

$1.00 PRIZE

DISLIKES HEPBURN

I don't like Katharine Hepburn. I dislike her intensely, because I dislike her intensely, which is reason enough for any female to dislike another female, isn't it?

But because I think she is by far the best actress on the screen today I always see her pictures and always come away too exhausted to condemn. It isn't because the pictures are the take-down-your-hair-and-have-a-good-cry type. "Alice Adams" was a quiet affair, but the character is as vivid to me as if I met her on the bus every morning. Katie's performances are such pure examples of egocentric detachment, she manages to get under your skin. You can't forget her.

CATHERINE FLAHERTY,
Jersey City, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

NELSON EDDY'S SECRET

What is the secret of Nelson Eddy's tremendous success? We have other singers on the screen, but none have achieved, nor can hope to achieve what Eddy has with only two pictures of importance to his credit.

His fame is not due primarily to the he-man physique which made Gable popular. Neither has he the college boy charm of Bob Taylor. Nor do we find in him the Puckish quality of Fred Astaire, the down-to-earthness of Cooper, or the romanticism of Boyer. He lacks the menace which has skyrocketed others to fame.

He is unique. He can sing what would normally be cheap music and it sounds infinitely beautiful. It is not just his personality, or his looks or even his magnificent voice alone, but the spirit behind that voice. The spirit of a man with music in his soul, a man who longs to bring to the world all the vast unexplored realms of great music. It is this radiance, this eagerness, so unusual in a mature man, together with the strong spiritual streak that makes itself felt in every scene which has made Nelson Eddy the supreme singing idol of the screen

FREDA WAKELING,
London, England.

$1.00 PRIZE

SPRING TONIC

A big shiny medal to all the clever comedies Hollywood is producing. Is life dull and monotonous? Watch "Theodora Goes Wild" and try to keep from absorbing the vim and vivacity that bubbles spontaneously from this sparkling production. Does your back ache from a heavy load of personal cares? Follow "After the Thin Man" and shuck off your worries with Bill's and Myrna's delighted irresponsibility and gay zest for living. Or are you overweight with synthetic cynicism? Regain your youthful figure while you thrill with Deanna Durbin's magical voice and clear-eyed eagerness in "Three Smart Girls." I'm snubbing sassafras tea and turning to movies for my tonic these days.

J. B. LONG,
Oak Grove, Mo.

SIMONE SHOULD SCRAM!

First: Will you please relieve a suffering public from such as Simone Simon? She is the worst YET to land on us. If you could hear the uncomplimentary remarks when a picture is to be in our theater and she is in the cast! I have heard only one person say he thought she was cute.

Second: Will you express to Mr. Fred Astaire how very restful and enjoyable it is to see somebody as appealing and delightful as he is, without having to be the most handsome man that ever lives? Proving "that certain something" isn't bound up in looks and sexy scenes.

GLADYS M. PITTS,
Elizabethton, Tenn.

BANK NITE IS NO BARGAIN

Just the other day I read a list of the ten best pictures of 1936. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I had seen only one of the ten! And would you like to know the reason? Well, it's "Bank nite." How mad it makes me when I think of the dough I've spent and the punk shows I've seen and the good ones I've missed because of this movie menace. But I have made a resolution—each "Bank nite" I stay home with gusto and save my money to see something really worth-while. How I wish a jillion Americans would join me to blot out this plague.

MRS FRANK V. DEARING,
Abilene, Texas.

DO YOU AGREE?

Sometimes you can and do publish such very stupid articles in your very good magazine. For instance, "Three Cornered Love."

I flatter myself that I know beauty when I see it, but if Virginia Bruce is beautiful—I'm surely incompetent to judge. When I heard her referred to as the "most beautiful girl in Hollywood," I couldn't help but wonder how the really beautiful ones take to such a remark. If Jimmy Stewart has fallen for her in preference to Eleanor Powell, I'd say the lad has poor taste.

Your description of her wasn't bad. "The electric quality of awareness is there but hidden by a chromium finish." Chromium finish for her and solid gold for Eleanor.

MERLE SMITH,
Coffeyville, Kansas.

UNIVERSAL SWEETHEART

May I extend my heartiest congratulations and my sincerest thanks to the Universal Studios for giving to a bored movie public the thrilling fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin?

After such a long trend of Shirley Temples and Jane Withers, Deanna, with her striking beauty, her gifted singing and her outstanding acting ability and personality, proves a refreshing treat.

ESTHER WINKELHAUS,
Dubuque, Iowa.

Happiness Comes Again to Arline Judge

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

p and leave to keep from bawling like a fool. tell you I couldn't work, I couldn't sleep; I as ill and I hadn't any interests beside the aby. So I got a leave of absence and barged ff to New York."

She arrived at her mother's suite at the Valdorf just before Christmas and together hey talked it over. "I'll never fall in love gain, or get married again," Arline told Mrs. udge solemnly. "It—it isn't in me anymore."

"But you don't have to crouch back in dark orners," her mother soothed. "Try to have good time and be happy and maybe you can nake things go with Wes again. You know 'd like nothing better than that. In the meanime, Dan Topping—you remember—is in town and wants you to have dinner with him. Only he's in bed with the flu. Why don't you go up and say hello?"

ARLINE had met Dan at Frank Morgan's house five years ago, and he had been a friend of hers—and of Ruggles'—ever since.

So she got a hot water bottle and stuffed it with orchids and went trotting up to his apartment to give him a laugh; and he laughed. That was the beginning.

She fell in love with him.

"I wouldn't believe it, I wouldn't even admit it to myself at first," she explained to me. "Not for weeks. But—he had so much, and after all the other fellows I'd known . . ." "I was scared silly, you understand. He'd call me for dates and I'd lie out of them. Then he began asking me to send Wes Junior over to his place for the afternoon—he's mad for kids—and little Wes was a pushover. Any boy is for a man who'll throw footballs and show him fight pictures all the time.

"Any way the thing had happened to me. I was having a marvelous time—doing the town—after all those months of hard work and being miserable over Wes. And when I decided to go to Miami for a while Dan caught the same train down."

The elder Toppings, *père* and *mère*, were living in their Miami house for the season and invited her to stop with them. "I want you to meet them, so they'll have a chance to adore you as much as I do," Dan told her, and she thought, "It's okay, then. He means it."

He'd been proposing daily in New York, from the beginning, and she had had the strength, somehow, to refuse. There was still Wes. There was the baby.

"Mr. Topping is a hard man to know," Arline told me. "He's one of those grand persons—I mean that in the best sense—and he's as bluntly honest about things and people as I am. So I was myself when I talked to him. I asked him if he thought Dan knew what he was letting himself in for—that I'd been married for six years and that I wasn't any baby and that I had a child who was the most important thing in the world to me. 'I couldn't have any differences over the kid,' I said.

"He simply smiled. 'Dan knows his own mind,' he told me; and then I understood it was all right. I accepted Dan that evening, and we left again for New York the next day."

Mr. Topping came to the plane to see them off. "I haven't had time to buy you a present," he said to Arline, "but—here." He pushed a package of gum into her hand. "Chew this to keep your ears from popping."

"Which means he loves you very much," Dan explained, happily.

From New York she phoned Ruggles and told him. "Are you really happy, Sweet?" his voice asked from the distance. "You really want this?"

"More than anything else in the world, Wes."

"Then you're to go ahead. We'll fix up a divorce as soon as we can. Naturally there's no question about the boy. He'll go with you. He's of you and for you, and I know I can have him whenever I like."

There was a little silence. "I'm glad it's Dan," Ruggles said then. "You couldn't have got a better guy."

He's one of those people you read about in good slick-paper novels, this Topping. A gentleman by heredity, gentleman by profession, he stands six feet two and he's got a profile like a Barclay illustration. When you meet him, if you're a man, you offer to buy him a drink instinctively; if you're a woman, you go diving after your compact and a mirror.

Arline lounged back in her chair. "He wants two more children to go along with Wesley and I'm going to have them. I don't care what it does to my career or anything else.

"I'm sure I'm doing the right thing and I'm going to be happy if—but, nuts." She laughed huskily. "I don't have to be belligerent about it, do I?"

"What *about* the career?" I asked curiously. "After 'Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,' and all those other hits, it seems a shame . . ."

But she'll be back and on the celluloid scrolls again in six months, it seems. She didn't want to, at first.

She went to Darryl Zanuck, who holds her personal contract, and told him her story, and asked for a release. "I don't want to work any more," she told him. "I want to make a home again and raise my children and just—live."

He regarded her smiling. "I wish you all the luck in the world," he said. "But I won't release you."

"Okay. I just asked."

"You could quit, you know."

"And you could sue me."

He frowned. "Don't be silly. We're friends, Arline."

"Then you understand why I couldn't quit," she said softly.

HE stood up. "I'll give you a wedding present, though, if you'll accept it. Finish one more picture for me, and then take a six months leave of absence. Go to Reno, get your divorce, marry your man, go off to Honolulu for a while—then after that come back. If you still want to."

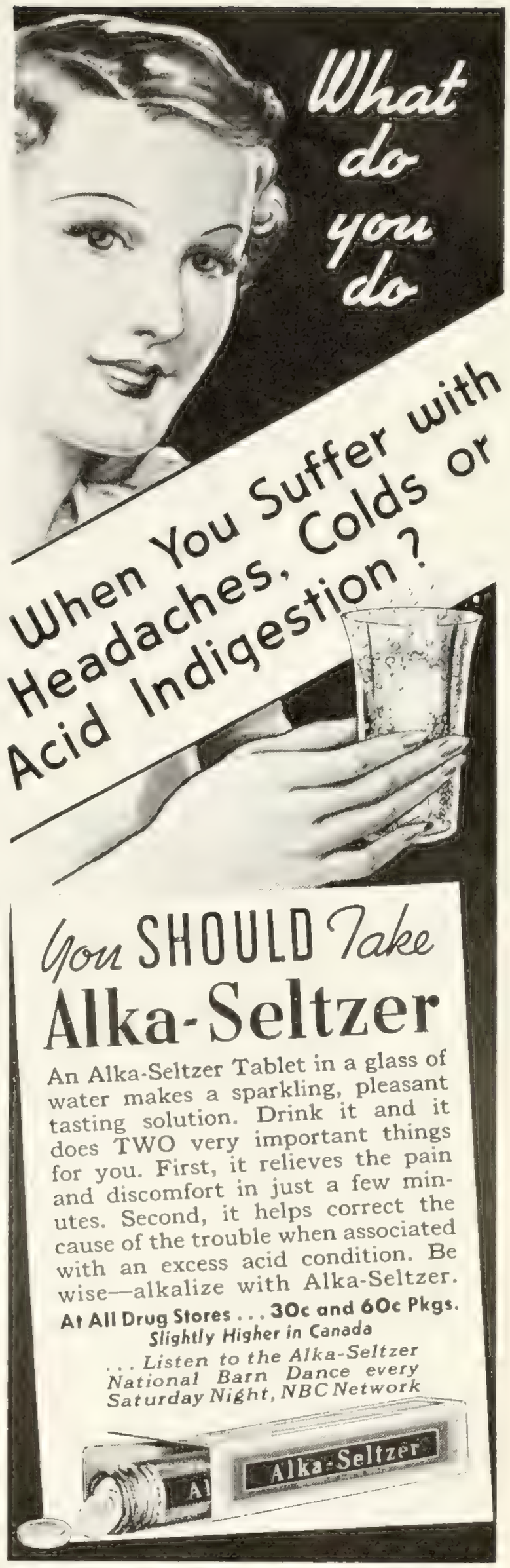
"I'll be back," Arline said. "And—thanks."

Wherefore: The ending of my story, and the beginning of new life, new happiness, for the little Judge girl.

It'll work out for her, too; anyone who knows her (and hence loves her) will tell you that. "She's such a grand person," they'll tell you, "that fate wouldn't be mean enough to hand her a dirty deal."

One person, though, is rooting harder for her than all the rest.

He is her ex-husband.



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Romance—and Herbert Marshall

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

I think he must have been a little surprised at the sudden ending of his marriage. It was really Miss Best who made the final and definite step when she granted a sensational interview to a magazine writer. Bart made no answer to this. Instead he fell back on his old philosophy of being reconciled to whatever fate seemed to hold in store for him.

THE next important woman in his life was Gloria Swanson—which is no particular secret. Their friendship began soon after Mrs. Marshall's departure for London; it has continued, devotedly, until within the last few months. What brought about the break-up is still a matter of conjecture. Perhaps there was too much basic good fellowship and friendship mixed up in their association to leave room for the necessary romantic urge that leads to marriage.

Marshall met Gloria when they were both trying to get over heartaches and disappointments. Gloria once told me that Bart was the most comforting man who ever lived. Perhaps he understood her problems so perfectly because he had long since given up the battle of his particular destiny. Perhaps he taught her something of the philosophy of bowing to the inevitable.

Their friendship in itself was a fine thing that did much for both of them. But there was one thing Bart could not become reconciled to:

Gloria was a front page figure on two continents. Everything she did was news. If she so much as looked at a man, he was immediately rumored as her next husband. It was while their friendship was at its height that Bart earned the reputation of being temperamental—at least to the press of Hollywood and New York.

Once, in a New York night club, he took exception to a photographer who insisted on taking his and Gloria's picture together, and ushered the gentleman from the cafe by force. It made every newspaper in the country the next morning.

Personal publicity that pries into the heart as well as the lives of professional people has always been a source of irritation to Marshall. He told me that day of our one interview:

"I cannot understand what difference it makes with whom we dine, or the color of the car we drive, just so long as we give the best we have to our work, which is really what the public is paying for." It wasn't an original argument, but Bart sincerely felt it, and his desire to protect Gloria from sensational rumor —publicity was probably his main reason for living such an aloof and retiring life in Hollywood.

BECAUSE Herbert Marshall appeared in public so seldom, it added fuel to his reputation as conservative, dignified and serious person, a unit in a slightly mad profession, but no part a of it. He seldom granted interviews. He seldom posed for publicity portraits—even those not of the "candid camera" variety. With a few trusted friends, he was content to live his life as he pleased while the Hollywood parade marched by.

Everyone believed he wanted it that way.

Yet, in the long run, both of these Marshall phases are directly responsible to the influence of the two women in his life during his Hollywood career. Both times he was the protector —in the case of his wife, shielding a sensitive girl from the obvious comparisons between the turn in their professional fates, and with Gloria —from the sensational publicity that seemed to attend the linking of their names together in newspapers.

Until three months ago, Hollywood had proved an obligation and a threat to the codes by which Bart lives, and thus to his happiness.

And then something happened to free him from what self-imposed obligations he had put upon himself. You hear various versions. One is that a new romantic interest came into the

Here's a new fad for you—the "Top of the Town" Game. It is played with dice and checkers, and the board is based on the ultra-modern sets used so effectively in Universal's picture "Top of the Town." Peggy Ryan, eleven-year-old dancing marvel of the film puts one over on Richard Carle

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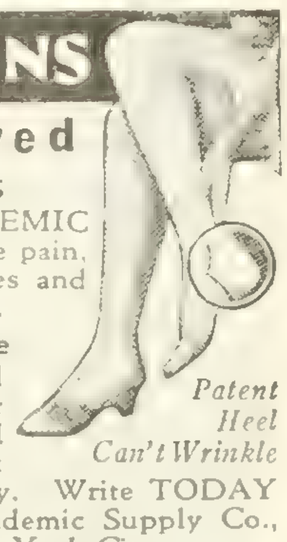

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life of Gloria Swanson in the form of a wealthy young French motion picture producer. The other is that Bart's return trip to London, where he saw his wife and dined with her in the friendly spirit of letting bygones be bygones, was the straw that caused the final rift in a romance Hollywood had expected to reach the altar.

But whatever the reason, Bart Marshall came back to Hollywood an emotionally and mentally free man.

A friend of his explained this supposedly "amazing transition" in him in this way:

"THERE is no one I know who has more capacity for enjoying life than Bart. Suddenly, and for the first time since he has been here, he can do and think and say and act pretty much as he pleases without having every move he makes automatically reflect on someone else.

"Personally, I'm delighted to see him coming out of his shell and giving himself a chance to enjoy all the things he's worked so courageously to obtain. For the first time since I've known him, his destiny is completely his own!"

So today finds the conservative Herbert Marshall looking on the crazy antics of movie town and discovering they are good for the laughs—and perhaps for the soul!

Oh, yes, I wouldn't take these rumors about the mysterious "Miss Russell" too seriously, either. There's joy in rediscovering laughter and music and gaiety all over again with a pretty girl to share such dates—but it's certainly better during such a laughing interval if you don't take it seriously.

Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLS

Joseph Walker, cameraman, and *Junita Pollard*, in Hollywood, Feb. 1st.

Bert Wheeler, comedian, and *Sally Haines*, actress, in Eddie Sutherland's home, February 26th.

Mary Astor eloped to Yuma and acquired her third husband. *Manuel Martinez Del Campo.*

William E. Mull, director, wed to *Roma Bower* of Vancouver in surprise Yuma wedding January 12th.

Anita Page disclosed on January 9th her several months' old marriage to *Lieutenant Herschel House* of the U. S. S. Ranger.

LOVE OPTIONS

Betty Grable and *Jackie Coogan* have set next December 20th as their wedding date.

Louise Henry and wealthy *Lawrence P. Fisher*, of Detroit, announce their engagement.

Marion Curtis and *George Givot*, screen dialectician, expect to marry soon.

SPARKING

When *Busby Berkeley* and *Bonnie Bannon* get their respective divorces they will be altar bound.

Elaine Barrie, awaiting her divorce from *John Barrymore*, is being squired by William Tanner, actor.

Bruce Cabot and *Gloria Baker.*

June Gale and *Hoot Gibson.*

Director *Eddie Sutherland* (ex-Loretta Young) and *Florence Rice.*

B. P. Schulberg and *Wilma Francis*, actress.

Olivia de Havilland and *Phil Huston.*

Ginger Rogers and *Cary Grant.*

Tom Brown and *Natalie Draper.*

Merle Oberon and *Brian Aherne*

MARITAL SIGN OFFS

Jean Carmen, actress, from *Walter Lohman*, insurance broker.

Mrs. Julius L. Kirkland is reported in Reno to get a divorce from *Jack Kirkland*, writer.

Mary Pauline Jones from *Charles Allyn Jones*, cameraman.

Mrs. Vyonne Stevens awarded divorce from *Geo. C. Stevens*, director.

Irline Judge in Reno to divorce Director *Wesley Ruggles.* Expected to marry immediately after Dan Topping, wealthy New Yorker.

Betty Compson filed suit for divorce from husband and former manager, *Irving Weinberg.*

Esther Howard, actress, filed divorce papers against husband *Walter G. Howard*, dentist.

Lois Sheriff, actress, divorced from *Leslie Sheriff*, musician.

Adrienne Ames filed new suit for divorce from *Bruce Cabot.*

Helen Burgess had her three months' marriage to *Herbert Rutherford*, music teacher, annuled.

GONE

George Hassell, veteran character actor, from heart attack, Feb. 17th.

Paul Graetz, actor, following a stroke of paralysis, at Hollywood home, Feb. 17th.

Sir Guy Standing, outstanding English actor, of heart attack, Feb. 24th.

George R. Daley, machine gun expert, killed by accidental explosion while working on war picture, Feb. 25th.

Humphrey Pearson, screen writer, mysteriously found dead in his Palm Springs home.

Peter Laduca, studio worker, killed in building accident, March 2nd.

Marcella Arnold, actress, was killed in automobile accident on location scene, March 3rd.

LEGAL

The parents of fourteen-year-old *Deanna Durbin* appointed her legal guardians by Probate Court.

Sherman D. Stearns, New York broker, sued Pat di Cicco, agent, for $25,000, following a Hollywood night club fight.

Juveniles *Juanita Quigley, Patricia Walthall, Dickie Moore, Joan Fontaine* and *Marie Marks* had their film contracts approved by Superior Court.

Grace Moore settled the $98,500 suit for commissions brought against her by agent *Frank Orsatti* out of court.

State income tax collector filed levy to collect $15,953 from *B. P. Schulberg*, producer.

AND ALSO

The Screen Writers Guild has disbanded.

Marlene Dietrich took out her first citizenship papers.

Casts of Current Pictures

"A FAMILY AFFAIR"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "Skidding" by Aurania Rouveyrol. Screen play by Kay Van Riper. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lionel Barrymore; *Marion Hardy*, Cecilia Parker; *Wayne Trent*, Eric Linden; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Frank Redmond*, Charley Grapewin; *Mrs. Hardy*, Spring Byington; *Joan Hardy*, Julie Haydon; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Bill Martin*, Allen Vincent; *Polly*, Margaret Marquis; *Hoyt Wells*, Selmer Jackson; *Oscar Stubbins*, Harlan Briggs.

"CALL IT A DAY"—WARNERS.—Original story by Dodie Smith. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie Mayo. The Cast: *Roger Hilton*, Ian Hunter; *Dorothy Hilton*, Frieda Inescort; *Catherine*, Olivia de Havilland; *Ann*, Bonita Granville; *Martin*, Peter Willes; *Muriel West*, Alice Brady; *Frank West*, Roland Young; *Mrs. Milson*, Una O'Connor; *Cook*, Beryl Mercer; *Vera*, Elsa Buchanan; *Joan Collett*, Anita Louise; *Elsie Lester*, Mary Field; *Esther Francis*, Peggy Wood; *Paul Francis*, Walter Woolf; *Beatrice Gwynn*, Marcia Ralston.

"CHINA PASSAGE" — RKO-RADIO. — Story by Taylor Caven. Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Edward Killy. The Cast: *Jane Dunn*, Constance Worth; *Tom Baldwin*, Vinton Haworth; *A. Durand*, Leslie Fenton; *Joe Dugan*, Gordon Jones; *Harvey*, Alec Craig; *Phillip Burton*, Dick Elliott; *Captain Williams*, Frank M. Thomas; *Dr. Sibley*, George Irving; *Bartender*, Billy Gilbert; *Mrs. Collins*, Joyce Compton; *Dr. Feng Tu*, Phillip Ahn; *Lia Sen*, Lotus Long; *Yo Ling*, Lotus Liu; *Wong*, Tsetsui Komai; *Chang*, Moy Ming; *Art Trent*, Huntley Gordon; *Switchboard Operator*, Jane Walsh; *Officer*, William Corson; *Officer*, Alan Curtis.

"DEAD YESTERDAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Mignon Eberhart. Screen play by Bess Meredyth, William Conselman and Jerry Cady. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *Miss Keats*, Jane Darwell; *Dr. Triggert*, Sig Rumann; *Ann Smith*, Sally Blane; *Dr. David McKerry*, Thomas Beck; *Flossie Duffy*, Joan Davis; *Mortimer Beatty*, William Demarest; *Allen Tracy*, George Walcott; *Detective Lieutenant Mattoon*, Wade Boteler; *Tom Kirby*, Howard Phillips.

"ESPIONAGE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Walter Hackett. Screen play by Manuel Seff, Leonard Lee and Ainsworth Morgan. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The Cast: *Kenneth*, Edmund Lowe; *Patricia*, Madge Evans; *Kronsky*, Paul Lukas; *Sonia*, Ketti Gallian; *Brown*, Skeets Gallagher; *Von Cram*, Frank Reicher; *Turk*, William Gilbert; *Duval*, Robert Graves; *Burgos*, Leonid Kinsky; *Sondheim*, Mitchell Lewis; *Doyle*, Charles Trowbridge; *Cordell*, Barnett Parker; *Fleurette*, Nita Pike; *South American*, Juan Torena; *Maitre d'Hotel*, George Sorel; *La Forge*, Gaston Glass; *Chief of Police*, Egon Brecher.

"GIRL OVERBOARD"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Sarah Elizabeth Rodger. Screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Sidney Salkow. The Cast: *Mary Chesbrooke*, Gloria Stuart; *Paul Stacey*, Walter Pidgeon; *Bobbie Stacey*, Billy Burrud; *Joe Gray*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Harvey*, Gerald Oliver Smith; *Alex LeMaire*, Sidney Blackmere; *Charlie Jenkins*, Jack Smart; *"Dutch,"* David Oliver; *Molly Shane*, Charlotte Wynters; *Sam LeMaire*, Russell Hicks; *Sergeant Hatton*, R. E. O'Connor; *Captain Murphy*, Edward McNamara.

"HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Crane Wilbur. Screen play by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Carol*, Jean Muir; *Diane*, Beverly Roberts; *Bart*, Warren Hull; *Stevenson*, Joseph Crehan; *Agatha Kingdon*, Clara Blandick; *Steven Garron*, Addison Richards; *Dan Kingdon*, Harry Davenport; *Mr. Blake*, Gordon Hart; *Miss Baldwin*, Minerva Urecal; *Louise*, Pauline Garon; *Stanton*, Stuart Holmes.

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT" — WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Story and screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: *Paul Dumond*, Charles Boyer; *Irene Vail*, Jean Arthur; *Cesare*, Leo Carrillo; *Bruce Vail*, Colin Clive; *Michael*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Norton*, George Meeker; *Detective Witness*, Lucian Prival; *Inspector Millard*, Georges Renavent; *Maestor*, George Davies; *Hotel Maid*, Adele St. Mauer.

"LOST HORIZON"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by James Hilton. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The Cast: *Robert Conway*, Ronald Colman; *Sondra*, Jane Wyatt; *Lovett*, Edward Everett Horton; *George Conway*, John Howard; *Barnard*, Thomas Mitchell; *Maria*, Margo; *Gloria*, Isabel Jewell; *Chang*, H. B. Warner; *High Lama*, Sam Jaffe; *Lord Gainsford*, Hugh Buckler; *Valet*, John T. Murray; *Englishman*, John Burton; *Steward*, David Clyde; *Englishman*, John Miltern; *Seiveking*, Max Rabinowitz; *Fenner*, Milton Owen; *Talu*, Val Durand; *Bandit Leader*, Willie Fung; *Bandit Leader*, Victor Wong; *Missionaries*, Ruth Robinson, Margaret McWade, Carl Stockdale and Wyrley Birch; *Pottery Maker*, Matthew Carlton; *Candle Maker*, Joe Herrera; *Leader of Porters*, Noble Johnson; *Passengers*, Stella Le Saint, Beatrice Curtis, Mary Lou Dix and Beatrice Blinn; *Radio Operator*, Neal Fitzgerald; *Asst. Radio Operator*, John Kascier.

"LOVE IS NEWS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Directed by Tay Garnett. The Cast: *Steve Leyton*, Tyrone Power; *Tony Gateson*, Loretta Young; *Martin J. Canavan*, Don Ameche; *Judge Hart*, Slim Summerville; *Cyrus Jeffrey*, Dudley Digges; *Eddie Johnson*, Walter Catlett; *Count Andre de Guyon*, George Sanders; *Mrs. Flaherty*, Jane Darwell; *Penrod*, Stepin Fetchit; *Lois Westcott*, Pauline Moore; *Egbert Eggleston*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *A. G. Findlay*, Frank Conroy; *Kenyon*, Edwin Maxwell; *Joe* Brady, Charles Williams; *Logan*, Julius Tannen; *Mike Allegretti*, George Humbert; *J. D. Jones*, Frederick Burton; *Bevins*, Charles Coleman; *Alvord*, Paul McVey; *Tessie*, Carol Tevis; *Motorcycle Officer*, Ed Deering; *Copy Boy*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Police Officer*, Wade Boteler; *Dowager*, Maidel Turner; *Girl*, Dorothy Christy.

"MARKED WOMAN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Mary*, Bette Davis; *David Graham*, Humphrey Bogart; *Florrie*, Rosalind Marquis; *Sheldon*, Henry O'Neill; *Estelle*, Mayo Methot; *Emmy Lou*, Isabel Jewell; *Henchman*, Alan Davis; *Headwaiter*, Carlos San Martin; *Gabby*, Lola Lane; *Criminal Lawyer*, Raymond Hatton; *Defense Lawyer*, John Litel; *Johnny Vanning*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Louie*, Teddy Hart; *Charlie Delane*, Ben Welden; *Detective*, Guy Usher; *Henchman*, Allen Matthews; *Ferguson*, Edwin Stanley; *George Beler*, Robert Strange; *Ralph Krawford*, Danian O'Flynn; *Betty*, Jane Bryan; *Crandall*, Wm. B. Davidson; *Bell Captain*, James Robbins; *Mr. Truble*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Eddie*, Kenneth Harlan; *Vincent*, John Sheehan; *Mac*, Sam Wren.

"MAYTIME"—M-G-M.—Based on the play by Rida Johnson Young. Screen play by Noel Langley. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: *Marcia*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Paul*, Nelson Eddy; *Nicolai*, John Barrymore; *Archipenco*, Herman Bing; *Kip*, Tom Brown; *Barbara*, Lynne Carver; *Ellen*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Cabby*, Charles Judels; *Trentini*, Paul Porcasi; *Fanchon*, Sig Rumann; *Rudyard*, Walter Kingsford; *Secretary*, Edgar Norton; *Napoleon*, Guy Bates Post; *Mme. Fanchon*, Anna Demetrio.

"THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY" — RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Jules Verne. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Mortimer Offner. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The Cast: *Michael Strogoff*, Anton Walbrook; *Zangarra*, Margot Grahame; *Nadia*, Elizabeth Allan; *Ogareff*, Akim Tamiroff; *Strogoff's Mother*, Fay Bainter; *Cyril Blount*, Eric Blore; *Vassily*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Tzar Alexander II*, Paul Harvey; *Grand Duke Vladimir*, Murray Kinnell; *Eddie Packer*, Edward Brophy; *Passport Official*, Frank M. Thomas; *Shepherd's Wife*, Doris Lloyd; *Innkeeper*, Michael Visaroff; *Tzar's General*, Oscar Apfel; *Gypsy Woman*, Margaret Armstrong; *Tzar's Aide*, Leonard Ceeley; *Cart Driver*, Dewey Robinson.

"MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE" —PARAMOUNT —Based on a novel by Kurt Steel. Screen play by Brian Marlow, Robert Wyler and Eddie Welch. Directed by Charles Riesner. The Cast: *Slim Perkins*, Roscoe Karns; *Nora Barry*, Marsha Hunt; *Hank Dyer*, Lynne Overman; *Strike Belno*, Larry Crabbe; *Greta Barry*, Astrid Allwyn; *Paul Broderick*, Harvey Stephens; *President McShean*, Purnell Pratt; *Dean Olney*, Barlow Borland; *Tom Barry*, Earle Foxe; *Howard Sayforth*, Anthony Nace; *Lil*, Terry Ray; *Drunk*, Nick Lukats; *Taxi Driver*, Jack Chapin; *Inspector Simpson*, Charles Wilson.

"NANCY STEELE IS MISSING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Charles Francis Coe. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Hal Long. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: *Dannie O'Neill*, Victor McLaglen; *Michael Steele*, Walter Connolly; *Professor Sturm*, Peter Lorre; *Sheila O'Neill*, June Lang; *Jimmie Wilson*, Robert Kent; *Nancy*, Shirley Deane; *Harry Wilkins*, John Carradine; *Mrs. Flaherty*, Jane Darwell; *Dan Mallon*, Frank Conroy; *Joseph F. X. Flaherty*, Granville Bates; *Gus Crowder*, George Taylor; *Tom*, Kane Richmond; *Miss Hunt*, Margaret Fielding; *Doctor on Farm*, De Witt Jennings; *Counter Clerk*, George Chandler; *Giuseppe Spano*, George Humbert; *Detectives*, Robert Murphy, Ed Deering; *Superior Court Judge*, Frederic Burton; *Warden in 1936*, Stanley Andrews; *Municipal Court Judge*, Guy Usher.

"PARADISE EXPRESS"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Allan Vaughn Elston and Paul Perez. Screen play by Jack Natteford and Betty Burbridge. Directed by Joseph Kane. The Cast: *Larry Doyle*, Grant Withers; *Kay Carson*, Dorothy Appleby; *Trotter*, Arthur Hoyt; *Maggie Casey*, Maude Eburne; *Jed Carson*, Harry Davenport; *Armstrong*, Donald Kirke; *Glover*, Arthur Loft; *Tom Wilson*, Lew Kelly; *Stymie*, Anthony Pawley; *Proprietress*, Fern Emmett; *Gus*, John Holland; *Harmonica Player*, Bob McClung; *Conductor*, Bruce Mitchell; *Skinny Smith*, Guy Wilkerson; *Beasley*, George Cleveland; *Dispatcher*, Ralph McCollough.

"PICK A STAR"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Original screen play by Richard Flournoy, Arthur Vernon Jones and Tom Dugan. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: *Joe Jenkins*, Jack Haley; *Nellie Moore*, Patsy Kelly; *Dagmar*, Lyda Roberti; *Rinaldo*

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"THAT I MAY LIVE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ben Markson and William Conselman. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Irene Howard*, Rochelle Hudson; *Dick Mannion*, Robert Kent; *Tex Shapiro*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Charlie*, Jack La Rue; *Pop*, Frank Conroy; *Abner Jenkins*, Fred Kelsey; *Mack*, George Cooper; *Chief of Police*, De Witt Jennings; *Bish Plivens*, Russell Simpson; *Kurt Plivens*, William Benedict.

"THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL"—WARNERS.—Original and screen play by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The Cast: *Alfred*, Fernand Gravet; *Dorothy*, Joan Blondell; *Count Humbert*, Edward Everett Horton; *Duchess Anna*, Mary Nash; *Donald*, Alan Mowbray; *Babette*, Jane Wyman; *Gaston*, Luis Alberni; *Eric*, Torben Meyer; *Prof. Kornish*, Lionel Pape; *Footman*, Leonard Mudie; *Concierge*, Adrian Rosley; *Alan Davis*, Georges Renevant.

"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"—M-G-M.—From the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Screen play by Leon Gordon, Samson Raphaelson and Monckton Hoffe. Directed by Richard Boleslawski and Dorothy Arzner. The Cast: *Fay Cheyney*, Joan Crawford; *Charles*, William Powell; *Arthur*, Robert Montgomery; *Lord Kelton*, Frank Morgan; *Duchess*, Jessie Ralph; *Willie*, Nigel Bruce; *Joan*, Colleen Clare; *Kitty*, Benita Hume; *Cousin John*, Ralph Forbes; *Maria*, Aileen Pringle; *William*, Melville Cooper; *Ames*, Leonard Carey; *Anna*, Sara Haden; *Inspector Witherspoon*, Lumsden Hare; *George*, Wallis Clark; *Purser*, Barnett Parker.

"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Wings Of Mercy" by Alice F. Curtis. Screen play by J. Robert Bren, Edmund L. Hartmann, G. V. Atwater and Thomas Lennon. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Jim Stanton*, John Beal; *Doris King*, Joan Fontaine; *Dick Miller*, Philip Houston; *Barbara Reed*, Jane Walsh; *Dr. Stanton*, George Irving; *Nosey*, James Conlin; *Roberts*, Frank M. Thomas; *Helen*, Diana Gibson; *Patient*, Dwight Frye; *Fat Hobo*, Billy Gilbert.

"TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS LEAVE"—GRAND NATIONAL.—Based on the popular Saturday Evening Post story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: *Sergeant Gray*, James Ellison; *Peggy Markley*, Terry Walker; *Tommy*, Morgan Hill; *General Markley*, Paul Harvey; *Banning*, Wally Maher; *Solomon*, Andy Andrews; *Squibb*, Pat Gleason; *Turner*, Arthur Lake; *Schiltz*, Murray Alper; *Tubbs*, John Kelly; *Sergeant Burke*, Ward Bond; *Captain Barker*, Russell Hicks.

"WOMEN OF GLAMOUR"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Milton Herbert Gropper. Screen play by Lynn Starling and Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Gordon Wiles. The Cast: *Gloria Hudson*, Virginia Bruce; *Richard Stark*, Melvyn Douglas; *Fritz Eagan*, Reginald Denny; *Carol Coulter*, Leona Maricle; *Fay La Roque*, Pert Kelton; *Mr. Stark*, Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Stark*, Mary Forbes; *Winkler*, John Graham; Spacey; *Caldwell*, Maurice Cass; *Kilo*, Miki Morita.

"WHITE BONDAGE" — WARNERS. — Original story and screen play by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Nick Grinde. The Cast: *Betsy*, Jean Muir; *Dave*, Gordon Oliver; *Snipe*, Howard Phillips; *Glory*, Eddie Anderson; *Sarah*, Virginia Brissac; *Trent Talcott*, Joseph King; *Kip*, Addison Richards; *Pap Craig*, Harry Davenport; *Hannah*, Bernice Pilot; *Huxley*, Gordon Hart; *Rickets*, Cy Kendall; *Joe Tawney*, Milt Kibbee; *Lon Huston*, Trevor Bardette; *Luke Stacey*, Vic Potel.

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW"—GB.—Original screen play by Lesser Samuels and Ralph Bettinson. Scenario and additional dialogue by Austin Melford and Bryan Wallace. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: *Jimmy Dean*, Wallace Ford; *Bert Dawson*, John Mills; *Sally Briggs*, Anna Lee; *Jean*, Grace Bradley; *Sergeant-Major Briggs*, *American Student*, Peter Croft; *Sugar-Daddy*, Arthur Chesney; *Trader*, Lawrence Anderson; *Vice-Consul*, Frederick Leister; *Greek*, Leo von Pokorney; *Army Schoolmaster*, Athol Fleming.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox.—This exciting air drama concerns spy Peter Lorre's efforts to secure plane blueprints from adventuring pilot Brian Donlevy, who walks away with acting honors. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good support. *(Feb.)*

CRIMINAL LAWYER—RKO-Radio—Lee Tracy is the crooked lawyer who becomes district attorney, turns over a new leaf, and with the help of Margot Grahame, his secretary, brings the law to menacing Eduardo Ciannelli. Good story, clever lines and plenty of action. *(Feb.)*

DANGEROUS NUMBER — M-G-M. — A dull little tale with Robert Young as a wealthy gent who marries a brainstorm actress, Ann Sothern, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reginald Owen in a beard. Pretend it isn't there. *(April.)*

DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES—Warners.—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne Morris) who wants love and the heavyweight championship. Barton MacLane gets the fight crown, Wayne gets the sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. *(April.)*

DON'T TELL THE WIFE—RKO-Radio.—A boondoggle plot lifted from the old story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter, and Una Merkel, as his wife, are simply grand. Amusing. *(April.)*

ELLIS ISLAND—Invincible.—Donald Cook and Peggy Shannon provide perfunctory love interest in a melodrama involving the efforts of crooks to escape through New York's portals with a million dollar holdup loot. Hi-jacking complicates matters. Lots of comedy. *(Feb.)*

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films-United Artists.—Queen Elizabeth, Phillip II of Spain, The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this slow-paced English drama about a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy. Flora Robeson and Laurence Olivier are fine. *(Mar.)*

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warners.—An exciting and vigorous story of rival lumber camps enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent plays the reformed playboy who saves the day for Beverly Roberts when Robert Barrat villainously jams up the woodwork. *(Feb.)*

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937**—Warners.—A highly entertaining combination of catchy tunes, good gags, and girls. Dick Powell is good as the singing insurance salesman who befriends chorus girl Joan Blondell, finds himself in the show business. Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore's comedy is outstanding. *(Feb.)*

GREAT GUY—Grand National.—A subdued James Cagney returns to the screen in a lifeless story of a government official who runs afoul of crooked politicians. Mae Clarke as his doubting sweetie is pleasing. Very average fare with no briskness, and suspense. *(Feb.)*

★ **GREEN LIGHT**—Warners.—Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel concerning a young surgeon's sacrifice of his reputation to save his teacher brings new honors to Errol Flynn. Anita Louise is his lovely sweetheart. Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Abel and the whole cast are excellent. *(Mar.)*

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Republic.—A dreary little mystery spy story with a Shanghai background. Phil Regan's singing is tuneful as he warbles code messages to beautiful Evelyn Venable. Jed Prouty, who manufactures airplanes, is helpful. Grade B. *(Feb.)*

★ **HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE**—GB.—British Jessie Mathews' new musical crammed with delightful songs. Jessie is a poor cabaret singer with love trouble. Robert Flemyng, Louis Borel and Whitney Bourne do well in supporting rôles. *(April.)*

HOUSE OF SECRETS—Chesterfield.—Leslie Fenton inherits an English estate, is driven out by mysterious gangsters. Muriel Evans is a satisfactory heart interest. Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Claude King and Morgan Wallace are convincing. Just fair. *(Mar.)*

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Introducing Francine Larrimore as the newest Hollywood star, this is a phony story, dull of dialogue and strained as to action. It involves Edward Arnold too, as the tycoon who marries a farmerette to spite a society jane. No dice. *(April.)*

JOIN THE MARINES—Republic.—A fast little comedy about Marines in the South Seas with many surprise story twists. June Travis is the soldier-hating girl; Paul Kelly is the man who changes her mind. Warren Hymer goes over big. *(Mar.)*

LARCENY ON THE AIR—Republic.—This confusing story of the fight by a young doctor (Robert Livingston) against harmful medicines is moral in tone, weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley is the heroine, Granville Bates, Williard Robertson, Smiley Burdette support. *(Mar.)*

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LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox.—No laughing matter are editor Jane Darwell's troubles when she sets out to free her niece's boy friend of a murder charge. Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden and Russell Hicks are in the cast. Unsophisticated and nice for the family. (*Mar.*)

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—GB.—Better acted than plotted, this concerns the murder of an unknown in the apartment of a fashionable doctor (Otto Kruger). The action goes into reverse, shows the not very convincing reasons for the shooting. Nice cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **LLOYDS OF LONDON**—20th Century-Fox.—Magnificently cast, produced and directed, this epic drama of the British insurance house is welded to a beautiful love story involving Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power. The whole cast including Freddie Bartholomew, Sir Guy Standing, Virginia Field is splendid. Top honors go to Power who is sensational. Don't miss this. (*Feb.*)

★ **MAID OF SALEM**—Paramount.—A dark tale of witchcraft and Puritan bigotry in Massachusetts superbly directed and produced. The drama is woven around Claudette Colbert and cavalier Fred MacMurray, both of whom have never done finer work. Bonita Granville (Remember "These Three"?) is perfect. Don't miss this. (*Mar.*)

MAN OF AFFAIRS—GB.—An innocuous little tale of diplomacy in high places, with suave George Arliss in the dual rôle of a ne'er do well Englishman and his titled brother. George prevents a war with the Orient, plays matchmaker for Romilly Lunge and Rene Ray. Very simple fare indeed. (*Mar.*)

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—M-G-M.—This time Joseph Calleia's forceful performance is thrown on the side of law and order and lifts a trite story to impressive entertainment. As a poor lawyer, he uncovers a lot of skulduggery, implicates his sweetie, Florence Rice. Honesty triumphs. (*April.*)

MAMA STEPS OUT—M-G-M.—A blatant and obvious picture that doesn't jell despite Alice Brady's cute tantrums. It's about an American family searching culture abroad. They find Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye and Heather Thatcher. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner are lightly romantic. (*April.*)

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Paramount.—A clean, homespun little tale of a nature columnist who gets mixed up with killer politicians, is saved by Boy Scouts. Charles Ruggles and Alice Brady provide the humor. (*Feb.*)

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Columbia.—A frisky young story poking fun at health faddists. George Brent is the editor of a hygienic magazine. Jean Arthur is his amanuensis who injects new ideas into the magazine and herself into Brent's heart. Ruth Donnelly and Lionel Stander are very funny. (*Feb.*)

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Universal.—The same old murder mystery with the cheeky reporter solving the crime by himself, but Andy Devine's presence brightens things up. James Dunn, Jean Rogers and John Eldridge fit their rôles nicely. (*Mar.*)

NOBODY'S BABY—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A neat little setup for the antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti. The girls play student nurses, find themselves romantically inclined toward Bob Armstrong and Lynne Overman. It's a panic. (*April.*)

OFF TO THE RACES—20th Century-Fox—The best Jones epic so far with practically the same cast as usual. Slim Summerville owns the trotting horse which precipitates new squabbles and excitement. It's fun. (*Mar.*)

★ **ONE IN A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—A new star arises! Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion, is surrounded by a lush and splendiferous musical story and a swell cast including Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge, The Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche. Sonja has plenty of charm, snap and skill. Be sure and go. (*Mar.*)

★ **ON THE AVENUE**—20th Century-Fox.—Here are Irving Berlin's delicious new songs, Madeleine Carroll's pulchritude, Alice Faye's torching, the Ritz Brothers nutsy nonsense, and Dick Powell singing love lilts built around a poor boy meets rich girl angle. A swell dish. (*April.*)

OUTCAST—Paramount.—A somber and slow-moving account of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself after an unfortunate operation. Karen Morley intends to expose Warren William, falls in love instead. Lewis Stone saves the pair from the town's fury. (*April.*)

PARK AVENUE LOGGER—RKO-Radio.—Entertaining action-packed comedy with athletic George O'Brien in a swaggering rôle of a rich man's son sent to a lumber camp to pull himself together. There he woos and wins Beatrice Roberts. (*April.*)

PENROD AND SAM—Warners.—Little Billy Mauch shows the younger generation's opinion of crime. Craig Reynolds is the menace; Spring Byington is amusing as the Mother. A little too honor bright, but the kiddies will bite their nails at the matinee. (*Mar.*)

★ **QUALITY STREET**—RKO-Radio.—Sir James Barrie's classic brought to life by a perfect cast headed by Katharine Hepburn in the dual rôle of a spinster and her giddy niece. Franchot Tone is the dashing doctor lover. Fay Bainter, Eric Blore and Cora Witherspoon are excellent. It's splendid. (*Mar.*)

RACING LADY—RKO-Radio.—A weak story with a few exciting race shots to pep it up has Smith Ballew buying a horse, hiring Ann Dvorak, its former owner, as trainer. The nag is stolen, but you can guess the rest. (*Feb.*)

★ **RAINBOW ON THE RIVER**—Sol Lesser-RKO-Radio.—Bobby Breen reaching the heart with silvery song in a sentimental story of a Civil War orphan. Louise Beavers excellent as his colored mammy. May Robson, Alan Mowbray, Charles Butterworth and Benita Hume are superb support. (*Feb.*)

READY WILLING AND ABLE—Warners.—Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English star, all but ruins Ross Alexander's Broadway show in this gleeful musical. Lee Dixon, a new dancing demon, is splendid, so is Wini Shaw's singing. (*April.*)

SEA DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—A slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol with Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen fighting and loving all over the ocean. Ida Lupino and Donald Woods are nice support and the storms at sea are thrilling. (*April.*)

SHE'S DANGEROUS—Universal.—Tala Birell is the girl detective whose chase for Cesar Romero involves her in the murder of her chief. Walter Pidgeon is the faithful doctor-lover, Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer are the comedy. Very so-so. (*Mar.*)

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M.—Three murders in three days fail to add necessary excitement to this dull story. Margaret Lindsay is around, trusting in lawyer Bruce Cabot's efforts to save her from more of the same. Brittle acting, poor dialogue. Stay away. (*Feb.*)

SMART BLONDE—Warners.—Glenda Farrell as a smart reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective are a sleuthing combination, with romance on the side, who solve two murders—the outcome of a night club operator's desire to retire. Entertaining. (*Feb.*)

★ **STOLEN HOLIDAY**—Warners.—Kay Francis, as a swank couturiere, lives up to her reputation as the screen's best-dressed woman, gets involved through friendship with Claude Rains in a big time swindle though her heart calls for Ian Hunter. Women will love it. (*Feb.*)

★ **STOWAWAY**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple captures new honors for herself in this tale of an orphan reared in China who plays cupid on shipboard for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Shirley sings, dances and speaks Chinese with adorable gusto. (*Mar.*)

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—GB.—Based on Edgar Wallace's "The Northing Tramp" this harum scarum semi-mystery involves an unknown hobo's (Hugh Sinclair) efforts to prove his blue-blooded right to millions. Constance Cummings promises to help him spend it. Beatrice Lehmann, Noah Beery and a fine cast. Fair. (*Feb.*)

★ **SWING HIGH, SWING LOW**—Paramount.—A smooth blend of laughter and tears, torch numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, this teams Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a story of a girl who marries a lazy charming boy, makes a star of him, gets her heart broken. It's simply perfect and so is Carole. Don't miss this. (*April.*)

★ **THAT GIRL FROM PARIS**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons sings and acts divinely through escapades which take her as a stowaway to America, unwillingly aided by four members of an orchestra, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Frank Jenks, Mischa Auer. Everyone has music and lots of fun. So will you. (*Feb.*)

★ **THE GOOD EARTH**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. See this by all means. (*Mar.*)

THE GREAT O'MALLEY—Warners.—Pat O'Brien is the hard-boiled Manhattan cop who finds himself sentimentally touched by Sybil Jason, daughter of a man he sent to prison. Frieda Inescort, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and a fine cast. Better go. (*Feb.*)

★ **THE HOLY TERROR**—20th Century-Fox.—Here is merry entertainment with Jane Withers as the meddlesome harum scarum of a naval air base. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tunefully; Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown briskly. The best Withers' film in a blue moon. (*Mar.*)

THE MIGHTY TREVE—Universal.—This trite and overdialogued story has Tuffy, a magnificently trained collie, going through his paces. Of course he is accused of sheep stealing. Sam Hinds, Noah Beery and Barbara Reed round out the cast. For animal lovers and children. (*Mar.*)

★ **THE PLAINSMAN**—Paramount.—C. B. DeMille's forceful and thrilling historical drama of the wild and wooly West with not a cow in the carload. Gary Cooper at his finest as *Wild Bill Hickok;* Jean Arthur superb as *Calamity Jane;* James Ellison a handsome *Cody* and John Miljan an ideal *Custer.* A walloping picture! (*Feb.*)

★ **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**—RKO-Radio.—John Ford's directorial portrait of strife-torn Ireland done with restraint and intelligence. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck are the highy emotional Dubliners torn between patriotism and love. Barry Fitzgerald takes honors. The photography is outstanding. (*Mar.*)

THE WOMAN ALONE—GB.—A morbid and not particularly exciting story of a secret terrorist gang in London with Oscar Homolka, Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Desmond Testor all of whom give sincere performances. (*Mar.*)

★ **THREE SMART GIRLS**—Universal.—A delightfully clever and intelligent story marking thirteen year old Deanna Durbin's screen debut as a singer. It involves the efforts of three sisters to win daddy Charles Winninger from gold digger Binnie Barnes. A knockout! (*Feb.*)

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox.—Thrills, suspense and romance enliven this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who hitch-hikes her way to the coast, picks up Michael Whalen whom she suspects of being a robber. Lots of laughs. (*April.*)

★ **TOP OF THE TOWN**—Universal.—A madly paced collection of spectacular dances, and downright fun, this musical extravaganza has Doris Nolan, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Gregory Ratoff, George Murphy, Peggy Ryan, Hugh Herbert in the cast, so you have the idea. Go. (*April.*)

TWO WISE MAIDS—Republic.—Dedicated to grade teachers, this emotional melodrama offers the splendid acting of Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran as the school madams. Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Searl are the problem children. You'll like it. (*April.*)

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT—M-G-M.—A dark but not very deep thriller with college professors going in for wholesale slaughter. Detective Edmund Lowe traps the gory murderer, saves his sweetheart, Florence Rice. The cast is adequate. (*Mar.*)

WAY OUT WEST—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Laurel and Hardy rollick their way west with a mining deed, deliver it to the wrong person, and spend the rest of the picture avenging their error with slapstick antics that will make you howl. A riot. (*Feb.*)

WE'RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio.—When Helen Broderick and Victor Moore become members of a jury you can expect anything to happen. It does. They find the real criminal before Judge Robert McWade and Phil Huston are reduced to a pulp. You'll laugh. (*Mar.*)

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY—RKO-Radio.—Goofier than ever, Joe E. Brown's new comedy presents The Mouth as an amateur astrologer whose faith in the zodiac gets him into plenty of hot water, lands him in the prize ring. You'll howl. (*April.*)

★ **WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE**—Columbia.—Grace Moore and Cary Grant in a sparkling story of a vain opera star forced into an ironic marriage in order to fix up passport trouble. Bubbling comedy, delightful operatic and modern tunes and a splendid cast. Be sure and see it. (*April.*)

WHITE HUNTER—20th Century-Fox.—A painfully thin story of a wronged man's desire to revenge himself when his one time nemesis turns up on safari in Africa. Warner Baxter, June Lang, Gail Patrick and Wilfred Lawson are the principals. Pretty weak. (*Feb.*)

WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century-Fox.—A modern melodrama involving women and horses done in Technicolor. Henry Fonda is the gentleman trainer; Annabella is his gypsy love song. The Irish countryside scenes are superb; John McCormick sings magnificently. Better see it. (*April.*)

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—Melody Pictures.—An unpretentious comedy played ingratiatingly by Pinky Tomlin. When he gets the run around by crooks who steal his songs, Toby Wing and Arthur Houseman help him out. Trite, but Pinky's singing is inimitable. (*Feb.*)

WITHOUT WARNING—20th Century-Fox.—Norman Foster's initial attempt at directing is only fair. It involves a murder in Death Valley where J. Edward Bromberg and a party of tenderfoot tourists are vacationing. Betty Furness is sweet as the love element. (*Mar.*)

WOMAN WISE—20th Century-Fox.—An unexceptional story of a sports editor who fights a promoters racket. Michael Whalen miscast as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries hard as his girl Friday. You'll notice Alan Dinehart. Dull. (*Mar.*)

★ **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**—Walter Wanger-United Artists.—Superbly produced, directed with finesse and feeling by Fritz Lang, magnificently acted by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney, here is searing realism and a beautiful love story. It's about a boy sent to the death house on circumstantial evidence. A must see. (*April.*)

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